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**Pioneer Days of the Catholic
Church in Maine**

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CHAPTER I.

SAINTE CROIX.

The history of the Catholic Church in Maine begins with that day in the year 1604 when a feeble band of colonists from France under the guidance of Pierre de Guast Sieur de Monts, landed on a small island in or near the mouth of a river coming as it were from out the virgin forest to empty its rippling waters into the broad Atlantic.

By Royal patent dated Nov. 8, 1603, Henry IV, King of France had granted De Monts all American territory between the 40th and 56th degree of northern latitude giving the vast domain thus specified the name of Acadia or Acadie, said to have been taken from Arcadia in Greece. Marc L'Escarbot in his history of New France gives in its entirety Henry's decree assigning to De Monts the right to rule and colonize at his discretion.

In Williamson's history of Maine Vol. 1, Appendix, is a translation of this noted decree which may not be devoid of interest in connection with the early history of the Church in Maine.

Letters Patent to Sieur de Monts,
Lieutenant General of Acadia and the circumjacent country,
November 8th, 1604.

Henry by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre:

To our dear and well beloved the Sieur de Monts, Gentlemen in ordinary of our Bed-Chamber, Greeting: As our greatest concern care and labor since our accession to this crown is, and always has been, to maintain and preserve it in its ancient dignity, greatness and splendor; to extend and enlarge, as far as lawfully may be done, the boundaries and limits thereof; we being long informed of the situation and condition of the country and territory of Acadia, moved hereunto above all things by a peculiar zeal, and a devout and a firm resolution, which we have undertaken with the assistance of God, the Author, Distributor and Protector of all Kingdoms and States; to cause to be converted, and brought over and instructed in Christianity, and in the belief and profession of our Faith and Religion, the people who inhabit that country, at present a barbarous race, atheists, without Faith or Religion; and to draw them from ignorance and infidelity wherein they now are.

1603

Having also the reports of Captains of vessels pilots, merchants, and others, who a long time ago have visited, frequented, trafficked with the people who are found there, long understood how profitable, convenient and useful may be to us, to our States and subjects, the possession, residence, and occupancy of these places for the great and apparent benefit which will accrue from the great frequentation and connection with people there, and the traffic and commerce which may by this means be carried on and negotiated. We for these causes, fully confiding in your great prudence, and in the knowledge you possess of the quality, condition and situation of said country of Acadia; from divers voyages, travels and visits you have made into these parts and others neighboring and circumjacent, assuring ourselves that this is our resolution and intention being made known unto you, you will be able attentively, diligently, and not less courageously and valorously to execute, and bring to the perfection we desire; we have expressly appointed and established, and by these presents signed with our own hand, we do appoint, ordain, make, constitute and establish you, our Lieutenant General, to represent our person in the country, territory, coast and confines of Acadia, from the 40th to the 46th degree, and within this extent, or any part thereof, and as far inland as may be practicable, to establish extend and make known our name, power and authority, and thereunto subject, cause to submit and obey, all the people of the said land and circumjacent country; and by virtue thereof, and by all other lawful ways, to call, instruct, move and stir them up to the knowledge of God, and the light of the Christian and religion; to establish it there, and in the exercise and possession of it, to maintain, keep and preserve the said people, and all other inhabitants of said places; and in peace, quiet and tranquility, to command there as well by sea as by land; to order, determine and cause to be executed everything which you shall judge can and ought to be done to maintain, keep and preserve the said places under our power and authority, by the forms ways and means prescribed by our ordinances. And for your assistance in the premises to appoint, establish, and constitute all necessary officers, as well in affairs of war as in justice and policy, in the first instance, and from thence in future to nominate and present them to us for our approbation; and to give such commission, titles and grants as shall be necessary.

And as the circumstance shall require, yourself with the advice of prudent and capable persons, to prescribe under our good pleasure, laws statutes and ordinances (conformable to ours as far as may be) especially in such matters and things as are provided for by these presents; to treat and effectually contract peace, alliance, and confederation, good friendship, correspondence and communication with said people and their princes, or others having power and to command over them; to main-

tain, keep and carefully observe the treaties and alliances you shall stipulate with them, provide they on their part faithfully observe them, and in default thereof to make open war against them, to compel and bring them back to such reason as you shall judge fit for the honor, obedience and service of God, and the establishing, upholding and preserving our said authority among them; at least to visit and frequent them by yourself and all our subjects in all security, liberty, frequentation and communication; to negotiate, and traffic there, amicably and peaceably; to grant them favors and privileges, and to bestow on them employment and honors. Which entire power above said, we also ordain, that you have over all our said subjects over any others who shall remove and inhabit there to traffic, and trade and reside in said places; to hold, take and reserve and appropriate to yourself what you shall wish, and shall see to be most convenient and fit for your rank condition and use.

To parcel out such parts and portions of said lands, to give and attribute to them such titles, honors, rights, powers and faculties as you shall see fit, according to rank, condition and merits of the people of the country or others; especially to people, cultivate and cause the said lands to be settled the most speedily, carefully and skillfully that time, places and conveniences will permit; to this end, to make, or cause to be made the discovery and examination of them, along the extent of the seacoasts, and other countries of the main land, that you shall order and prescribe, within the said limit of the 40th degree to the 46th or otherwise, as far as maybe done along the said sea coasts, and into the mainland; carefully to search after and to distinguish all sorts of gold and silver, copper and other metals and minerals; to dig for and collect them, and purify and refine them for use; to dispose of, as we have directed in the edicts and regulations that we have made in this kingdom the profit and emolument thereof, by yourself, or by those you may appoint for that purpose, reserving unto us only the tenth part of the produce of the gold, silver and copper, appropriating for yourself our portion of the other metals and minerals, to aid and relieve you in the great expenses, which said charge may bring upon you.

Mean time for your safety and comfort, and for that of all our subjects, who shall go to these parts, and shall dwell and traffic in said lands, as generally all others who shall place themselves in our power and protection, we authorize you to build and construct one or more forts, places, town, and all other houses, dwellings and habitations, ports, havens and lodgements that you may consider proper, useful and necessary to the execution of said enterprise; to establish garrisons, and soldiers to protect them; to employ for aid in the aforesaid purposes, vagabonds, idle and dissolute persons, as well from the towns as from the country, and also those condemned to

perpetual banishment or for three years at least, beyond our realms—provided this be done by the advice and consent, and by the authority of our officers.

Besides the preceding (and that which is elsewhere appointed, directed and ordained to you by the commissioners and authorities given you by our very dear cousin the Sieur de Danvullel, Admiral of France for that which expressly concerns the admiralty in the achievement, expedition and execution of said thing) to do generally for the conquest, peopling, settlement and preservation of the said land of Acadia, and the coasts, circumjacent territories, and of their appurtenances and dependencies, under our name and authority, all we ourselves could do, or cause to be done, if we were there present in person, even in cases requiring more special direction, than we have provided for by these presents; to the contents of which we direct, ordain, and expressly enjoin all our justices, officers and subjects to conform themselves, and to obey you, and give attention to you in all the said things, their circumstances and dependencies.

To give you also in the execution of them all aid and comfort, main strength and assistance of which you shall have need, and shall be by you required, all under the pains of rebellion and disobedience. And in order that no one may pretend cause of ignorance of this our intention, and be disposed to intermeddle in whole or in part, with the charge dignity and authority, that we give you by these presents; we have, of our certain knowledge, full power and royal authority, revoked, suppressed, and declared null and of no effect, henceforth and from the present time, all other powers and commissions, letters and despatches given and delivered to any person whomsoever, to discover, people and inhabit said lands, in the said extent contained within the said 40th degree, to the 46th degree, whatsoever they may be.

And furthermore, we direct and command all our said officers, of whatever rank or condition they may be, that these presents, or a certification thereof duly compared be herewith, by some one of our beloved and faithful counsellors, notaries, and secretaries, or other royal notary, they the said officers cause, at your request, application and suit, or at the suit of our attorneys, to be read, published and registered in the registers of their several jurisdictions, authorities and districts, preventing such as shall belong to them, all troubles and hindrances contrary hereunto. For such is our pleasure.

Given at Fontainebleau the eighth day of November, in the year of Grace, one thousand six hundred and three, and of our reign the fifteenth.

Signed,

HENRY.

The commission given to De Monts by Henry caused great opposition in France; there were civic, business and religious objection to it. The Rouen parliament refused to sanction it; merchants were loud in their protests against it; it was in no way acceptable to the Catholics, for De Monts being a calvinist would seem to imply that they could hope for but little from him. Whilst his reputation was the best, whilst he was lacking neither in talent nor experience, nor initiative, yet at that day it seemed much to expect that a follower of John Calvin would afford a free field to Catholic missionaries.

However Henry arranged matters so satisfactorily that the main object of the expedition as set forth in his letters "To call, instruct, move and stir them," (the savages) "up to the knowledge of God, and the light of the Christian faith and religion, to establish it there, and in the exercise and possession of it, to maintain, keep and preserve said people, and all others inhabiting said places," was never lost sight of, hence the missionaries ever found themselves free to follow their zeal in the conversion of the natives.

Fortified with letters patent bearing the sign and seal of his sovereign, Pierre de Guast, Sieur de Monts passed the winter of 1603 and-04 in preparation for his perilous journey across the Atlantic. He had already visited in company with Chauvin, the St. Lawrence, but does not appear to have been impressed with the outlook along this great river, hence naturally turned towards the South to warmer climes. He selected as associates in his enterprise two of his former companions in the service of Henry of Navarre, Jean de Biencourt, Baron de Poutrincourt, and Samuel Champlain.

The territory thus conferred on Sieur de Monts by this simple act of royal favor was vast in length and breadth, extending from the Island of Cape Breton South to Philadelphia and as far inland as one might wish to go. His authority was also in keeping with the extent of his domain.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE OF THE COLONY FROM FRANCE.

Everything being in readiness, De Monts sailed from Havre de Grace on the 7th day of March 1604, in a small vessel of about one hundred and fifty tons burden, under the command of Captian Timothee; three days later another vessel of one hundred and twenty tons commanded by Captain Morel, bearing Sieur de Pont-Grave and the balance of the colony departed from Honfleur for the new world.

We find controversy as to the date of their departure from France in as much as some authors place it in early April: others

on the 17 of March. L'Escarbot gives April 7th as the date on which they sailed from France. As they were off Sable Islnd on the first day of May it would seem reasonable to suppose that they left France as early as March 7th, a date given by Charlevoix and accepted by Williamson and other historians. From March 7th to May 1st under favorable circumstances would have left them ample time for crossing the Atlantic. May 6th, we find the expedition at Cape de la Have; on the 13th, de Monts anchored in a harbor on the coast of Nova Scotia where he tarried for "more than a month."

But which among the many Nova Scotian bays?

Some authors place him in what is now Annapolis harbor, others in St. Mary's, and others among whom we find Charlevoix, at Port au Mouton. However this may be, it is certain that an investigating party was at once sent out in a small boat to explore the neighboring shores. Did De Monts accompany this expedition or not we cannot say. Street in his "Mount Desert" page 22, says that "De Monts anchoring his own vessel in St. Mary's Bay, embarked in a smaller craft, 'a barque of eight tons' and taking Champlain with him, coasted along the surf beaten shores, looking in at the beautiful inlet where afterwards Port Royal, now Annapolis, was founded, entering the mouth of the St. John River, passing along into Passamaquoddy Bay and finally choosing as a site for his colony an Island in a swift tidal river which offered good protection from his savage foes. To his settlement De Monts gave the name of Saint Croix, the name now borne by the river."

Sylvester, "Maine Pioneer Settlements," Vol. V., p. 114, speaking about this question, distinctly states: "The task was to be undertaken by Champlain, who got away immediately from Port au Mouton in a barque of eight tons taking with him Ralleau, De Monts' secretary, and M. Simon, the mineralogist of the expedition; also a force of ten men. They were absent on this voyage of exploration twenty-one days, sailing to the westward around Cape Sable thence up the Bay of Fundy, beholding everywhere as they sailed, new vistas of fascinating scenery and above which hung the blue sky as softly beneficent as that of France. It was a delightful country and possibly his eyes were the first from the Old World to look upon its bewildering charms."

Charlevoix places De Monts in a harbor called Port au Mouton where "He landed all his people and spent more than a month, while M. de Champlain visited all the coast in a sloop in search of a spot adapted for the proposed settlement." After an absence of twenty-one days, Champlain returned and reported to De Monts at Port Mouton the result of his findings which it is evident did not extend as far as the Sainte Croix; in fact he does not appear to have left the Northern coast of the Nova Scotia peninsula not caring and perhaps not having

been instructed to cross over to the New Brunswick shore. His return found De Monts already impatient at his forced delay and anxious to continue their explorations, so that as soon as possible, the entire expedition left Port au Mouton, rounded Cape Sable and came to anchor in St. Mary's harbor off the west shore. De Monts now wishing to behold the beauties which Champlain had so well described,—at once embarked in his shallop, taking with him Champlain, M. Simon, and a small crew, went over the ground covered by Champlain, after which he apparently crossed the Bay of Fundy and sailed along the shore until they came June 24 to a large river which De Monts called the St. John, a name which it has since borne. Passing out of this spacious harbor which to him seemed unfavorable for his purpose, finally, the explorers came to the vicinity of Passamaquoddy; here at last they found a spot which appeared fitted for their future settlement.

Entering the island-dotted bay, leaving Grand Manan on their left, passing by the towering headlands, threading their way among the many spruce covered islands, up the "River of the Etchemins" until they came to a small island whose shores washed by the waters of the rapidly descending river seemed to bid them welcome.

CHAPTER III.

SAINTE CROIX.

Champlain gives us the following description of this historic spot: "Sailing northwest three leagues through the islands, we entered a river almost half a league in breadth at its mouth, sailing up which, a league or two, we found two islands; one very small near the western bank; and the other in the middle, having a circumference of perhaps 8 or 9 hundred paces, with rocky sides three or four fathoms high all around, except in one small place, where there is a sandy point and clayey earth adapted for making brick and useful articles."

"There is a place affording shelter for vessels from 80 to 100 tons, but it is dry at low tide. The island is covered with firs, birches, maples and oaks. It is by nature very well situated, except in one place, where for about forty paces it is lower than elsewhere; this however is easily fortified, the banks of the main land being distant on both sides some 900 to 1000 paces. Vessels could pass up the river only at the mercy of the cannon on this island, and we deemed the location most advantageous, not only on account of the intercourse which we purpose with the savages of these coasts and of the interior, as we should be in the midst of them. We hoped to pacify them in the course of time, and put an end to the wars which they carry

on with one another, so as to draw service from them in future and convert them to the Christian faith. The place was named by Sieur de Monts, the Island of the Sainte Croix." In Williamson's History of Maine, Vol. 1, page 189 we find assigned the following reason why De Monts thus named the island: "The Island itself, containing 12 or 15 acres, they called Ste Croix, because two leagues higher, there were brooks which came crosswise, to fall within this large branch of the sea; a circumstance which has given to the Schoodic the name." But since Champlain gives us no information regarding the name thus chosen, we prefer to believe that the selection thus made was because of religious motives, rather than on account of the appearance of the brooks which in truth little resemble a cross.

Marc L'Escarbot thus describes the site chosen by De Monts for his colony: "It was half a league in circuit, seated in the



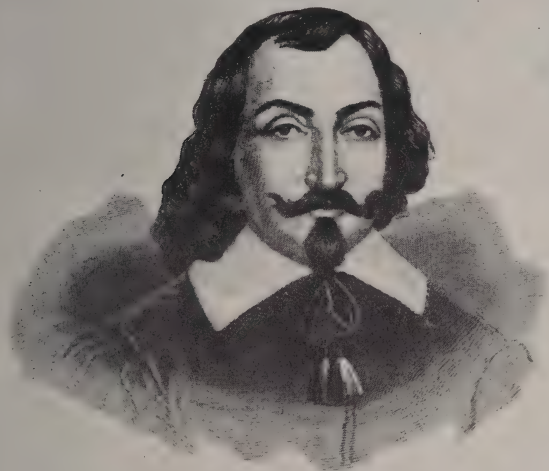
Full View of Holy Cross Island.

midst of the river; the ground most excellent, and abundantly fruitful; strong by nature and easy of defence but difficult to be found. For there are so many isles and great bays to pass, before we come to it, I wonder how one ever pierced so far as to find it. The woods of the main land are fair and admirably high and well grown, as in like manner is the grass. There is right over against the island fresh water brooks, very pleasant and agreeable, where divers of Mons de Monts' men transacted their business and builded certain cabins."

The seat of the future settlement selected, the shallop at once returned to St. Mary's Bay, directly opposite across the bay with orders for the entire party to cross over and take possession of what seemed in every way a land of promise.

PERSONNEL OF THE EXPEDITION.

Much time as is apparent had now been consumed since the arrival of the colonists at La Have on the 6th of May—Summer was already well advanced when the party reached its destination, to begin the occupation of their chosen lands and the construction of their habitations. We now find ourselves face to face with the first colony on the soil of Maine. Here, as Street in his History of Mount Desert says, "was an organized French colony seeking a permanent home. The best and meanest of France were crowded on the deck. There were nobles from the court of Henry IV and thieves from the Paris prisons; there were Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers; there were ruffians who were flying from justice, and there were young volunteers of high birth and character."

*Champlain-*

In the party there were one hundred and twenty men; there were laborers, artisans, and soldiers, about two-thirds of whom were destined to remain on American or Acadian soil.

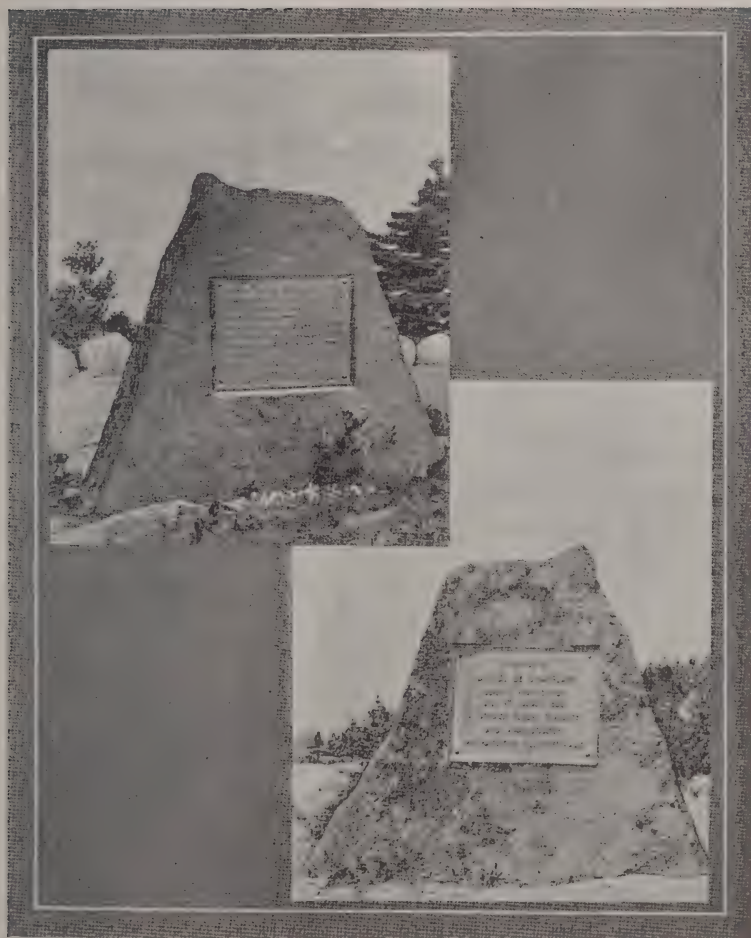
There were two priests with the colonists, Nicolas Aubry and another whose name has not been preserved, and who probably died shortly after reaching Acadia, for mention is made of the death of a priest which apparently took place before their arrival at Ste Croix.

Dionne, Sulte, as well as other historians seem to imply that there were several priests. Champlain Vol. V, p. 50 speaks about "priests and ministers;" in the same Vol. pp. 164-165 he mentions "one of our priests called M. Aubry. Faillon only names or writes of one priest; Moreau names only L'abbe Aubry. It would therefore seem reasonable to conclude that at least two priests left France with the Expedition, Nicholas Aubry, sailing with De Monts and the other on the 2nd vessel with Pontegravé, who the unnamed priest was or where his remains rest in their unmarked grave we know not; perchance his dust mingled with that of Holy Cross Island gives him the distinction of being the first of God's anointed to sleep in the soil of Maine.

Nicholas Aubry whom we know spent the Winter of 1604-1605 on the island of Ste Croix was the child of a noble Parisian family well educated and filled with zeal for his sacred calling; he it was who nearly perished in the Nova Scotian or Acadian forest where he wandered about for some seventeen days; he it was who gave the consolations of our religion to the wretched and dying colonists during the dismal winter of 1604 and 1605.

He evidently returned to his native land for we find mention of him as living in France in 1612 and as still being anxious to return to America.

Especially fortunate was De Monts in having with him as his pilot, a gentleman of noble descent, skilled in the art of navigation one who has not perhaps received proper notice from the historians of the Western world, yet one whom we learn to admire more and more as we study his character, Champlain, the one who has given us the best records of the expedition Samuel Champlain was now in the prime of life well fitted to grasp the magnificent visions about to be unfolded before him as he cruised in his little "Pattache" along the shores of Acadia passing in and out of her many bays and rivers. Sylvester in his beautiful and romantic work on the pioneer settlements in Maine thus sums up the work of this Catholic explorer." He was one of the most important men of his time, and yet the American historian has had so little to say of him and his work as to be a matter of surprise to the student whose investigations lead him in the direction of the earliest exploration of his country. Gosnold was not an explorer but rather an adventurer in search of sassafras and such commodity as would lade his ship. Pring came over but his voyage was of little importance to the English public. Weymouth did better, but his survey was of an entirely local character, and the annals of his voyage at the hands of Rosier were so obscure as to be of little value. Not one of them made a chart or so much as lighted a rush-light to show the way. They did kidnap a few poor Indians in the so-called interest of spreading the English civilization for which selfish act the Eng-



Monument Erected to the Memory of Champlain at
Seal Harbor, Maine.

lish settler later paid roundly. Even the wizard, Parkman, has so little to say of Champlain's great accomplishment from Passamaquoddy to Cape Malabar as to be especially exasperating to one who seeks for information. Champlain's performance under arduous and often perilous circumstances, marked the border line sharply between the fanciful tales of Ingram, the vague imaginings and superficial observations of Gosnold and Pring the misleading narrative of Rosier, and the realities of the rugged headlines, the down-rushing rivers, and the main harbors of the New England coast. No disparagement is meant towards the English navigator; but until Captain John Smith, the English voyagers were peculiarly barren, barring Weymouth's 1605, of accurate detail. The coming of Champlain ended the mythical century."



Holy Cross Island—Plan of settlement.

In John Fisk's *New France and New England*, we find the following estimate of Champlain: "He was a true viking, who loved the tossing waves and the howling of the wind in the shrouds. His strength and agility seemed inexhaustible; in the moment of danger his calmness was unruffled as he stood with a hand on the tiller, calling out his orders in cheery tones that were heard above the tempest. He was a strict disciplinarian, but courteous and merciful as well as just and true; there was a blitheness of mood and quaintness of speech about him that made him a most lovable companion. In the whole course of French history there are few personages so attractive."

Such is the man whose writings and works must be our main reliance in dealing with the history of the early French attempts at colonization on the coast of Maine. His presence with the expedition, and his acknowledged ability would seem to justify us in accepting his narration of the fortunes of the enterprise in preference to other reports which appear at variance with what he has written.

Charlevoix in his history of New France, Vol. 1, p. 247 gives the following estimate of De Monts: "Mr. De Monts was a Calvinist, and the king had permitted him and his the free exercise of his religion in America, as it was practised in the kingdom. On his side he undertook to settle the country, and establish the Catholic religion among the Indians there. He was moreover, a very honest man, whose views were upright, who was zealous for his country, and had all the ability requisite for the success of the enterprise on which he had embarked."

Summer was now well advanced; a great deal of time as is apparent had been spent whilst De Monts and Champlain were exploring the neighboring coasts; it was now necessary to plan for the coming of the Winter season; houses had to be constructed and grain planted for future harvest.

To Champlain was given the task of laying out or planning the settlement. In his works he has left us the details of this first village within the confines of Maine.

When we study attentively the sketch left us by Champlain we observe that the village was laid out with a square in the center and a street passing through the same at right angles thus forming as it were a cross. Reading the picture from left to right, in the upper part of the cross within the palisades, we have on one side a rectangular garden, (D) the guard house, E and F, the blacksmith and carpenter shops, on the other side to the right over C, were the store houses, while just below at (A) we see the home of De Monts and at (B) a long building which served as a place of recreation where the different members of the colony often met to talk over affairs, and recall the memories of sunny France.

In the lower portion of the cross at P we have the dwellings of D'Orville, Champlain and Champdore, while just below we behold a garden, a well at (G) the chapel and residence of Fr. Nicolas Aubry and at (V) on the other side at (R) were the homes of Genestou, Sourin, and artisans, while just under are the quarters of la Motte and Fongeray. Here during August and September 1604, Champlain tells us that the entire party was set to work to clear up the island, to go to the woods to make the frame-work, to carry the earth and other things necessary for building." Sylvester Vol. V, p. 126 says "the air was vibrant with the foreign sounds of the axe, hammer, and saw. From this time to the coming of the snow the preparations went on without cessation, except when the laborers ate or slept. So the new Carthage grew."

With all their efforts they found themselves housed none too soon, for winter set in earlier than usual this year: October 6th they had their first snow storm.

"Hoary snow-father being come" as Mark L'Escarbot says, "they found themselves at once in all the rigors of a Maine winter. Champlain remarks that abundant ice began to come down the river as early as Dec. 3rd; he says "the cold was sharp and more severe than in France." With their limited preparations, we may well imagine their many difficulties. The great necessities of life, fuel and water, were very scarce on the island, and they were obliged day by day to bring them from the neighboring shores: Unaccustomed to the severity of our old time winters, they must have found themselves ill provided against the intense cold of the grey December days, or unfitted to travel through the constantly accumulating snows, so that they became in truth prisoners on their island home.



Holy Cross Island from the American Shore.

There were about seventy in the party at the beginning of Winter but so poorly were they provided with the necessities of existence that when that dreaded disease, scurvy, appeared among them, their condition was little fitted to stand its ravages. One after another of the stricken settlers became its victims, until their little cemetery contained more than half their original number. Champlain gives us a vivid description of the progress of this dreaded malady. He tells us that the post mortem examinations showed "the interior parts mortified, such as the lungs which were so changed that no natural fluid could be seen in them. The spleen was serous and swollen; the liver spotted and out of its natural color. The vena cava, superior and inferior, was filled with thick, coagulated and

black blood. The gall was tainted, nevertheless, many arteries in the middle, as well as the lower bowels were found in very good condition. In case of some, incisions with a razor were made on the thighs where they had purple spots, whence there issued a very black clotted blood." And he tells us that "even their liquors froze and were sold by the pound. The winter winds whether from up or down the river came upon the unfortunate colonists in all their force so that as it came through the crevices of their cabins it seemed sharper than that outside." The relief which they expected from the early days of spring proved all but hopeless, for the coming of April found them still in the midst of most abundant snow, there being yet about three feet on the ground.

However summer came at last, and with it we note the departure of the surviving colonists from Ste Croix, for the more promising harbor of Port Royal across the bay.



Holy Cross Island from New Brunswick Shore. "Dochet Island Light House."

With their departure, closes the existence of the first European settlement within the bounds of the present State of Maine. For a time a few of the surviving settlers lingered about the surrounding shores. Mark L'Escarbot visited the deserted huts and fort the following year and has left us in his history of De Monts' voyage descriptions of Ste Croix and its surroundings. But the remnants of the settlement soon disappeared, the forest trees resumed their sway, and the last vestiges of Champlain's model village were lost beneath the roots of advancing vegetation, until it became a question of settling the boundary line between England and her quondam colonies.

The war of the revolution had closed. Adams, Franklin and Jay for America; Hartley, for England had on the 3rd of Sept. 1783 signed the treaty of Versailles in which the Ste Croix river was named as the eastern boundary of the young republic. But 179 years had now elapsed since that summer morn when De Monts had raised the lilies of France on Ste Croix Island: the snows of nearly two hundred years had well nigh obliterated all traces of this early settlement, when the American and English commissioners met in September, 1796 for the purpose of determining which among the many rivers, was the Schoodic or Ste Croix, designated in the 5th article of Mr. Jay's treaty.

They visited an island in the Schoodic situated nearly in the middle of the river, opposite the present town of Robbinston



Holy Cross Island—E Cemetery—F Chapel.

which suited admirably the description given of Ste. Croix by the early French writers L'Escarbot, Charlevoix, Champlain, etc. Here near the north end of the island were found the remains of a very ancient fortification, overgrown with large trees; here they found old bricks: here after removing the debris accumulated by passing years, they were at last enabled to trace out the foundations of Ste. Croix.

To-day almost on the same spot where De Mons erected his fort, stands one of the most eastern light houses within U. S. territory known as Dochet Island Light which shows a fixed light varied by flashes, and as our modern commerce passes by few there are who think of the dismal days in the winter of 1604 and 05 when the children of France were struggling for

their very life in this their first attempted settlement on our "rock bound coast."

Few among our Catholic people perchance realize that here was raised the first Catholic chapel in New England, and here was offered the first Mass within our borders, the first baptism recorded, the first requiem chanted.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM SAINTE CROIX TO SAINT SAUVEUR.

De Mont's friend and associate Baron de Poutrincourt had in the summer of 1604 settled on the shore of beautiful Port Royal now Annapolis. He had obtained from De Monts a grant conferring on him the surrounding country. Did he remain here during the succeeding winter or pass over to Sainte Croix does not appear; however whether among the suffering colonists at Sainte Croix, or in his log cabin on the rising lands about Port Royal basin we know that he must have keenly felt the privations of their first winter in the western world.

After having welcomed Pontgrave on his return from France, De Monts and the surviving members of his party bade adieu to Sainte Croix in the Summer of 1605 and betook themselves to what seemed the more hospitable surroundings at Port Royal.

Here they bade farewell to De Monts on his departure for France late in the fall of 1605; here they passed the winter of 1605-06, filled with privations it is true, but nevertheless enlivened by the presence of that prince of good fellows, and general all round entertainer, Marc Lescarbot, who had the preceding summer arrived from France. The various disasters which had overtaken the colony had necessitated the return of De Monts to France where he found strong influences at work against him which eventually resulted in the loss of Royal favor.

The French merchants had just begun to enjoy the fruits of the growing trade in fish and furs which the adventurous traders were constantly bringing into France from the new world where it is said some two or more thousand vessels yearly betook themselves either for the cod fisheries or the fur trade. When Henry IV granted De Monts a monopoly of this vast and growing trade, the merchants found their profits curtailed and their bartering all but ruined.

To the mercantile interests at stake brought to bear on the King, should be added those of Religion. The Catholic Church had long reigned supreme in France. Notwithstanding the efforts put forth by the so-called reformers and the fact that the Huguenots had through the Edict of Nantes obtained a certain influence and standing in the realm, the great majority of the

people still clung to the religion of their ancestors. It was therefore perfectly natural that the opening up of a new world to civilization should find the children of the Church eager to present her claims alone to the untutored savage in the western wilds; there was no desire on their part to see the religious struggles which had so afflicted their country transferred to their future colonies. Hence care had been taken by Henry IV in his grant to De Monts to expressly state, that while French protestants might enjoy the services of their Hueguenot ministers, the conversion of the natives was to be the work of the Catholic missionaries.

De Monts found himself unable to stem the rapidly rising tide of these various and potent influences brought to bear on the king and while he had personally endeavored to observe the letter of his grant, he found in 1607 that the royal favor was no longer his. He had already expended over \$100,000 on his colony, but with his trade monopoly withdrawn, he was no longer equal to the task of maintaining it, so that late in Autumn of 1607 he reluctantly called on the members of his little settlement to bid farewell to Port Royal and Sainte Croix, to the scenes of their trials and privations, to the graves of their friends and return to France where they arrived at St. Malo in October 1607.

An interval of three years now intervenes ere another expedition comes to reoccupy the abandoned villages. Jean de Biencourt's affections still clung to the sloping hillsides at Port Royal. By dint of perseverance he managed to have his claims sanctioned by royal grant, but it was only after more than three years that he found himself in readiness to sail anew on Feb. 10, 1610 from Dieppe for what was still for him the promising haven of Port Royal.

Biencourt's sailing from Dieppe, Feb. 10, 1610 for New France marks the entrance of new factor into American affairs,—the Society of Jesus which in the lives of its remarkable and truly Apostolic men has written its records high up along the shores of American history.

When Poutrincourt had, in 1607 obtained from Henry IV the confirmation of his privileges as Lord of Port Royal, the king had expressly stipulated that he should take with him on his return some members of the Jesuit Society to labor for the conversion of the savages. The head of the Society at this time was Claude Aquaviva, the renowned and worthy successor of its Sainted founder, Ignatius Loyola.

The king requested his confessor, Fr. Coton, S. J. to ask Fr. Aquaviva to designate two members of his society for missionary work among the savages of New France. The choice of the Superior General fell on Father Peter Biard and Ennemond Masse men who must ever be associated with the beginnings of the Church in Maine. The Society of Jesus had but recently

been restored to favor in France; its enemies were numerous, and among them we may reckon Jean de Biencourt, Baron Poutrincourt, who while at least nominally a Catholic, evidently determined that no member of the hated society should reach his colony. On one pretext or another, he managed to delay their departure until the beginning of 1611. It was in 1607 that they had been designated for the distant missions, but so adroit was Poutrincourt in his many excuses and delays that our missionaries appeared no nearer their promised goal as year after year passed by.



Antoinette de Poix

Marquis de Guercheville, Founder of Saint Sauveur.

Baron de Poutrincourt evidently found much difficulty in interesting men of means in his projects, but he finally succeeded with one Thomas Robin de Coulogne who furnished the capital necessary to meet the expenses of the expedition; yet

it was only on the 25th of Feb. 1610 that he sailed from Dieppe. Though repeatedly commanded by the king and others high in authority to allow Frs. Biard and Massé to accompany him, he nevertheless slipped away from them taking with him instead Fr. Fleche, a secular priest from the diocese of Langres, thus clearly showing his hostility to the Jesuits.

That estimable lady destined to such prominence in their affairs, the Marchioness de Guercheville now appeared on the scene.

Antoinette de Pons was first maid of honor to the Queen. Remarkable for her comeliness and beauty, her virtuous life at the court of Henry III had placed her in a class by herself, and we are in truth surprised on finding in such licentious surroundings, piety so solid, and devotion to duty so marked. A widow early in life, Antoinette had many suitors for her hand: wearied with their assiduous attention she retired to her chateau at Roche Guyon on the banks of the Seine where she married her 2nd husband, the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, governor of Paris with whom she again returned to court. Henry IV in presenting her to Marie de Medicis as maid of honor said "Madame, I give you as a lady of honor, one who is the soul of honor." She was already familiar with the exercises of Ignatius Loyola; she was deeply interested in the foreign missions and had followed the footsteps of the Jesuits in their heroic efforts for the conversion of the Infidels and unbelievers, and as the reports of existing conditions in New France were being daily considered at Court, she longed to see the zeal, the self sacrifice, the devotedness of the Society of Jesus recognized and its members given an opportunity to labor for the honor and glory of God in Acadia.

To render her plans more effective, she visited Pons and sought out De Monts who had in a way been compensated by appointment as governor of his native city. He was still suffering from the losses incurred in his American venture, and as he looked back to the dismal days of the winter of 1604-05 at Sainte Croix, he became reconciled to relinquish for a nominal consideration all claims to the vast domain conferred on him by Henry IV, so that a trade was easily made whereby the title to half a continent passed from De Monts to the Marchioness de Guercheville.

Poutrincourt as we remember, accompanied by his son Biencourt, Robin de Coulogne, Jacques de Salazar, Bilot de Montfort, de Jouy, a party of laborers and Father Fleche after having evaded Frs. Biard and Massé, had sailed Feb. 25, 1610 for New France. Realizing that his thus stealing away, would not be pleasing to the Court, he was more than anxious to make good. In order that it might be clearly shown that the Jesuits were not needed at Port Royal he hastened the work of conversion among the Indians, and had the famous chief, Membertou, his

family and several others baptized on the feast of St. John the Baptist 1610. He hurried his son Biencourt off to France ostensibly for additional supplies but in reality to report the great progress of religion among the natives.

Leaving Port Royal, July 8, 1610 with the list of 21 conversions, he reached France in due time, only to learn of the assassination of Henry IV which had taken place May 4th, 1610, and to find the government in the hands of Marie de Medicis. To her he made known the triumphs of the faith, spoke of the Apostolic zeal of Father Fleche, and held out most fruitful promises for the future. Marie de Medicis while listening to his glowing tales of success, plainly indicated that the will of the departed king must be carried out and that he must without fail take the two Jesuits with him on his return to Port Royal. Biencourt had not expected this result: however like his father, apparently acquiescing he still trusted that he would be able to slip away without the Jesuits.

The date of his departure was fixed for October 27th; Frs. Biard and Massé were on hand, but as usual they found the old tactics yet in force; nothing was ready; various excuses were offered. Lacking funds, Biencourt and Robin had made some kind of a deal with two Calvinist merchants, Dujardin and. Duquesne to furnish the funds necessary for the expedition but when the traders learned that the Jesuits were to accompany the party, notwithstanding the orders of the Queen regent, the intervention of the governor of Dieppe, and the pretended pleadings of Biencourt and Robin, the merchants were firm in their refusal to allow the Jesuits to go. Goods to the value of over 4,000 livres were already on board the ship, a sum greater than Biencourt and Robin could have raised had they so wished which in truth was not the case.

The opportune moment for Antoinette de Pons had now come; her standing among her friends at court was such that she had little difficulty in raising the amount required to clear the claims of the Dieppe traders, thus becoming the real patroness of the venture, thereby, enabling Fr. Biard and Masse, though most unwelcome guests, to sail with Biencourt and Robin for Acadia, January 22, 1611.

On the eve of their departure for the new world, Father Biard addressed the following letter to their Superior General at Rome, Father Aquaviva.

DIEPPE, January 21st, 1611.

My Very Reverend Father,

The peace of Christ be with you.

Would that I could recount how great, and numerous have been the mercies of God, the fruits of his blessings and of our

prayers in this our little enterprise; that is to say how we have emerged from grave and multiplied difficulties, and how delivered from every obstacle, we depart for New France, the place to which we are bound, as your reverence knows. For this you may rejoice with great consolation in the name of the Lord. But it has already struck midnight, and we are to sail at break of day, so I shall give you only a summary of the events which have taken place.

When the heretic merchants saw us at Dieppe, upon the day fixed for our departure the 27th of October of last year, 1610 (we had, in fact, agreed to sail from Dieppe), they contrived a plan which they considered capable of injuring us. Two of them made a contract with Monsieur de Poutrincourt to load and equip his ship in which we were to take passage. They straightway declared that they would have nothing more to do with the vessel, if it were going to carry any Jesuits. It was a remarkable exhibition of malice, and was easy to prove, especially when the Catholics informed them that they were in duty bound not to reject the Jesuits, since it was the formal order of the Queen.

However nothing could be gained from them, and the Catholics were again obliged to have recourse to the Queen. Her Majesty writes to the governor of the city, a zealous and pious Catholic, and charges him to inform the heretics that it is her will that the Jesuits be received in the ship which is about to depart for New France, and that no obstacle be put in their way.

These letters were received, the governor assembles what is called the consistory, namely all faithful disciples of Calvin. He reads the Queen's letters and urges them to be obedient. Some of them, namely, those who were well disposed towards us, boldly declare that they are of the same opinion; and they try to induce the merchants to yield. But they declare that for their part they are not masters. At least they say this in public; but in private one of the merchants who was charged with fitting out the vessel, protested that he would put nothing in it; that the queen, if she wished, could deprive him of his right but that he certainly would not yield otherwise.

What was to be done? In truth all proceedings were at a standstill; for this society had no written contract, since agreements of this kind among noblemen are not usually put on paper. Therefore they could not prosecute these heretics. They address themselves anew to the Queen. In the presence of such effrontery she quoted the words of the proverb: "Never stoop to entreat a churl," and added that the Fathers should go another time. The dismayed Catholics then declared to the heretics that the Jesuits will not embark upon their vessel, and that consequently they may go on freighting it, and that, in any event, if the Jesuits did occupy a place therein, they themselves would pay the price of the cargo.

This assurance once given, the malice of these Calvinists was exposed in all its nakedness; for they immediately loaded every part of the ship not only with merchandise, but with all kinds of goods, never dreaming that the Catholics would be able to find the means of paying for all these things.

At this news, the marchioness de Guercheville, first lady of honor to the Queen was indignant, at seeing the forces of hell prevail, and the malice of the wicked men destroy one's strong hopes of securing the glory of God. Therefore in order to prevent the triumph of Satan and the overthrow of their hopes of founding a church in Canada, she herself solicited alms from Nobles, Princes, and from all the Court, to rescue the Jesuits from the malevolence of the heretics.

What happened? The ship already loaded, was about to sail, when this lady sent to the Catholics 4,000 livres with other means of assistance. Then not to be underhand, they go directly to the heretics and say that they want the Jesuits to go with them, that such is the will of the Queen, and so consequently they must allow them to embark, or else the merchants must accept the price of the cargo and withdraw. The latter declare that they want the value of their merchandise. (I believe that they did not think that the Catholics would have enough money, or else they hoped to baffle them by some other means.) They gave them the price they asked; and what no one could have expected, we so completely take their place, that half the ship belongs to us, and we have already means enough to begin laying the foundations which the Lord in His generosity and goodness will condescend to bless.

So now, my Very Reverend and good Father, you see how entirely the malice of the evil one and his tools has been turned to our advantage. At first we only asked a little corner in this vessel at their price. Now we are masters of it. We are going into a dreary wilderness without much hope of permanent help; and we have already received enough to begin laying the foundation. We were to enrich heretics by a portion of our alms; and now they, of their own accord, refuse to profit by an occasion which was to benefit them.

Now I believe that the great source of their grief is nothing else than the triumph of the Lord Jesus; and may heaven grant that he always triumph! Amen!

Dieppe, January 21, 1611.

Of Your Reverence,

The son and unworthy servant in Jesus Christ,

PIERRE BIARD, S. J.

Fathers Biard and Massé sailed from Dieppe for Port Royal January 26th, 1611, in a small vessel of about 60 tons burden, called "The Grace of God." Their voyage was long and tempestuous and their destination was reached only after about four months passed at sea, the day of their landing being the festival of Pentecost, May 22, 1611.

In a long and interesting letter written to the Jesuit superior Provincial at Paris Father Baltazar, after expressing their gratitude for their safe arrival, a few of the many difficulties which they encountered on their way to America, are mentioned, difficulties which we may well remember were endured by our forefathers on their passage to the new world.

Recounting their trials, Father Biard in his letter to Father Baltazar says, "We had only two days of favorable winds; on the third day we suddenly found ourselves carried, by contrary winds and tides, to within a hundred or two hundred paces of the breakers of the Isle of Wight, in England; and it was fortunate for us that we found good anchorage there, for otherwise we certainly should have been lost.

"Leaving this place we put in at Hyrmice, and then at Newport; by which we lost eighteen days. The 16th of February, the first day of lent, a good northwester arising allowed us to depart, and accompanied us out of the English Channel. Now mariners, in coming to Port Royal are not accustomed to take the direct route from the Ouessant island to Cape Sable, which would lessen the distance, for in this way, from Dieppe to Port Royal there would be about one thousand leagues; but they are in the habit of going South as far as the Azores, and from there to the great bank, thence, according to the winds, to strike for Cape Sable or Campeaux, or elsewhere. They told us that they go by way of the Azores for three reasons: first, in order to avoid the north sea which is very stormy, they say; second, to make use of the south winds, which usually prevail here; third, to be sure of their reckonings, for otherwise it is difficult to take their bearings and arrange their route without error.

"But none of these causes affected us, although we followed this custom. Not the first for we were so tossed about by tempests and high seas, that I do not think we gained much by going north or south, south or north; nor the second, because often when we wanted the South, the North wind blew, and vice versa: and certainly not the third, inasmuch as we could not even see the Azores, although we went down as far as 39 degrees 30 minutes.

"We were near these Azores on Tuesday of Easter week, when suddenly we became a prey to our sworn foe, the West wind which was so violent and so obstinate that we very nearly perished. For eight entire days it gave us no quarter, its vindictiveness being augmented by cold and sometimes by rain or snow.

"In taking this route to New France, so rough and dangerous especially in small and badly equipped boats, one experiences the sum total of all the miseries of life. We could rest neither day nor night. When we wished to eat, a dish suddenly slipped from us and struck somebody's head. We fell over each other and against the baggage, and thus found ourselves mixed up with others who had been upset in the same way; cups were spilled over our beds, and bowls in our laps, or a big wave demanded our plates.

"I was so highly honored by Monsieur de Biencourt as to share his cabin. One fine night, as we were lying in bed, trying to get a little rest, a neat and impudent wave bent our window fastenings, broke the window, and covered us over completely; we had the same experience again during the day. Furthermore the cold was so severe, and continued to be so for more than six weeks, that we lost all sensation from numbness and exposure. Good Father Masse suffered a great deal. He was ill about forty days eating very little and seldom leaving his bed; yet notwithstanding all that, he wanted to fast. After Easter he continued to improve, thank God, more and more. As for me, I was gay and happy, and, by the grace of God, was never ill enough to stay in bed even when several of the sailors had to give up.

"After escaping from these trials, we entered the ice at the Azores of the bank 46 degrees north latitude. Some of these masses of ice seemed like islands, others, little villages, others, grand churches or lofty domes or magnificent castles; all were floating. To avoid them we steered towards the south; but this was falling as they say from Charybdis into Scylla, for from these high rocks we fell into a level field of low ice, with which the sea was entirely covered as far as eye could reach. We did not know how to steer through it; and had it not been for the fearlessness of M. de Biencourt, our sailors would have been helpless; but he guided us out, notwithstanding the protests of many of them, through a place where the ice was more scattered and God, in His goodness, assisted us."

It was on the 10th of June 1611 that Father Biard penned the above to his Superior at Paris, giving besides the details of his voyage already quoted, some faint idea of his life and work both among the colonists at Port Royal and the savages in the surrounding forests. On the following day June 11, he addressed a short note to Father Aquaviva at Rome, which while brief, shows the apostolic spirit of the missionary.

PORT ROYAL, June 11, 1611.

My Very Reverend Father,

The peace of Christ be with you.

After four months of very painful and perilous navigation, we have at last arrived, thanks to the protection of God and the prayers of Your Reverence, at Port Royal, in New France, the end of our journey.

In truth we left Dieppe the 26th of January this year, 1611, and arrived May 22nd of this same year. I am giving the Reverend Father Provincial the narrative in French of our whole undertaking, and this seemed to me more necessary and useful, as it was impossible for me to write it at the same time in Latin. I have not yet been settled a week in Port Royal, and all the time has been taken up by continual interruptions and in providing the necessities of life. As for ourselves, Father Masse and I, we are feeling very well, thank God, but we have been obliged to take a servant to do the drudgery. We could not dispense with one, without a great deal of anxiety and trouble.

M. de Poutrincourt, who commands here in the name of the king, loves and esteems us in proportion to his piety. We shall take the first opportunity to impart to you what may be by the Grace of God, our prospects of success in this country. The ship has already gone. I shall be obliged to overtake it in a canoe, that it may not leave without my letters.

I conjure Your Reverence, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to remember us and these solitary lands, and to come to our aid in so far as you are able, not only by fervent prayers of our society, but also by the blessing and favor of our Holy Father the Pope (which I have already invoked). Surely we sow in great poverty and in tears; may the Lord grant that we some day may reap in joy. Which will come to pass, as I hope and have said through the prayers and blessings of Your Reverence, which are humbly solicited by your unworthy son and servant,

PIERRE BIARD, S. J.

Since the part taken by the Jesuit Fathers in the early history of our country and in particular in that of our own State of Maine, was so prominent, we have felt it necessary to quote from their writings at length in order that we might grasp the situation and realize in part at least the obstacles they had to encounter both in their endeavor to get away from France and their passage across the stormy Atlantic to the Acadian shores. It is not our purpose at present to give in detail the story of their struggles at Port Royal from the day of their landing in May 1611 to the moment of their departure in the early Summer of 1613 for the establishment of a colony where they might live and work under more favorable auspices than existed at

Port Royal where their presence as is amply evident was only tolerated.

The reception accorded them on their arrival would seem to indicate that they were welcome, but with the departure of Baron de Poutrincourt for France in June following their arrival, the assumption of authority by his son Biencourt, soon presaged the beginning of the many difficulties which finally caused them to practically withdraw from the settlement. However bitter may have been their differences with Biencourt, they did not for a moment lose sight of their work and mission among the savages. In the fall of 1611 Father Biard in company with Biencourt journeyed along the coast as far as the Kennebec carefully examining the various points which seemed to offer a good location for a future colony. The one which appears to have appealed to him most was Kadesquit on the Penobscot, now Castine. Here he landed early in November and visited a village which he thus describes in his report sent from Port Royal to the Rev. Father Provincial on the last day of January 1612. "At the confluence of these two rivers there was the finest assemblage of Savages that I have yet seen. There were 80 canoes and a boat, 18 wigwams and about 300 people. The most distinguished Sagamore was called Betsabes, a man of great distinction and prudence; and I confess we often see in these Savages natural and graceful qualities which will make anyone but a shameless person blush, when they compare them with the greater part of the French who come over here."

That this letter was carefully considered by the Father Provincial and Madame de Guercheville seems certain, as the sequence of our narrative will show.

Father Biard's stay at Kadesquit was a most consoling and enjoyable one. There was no doubt as to the hospitality of the natives who made every possible effort to welcome their visitors. "When they recognized us," writes Father Biard to the Rev. Father Superior, in the same letter above quoted, "there was great joy and all began to dance and sing. We had no fear of them, for we trusted the Etchemins and Souriquois as much as our own servants, and thank God we were not often deceived. On the following day I visited the savages, and the same ceremonies were gone through with as on the Kennebec. I went around to see the sick, and read the gospel and recited prayers over them, giving each a cross to wear. I found one poor wretch who had been ill for four months and who was stretched out near the fire. The death sweat was already on his forehead. Two days afterwards I saw him in his canoe sound and healthy. He came out to the ship to thank me, and to show me the cross around his neck. I could only shake hands with him, for I was unable to speak his language, and even if I were, there was such a turmoil around us, for the trafficking was going on, that we could not have heard each other.

Such was the result of our visit. We had not done much preaching of the Gospel, but we were beginning to know and be known. The Indians were growing accustomed to religious things, and when we said Mass in the woods they would stand around in respectful silence. They were as pleased as the little boys at Port Royal whom we made carry the cross, or torches, or the holy water, when we went in procession at the Indian interments."

The party returned to Port Royal, thoroughly convinced that Kadesquit on the Penobscot was the one place along the coast where the Jesuits should begin their work. Full explanations were accordingly despatched to France where under the leadership of the zealous Marchioness de Guercheville, work was at once begun on the fitting out of what was designed to be a distinctly Catholic colony, for thus they thought the various difficulties encountered at Sainte Croix and Port Royal would be avoided.

Awaiting the result of the efforts made in their behalf in France, Frs. Biard and Massé continued to live in and about Port Royal in bondage as it were during the winter of 1611 and 1612. That they did not go any great distance from the place is evidenced by their letters to their friends at home. With their frequent letters at hand we are at a loss to account for that rather interesting tradition which assigns them a residence in the Cranberry Isles just oceanward from the Mount Desert shore at a place called "The Pool." Here Whittier places them in his poetic romance of "Mogg Megone" when he unveils before us the picture of their humble home and its beautiful surroundings. His portrait is so vivid that we cannot forbear placing it before our readers even though it is apparently a mere poetic fiction.

"Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie,—
Gems of the waters! with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.

.....
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,
Half trembling as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.
There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air."

The scene is a beautiful one, and we would that it were founded on something more solid than the romance of our New England poet. By some historian it is supposed that Frs. Biard and Masse settled here as early as 1609 or perhaps 1608 between great Cranberry and Lancaster Islands. Even Williamson Vol. 1, page 206 says: "It is supposed the place of residence selected by the missionaries was on the western side of the Pool—a part of the sound which stretches from the southeasterly side of the heart of the Island. Here they constructed and fortified an habitation, planted a garden, and dwelt five years; entering with great zeal and untiring perseverance upon the work of converting the natives to Christianity."

It is possible that they may have tarried here for a time, that they may have reared their rude hut "beneath the sea-worn cliff," but if such were the case, we have to remember that it was only on the 26th of January 1611 that our two Jesuit Fathers were able to leave France for America, and as we have their time practically accounted for during the summer of 1611 and Father Biard writing from Port Royal the last day of January 1612, we easily see that their stay off Mount Desert must have been, if at all, during the Summer of 1612, when as it is not improbable, they were anxiously looking forward to the coming of the Kadesquit expedition early in the Spring of 1613.

CHAPTER V.

SAINT SAUVEUR

Should it have been our lot to visit the City of Honfleur, on the coast of Normandy, an early spring morning, March 12th, 1613, we would have seen in the harbor which is practically the same to-day, a small vessel of about one hundred tons burden, heavily laden, her deck crowded to overflowing with a band of Normans busily waving their adieus to their friends on shore. On inquiry we are told that it is the ship Jonas about to depart with a Catholic colony for New France. We have already met the Jonas before; she was at Port Royal in 1606 under De Monts; we find her here again in 1610 with Poutrincourt and his followers. She was then the bearer of an almost purely commercial enterprise, while on this morning she is departing from the shore of France under a new commission carrying with her a group of self-exiled Catholics whose hopes of success in the new world were destined to be rudely blasted.

The main spring or soul of the expedition was Antoinette de Pons Marchoiness de Guercheville, "a woman," as Sylvester writes, "of deeply religious character and of wide influence." With the reports at hand of the practical failure of her first



Honfleur

De la Sausseye and his colonists sailed from this port, March 12, 1613.

venture of 1611 as far as its real purpose was concerned, Madame de Guercheville had determined upon the selection of a new site where a settlement might be established under Catholic auspices, where the religious difficulties encountered at Ste. Croix and Port Royal might be avoided. She carefully studied the letters of Father Biard written from Port Royal describing the advantages of Kadesquit and had instructed her commander De la Saussaye to call on his way at Port Royal for Fathers Biard and Masse. All necessary precautions having been duly taken, De la Saussaye directed the Captain of the Jonas, Charles Flory to cast off his moorings and set his course for the shores of New France. It was the 12th of March, 1613. On the deck of the vessel as she passed out of the harbor of Honfleur stood the colonists, 48 in number, together with the Jesuit Father Quentin and the lay brother Gilbert du Thet taking their last view of the fast receding shores of France, turning thence to the land of their hopes and fond aspiration across the ocean. With them was everything necessary for the success of the enterprise, farming tools, horses, goats, etc., artisans, carpenters and laborers.

Two months at sea have already passed, months filled with sufferings, trials, and privations, because of their crowded condition, months whose days dragged as wearily and seemed as long as did the many miles of ocean o'er which they sailed ere the good ship Jonas has once again anchored on the shores of New France. It was on the 16th of May, 1613, that our colonists first trod the soil of the new world, at Cape de la Heve, but their tarry here was short, for with the erection of a cross and the celebration of holy Mass they again resumed their journey to Port Royal now some three hundred and seventy-five miles distant. With fair wind it must have been about the 19th of May when they reached Port Royal. Their arrival found the settlement practically deserted, for with the exception of Fathers Biard and Massé, who are anxiously awaiting their coming and a few others, the rest of the colonists had gone in search of food. Two days of preparation, and five days detention by adverse winds saw the departure of the Jonas for Kadesquit with her sailed Fathers Biard, Massé and a few of those remaining at Port Royal. It was now about the 26th of May, and one hundred and seventy-five miles still lay between her and Kadesquit. When off the coast of Maine, one of those dense fogs so common to-day was encountered. Their situation is easily understood by anyone who has had but small experience in foggy weather on the Maine coast; so thick at times becomes the fog, that one has difficulty in distinguishing objects but a few feet ahead of the vessel; to this add a turbulent sea, and the fact that you have rather lost your bearings, and you have in a nut shell De la Sausseye's condition during those two anxious days and nights that they were drifting and tossing to and fro between Grand Manan and Mount Desert.

It was probably on the morning of the 29th that the weather cleared and they saw before them on the horizon the towering hills of the Desert Isle; they may perchance have been out near Mount Desert Rock as the rays of the morning sun came stealing through the fog towards them across the waves of Frenchman's Bay. However this may be, we know that no time was lost, that they at once sought the harbor and the shore where the holy sacrifice was offered at that early morning hour in thanksgiving for their deliverance from the dangers of the unknown waters. But where the spot of their landing; where the site of their rude altar? No rock as at Plymouth here marks the soil their footsteps first trod; the cross that towered above their altar of sacrifice has long since crumbled in the dust. The name they gave it, Saint Sauveur, alone endures. Tradition places them at or near what is now known as Hull's Cove a few miles from the present Bar Harbor.

The story of Mount Desert began with that September day in the year 1604 when Champlain slowly feeling his way along our "rock bound coast" paused to regard the island which

"Abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air—
Seen from afar, like some stronghold—
Built by the ocean kings of old."

and in his wonder and admiration gave to

"The gray and thunder smitten pile
Which marks afar the Desert Isle"

the well deserved appellation "L'isle des Monts Deserts," a name which it has since borne in part, The Isle of the Desert Mountains. Beneath its shadows, our pilgrim's journey is soon to end.

As the day wears on, the Indians recognizing the good intentions of the new comers, form their acquaintance and endeavor as far as possible to give them some idea of the surrounding country; they tell them of their chief and their village on the other side of the island over across the mountains; they tell them of his illness, of his desire to see the good fathers he had perhaps encountered on previous visits. Antiscou is sick, possibly unto death. Father Biard needs no further argument; he at once places himself at their pleasure, follows their guidance as they direct their frail barks out around the sea exposed points, Schooner Head, Great Head, and Otter Cliffs, by Seal Harbor around the present Manchester's Point, the site of the Indian village where he was ushered into the presence of Antiscou whom he found in truth sick but in no immediate danger. Learning from Father Biard of his intention to continue on to

Kadesquit, he led him to his cabin opening, and pointing towards a clearing on a point directly opposite across the bay said, "Behold quite as good a place as Kadesquit." In November of 1611 Father Biard had already been at Kadesquit and had already written Madame de Guercheville of its advantages. . . for a settlement; he had perhaps promised the good chief there that he would ere long return to such pleanant surroundings. The site before him was certainly ideal; the natives well disposed; his sailors adverse to journeying farther on; the season already well advanced. The uncertainty of being able to resume the voyage in face of a well established opposition undoubtedly led him to compromise with his people and remain at Mount Desert. Returning he reported his decision to De la Saussaye who reembarked his colonists and brought the Jonas around the island and anchored just off site selected by Father Biard at the suggestion of Antiscou. It may perchance interest our readers to let an eye witness describe the scene. Father Biard thus writes his Superior: "This place is a beautiful hillside sloping gently from the seashore, and supplied with water by a spring on either side. They are from twenty-five to thirty acres, covered with grass, which in some places, reaches the height of a man. It fronts the south and east. The soil is rich and fertile. The harbor is smooth as a pond, being shut in by the large island of Mount Desert, besides sheltered by certain smaller islands which break the force of the wind and waves and fortify the entrance. It is large enough to hold any fleet, and ships can discharge within a cable length of the shore. It is in latitude forty-four and one-half degrees north, a position more northerly than that of Bourdeaux.

In our frontispiece, the reader will find an illustration of this chosen site. In explanation let us use the names of to-day. To the right, we have Some's Sound; in the distance up the sound we see Robinson's mountain; in the center, the highest point of land is known as Dog Mountain and the dark underlying just below is called Flying Mountain, while to the left are dimly outlined Beech and Western Mountains.

The sloping land just beneath the above named mountains is Fernald's Point, now generally accepted as the site chosen by Father Biard for his mission settlement; the vessel swinging at her moorings is the Jonas; her journey's end has been reached; her sails have been furled; her people have disembarked; the mission cross has been reared, the rude altar erected; the Holy Sacrifice offered; the work of foundation begun. "With the beginning of the work" says Father Biard. "also began quarrels, a second sign and augury of our ill luck." De la Saussaye at once decided to prepare the soil for planting." while all the chiefs of the enterprise were urging him not to employ the laborers for that purpose, but to get to work upon the houses and fortifications, which he did not wish to do. It would be

hard to accuse De la Saussaye of being wanting in wisdom, for if the colony was to be self-supporting it was certainly time to prepare for the harvest. What might have been the result had he taken the opposite course, we cannot say. With the meagre resources at his disposal, the construction of fortifications would seem out of the question at least at the very beginning of his work as some would seem to imply he should have done, for they would have availed him little against the winter severities sure to follow and perhaps, little more against any enemy who might have attacked him.

The soil however was prepared, the seed sown, the construction of the primitive dwellings begun and perhaps well advanced ere the unlooked for or unexpected enemy appeared upon the scene, prepared to destroy in a few fleeting moments what had been the work or result of many a sacrifice, and it seems in truth little short of irony of fate that this pitiless destroyer should have come under the guidance of the very ones whose condition had called for the heroic sacrifice made in their behalf.

Like many a day whose morn was fair and promising only to give place to the storm and tempest of a later hour, our devoted colonists so filled with hope were doomed to sudden disappointment. The land on which they had staked their fortunes lay within the Jamestown grant which would without doubt have left them the subject of future controversy. However, the storm was not long in closing in upon them. Ships were not unfrequent visitors in those days off the New England shores, and the Indians had learned to venture far from land in their frail barks for purposes of trade or sign communication with the adventurers on their coast. It was with one of these that our Pemetic Indians chanced to communicate on a pleasant summer day soon after the arrival of the French at Mount Desert. Rejoicing in the presence of the strangers among them, they certainly saw no reason why they should not lead them to the rapidly rising settlement on the point, just beyond the water, facing their village.

Divining from their gestures, and hearing them use the word Norman, the unknown stranger who was none other than Samuel Argall, commander of the English ship Treasurer from Jamestown, concluded that the French must have established a settlement in the near vicinity so under the Indian guidance, Argall set all sail and was soon on his way up towards the head of the inlet now called Some's Sound.

Rounding Greenings, Island, he saw at once the Jonas at her moorings, her sails furled on turned into awnings over the decks to protect her people from the summer sun. On shore the newly planted land, the half finished cabins on the rising ground just back from the mission cross, the busy settlers hurrying to and fro at their work, some preparing their mid-day meal, others hauling the recently felled trees for the completions of

their temporary huts, such was the scene which lay before Samuel Argall on that summer day when he first sailed into what is now known as the western bay.

It would seem unreasonable that his visit should be other than a friendly call; this was what the Indians looked forward to; this was what the Catholic children of France expected when they saw the strange ship bearing down upon them, and they started out in their "Pattach" to bid it welcome, but they were not long in discovering that the ship from the peak of whose mast now flew the flag of England, whose decks resounded to the sound of the drums and trumpets calling her crew to quarters was not the bearer of friendly greetings. To think of defense was out of the question for they had made no preparation to defend themselves in this lone spot on the shore of the western world. They had not yet thought of war, they had in mind only to colonize and civilize. Defenseless they scattered as best they could to shelter, some to the water, some up the mountainside, others in behind the Island and as their retreating forms could be seen going to their places of safety, the smoke was seen to belch from the side of the oncoming ship, and a moment later the hostile leaden messengers crashed through the sides of the Jonas, the first shot in that contest for empire in America between England and France had been fired, the great struggle for mastery in the new world was on, destined to continue until the lilies of France under the heroic Montcalm went down to final defeat on the Plains of Abraham in September, 1759.

"Panic stricken as they were at this sudden and unlooked for onslaught, the French were in no condition to offer resistance; in vain did Captain Flory call on his men to defend themselves; no one responded, until the Jesuit lay brother, Brave du Thet," says L. Biard, "took a match and caused our canon to speak as loudly as the enemy's but in vain for the Treasurer was now along side the hapless Jonas into which she fired another volley and as the smoke of battle cleared away and the English boarded the stricken vessel, heroic de Thet was found at the helm mortally wounded, two more were killed in trying to escape to the shore, and Captain Flory together with two of his men slightly wounded."

The contest if such it may be called had been won; Argall was now master of the situation and there was truly little to expect from one who was the author of such an unprovoked attack, for grant him any commission we please, or place his act in any light we may, we find for it no justification.

CHAPTER VI.

SAINT SAUVEUR.

When Samuel Argall made his wanton attack in the rapidly rising settlement of Saint Sauveur, France and England were at peace. The little hamlet on the hill-side at Mount Desert, and the few log cabins scattered along the James river, known as Jamestown, were the only European habitations on the Atlantic coast north of Florida. There were many leagues of sea and miles of unsettled ocean coast between them; so feebly were they established that one might look for years and years to pass ere their interests might clash.

Various historians have tried to excuse Argall on one ground or another; some endeavor to shield him behind his commission from the Governor of Virginia; others allege the times in which he lived as his excuse. Street in his history of Mount Desert page 46 thus speaks of the English leader: "Argall's act has been censured as a mere buccanneering or piratical enterprise, undertaken in the course of a fishing voyage." Even Parkman says that it was utterly unauthorized. But the Virginia records prove that this enterprise was an authorized one, and was undertaken with the definite purpose of dispersing the French in Acadia. The Charter of Virginia directed the Governor to repel, and resist as well by sea as by land, by all ways and means whatsoever, all and every person and persons who shall attempt to inhabit within the said several precincts and limits, the precincts as defined in said instrument, covered all the territory between the 34th and 45th parallels of latitude. The colonists were also authorized to take and surprise unlicensed ships found trading in any harbors within the same limits.

"Argall was therefore not only authorized but commanded to break up French settlements at Saint Croix and Port Royal. As the nations were at peace it was given out that he was going fishing, but his equipment a 'man of warre' armed with fourteen guns and manned by sixty musketeers was hardly one for a peaceful fishing voyage. He was on his way to execute his orders when information gained from the Indians, led him first to the newer and nearer settlement at Mount Desert."

Taking under consideration whatever may have been said for or against Samuel Argall, granting that he bore a commission, and that the French had encroached on what by right of discovery and royal patent was justly regarded as English territory, we see no way to justify what the greatest Catholic American Historian, the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea characterizes as "An unprovoked attack by men pretending to be Christians on a mission station established for the conversion of the heathens, followed by blood-shed and indiscriminate plunder, has no parallel in history. Virginia shared the infamy by endorsing Argall's action, as England does by refusing reparation." Before shedding Christian blood Argall might well have inter-

viewed la Saussaye, have compared their rival claims, and perhaps as a last resort, have taken the course he did. By so doing he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Be this as it may; the reports of his hostile shots had barely ceased to resound from the sides of the towering mountains, ere he led his men ashore.



Fernald's Point from Lancaster Island.

The Jesuit Father Biard says, "The Victorious Englishmen made a landing in the place where we had begun to erect our tents and dwellings, and searched for our Captain to find his commission, saying that the land was theirs, but that if we would show that we had acted in good faith, and under the authority of our prince, they would not drive us away, since they did not wish to imperil the amicable relations which existed between our two Soverigns."

"The trouble was they did not find la Saussaye, but they seized his desk, searched it carefully, and having found our commissions and royal letters, seized them, then putting everything in its place they closed and locked the desk. On the next day, when he saw la Saussaye, the English Captain welcomed him politely, and then asked to see his commission. La Saussaye replied that his papers were in his desk, which was accordingly brought to him, and he found it in perfect order, but the papers were missing. The English Captain immediately changed his tone and manner, saying 'Then sir, you are imposing on us.

You have given us to understand that you hold a commission from your king, and yet you can produce no evidence of it. You are all rogues and pirates and deserve death.' He then granted permission to his soldiers to plunder us, in which work they spent the entire afternoon."

"We witnessed the destruction of our property from the shore, the Englishmen fastened our vessel to theirs, for we had two, our ship and a boat newly constructed and equipped. We were thus reduced to a miserable condition, and this was not all. Next day they landed and robbed us of all we still possessed, destroying our clothing and other things. At one time they committed some personal violence on two of our people, which so enraged them that they fled to the woods, like poor crazed creatures half-naked not knowing what was to become of them."

"To return to the Jesuits: I have told you that Brother du Thet was wounded by a musket-shot during the fight. The English on entering our ship placed him under the care of their surgeon, along with other wounded men. The surgeon was a Catholic, a very charitable man, and he treated us with great kindness. Father Biard knowing that Brother du Thet was wounded asked the Captain to allow him to be carried ashore, so that he had an opportunity to receive the last Sacraments, and to praise the just and merciful God in company with his brethren. He died with much resignation and calmness and devotion twenty-four hours after he was wounded, thus his prayers were granted, for on our departure from Honfleur, he had raised his hands and eyes towards heaven, praying that he might no more return to France, but that he might die laboring for the salvation of souls. He was buried the same day at the foot of the large cross which we had erected on our arrival."

"It was not till then that the English recognized the Jesuits to be priests. Father Biard and Father Ennemond Masse went to the ship to speak to the English Captain and explained that they were Jesuits, who had travelled into these regions to convert the Savages. Then they implored him by the Blood of Him whom they both acknowledged as their Redeemer and by the mercy they hoped for, that he would have pity on the poor Frenchmen whom God had placed in his power, that he would liberate them and permit them to return to France. The Captain heard them quietly, and answered them respectfully. 'But,' said he, 'I wonder that you Jesuits, who are generally supposed to be conscientious and religious men, should be here in company with robbers and pirates, without law or religion. Father Biard replied to him proving that all the crew were good men, and approved by his most Christian Majesty, and refused so positively the objections of the English Captain, that the latter was obliged to pretend to be convinced."

" 'Certainly,' said he, 'it was very wrong to lose your letters patent. However, I shall talk with your captain about sending you home.' "

Whatever may have been Argill's intentions regarding his prisoners, would be hard to discern; he was apparently in doubt after the sack of Saint Sauveur as to his next move; that he intended to do them any further harm seems out of the question. We know that he tarried at Saint Sauveur for some little time after the pillage from the fact that the bodies of the two young men who were drowned in trying to escape from the ship during the attack, Le Moine from Dieppe, and Nepveu from Beauvais, were recovered and buried nine days afterwards. Having denuded the Colonists of all their earthly possessions, Argall appears to have been anxious to make as good an impression on them as possible by seeming open to conviction as to what might be done with them. One thing certain he showed no inclination to part with any notable portion of his booty since when it was finally agreed that they should return to France, he would only permit them to take a small open boat for their passage, which could not accommodate more than a part of them. It was therefore arranged that la Saussaye and Father Massé together with thirteen companions, fifteen in all should take the small boat and endeavor to reach some French vessel that might chance to be off the coast. Without chart or compass, and with little knowledge of the surrounding waters, de la Saussaye and his companions would in all probability have perished, had not the pilot, a native of Rouen named Le Bailleur and a few sailors who, having escaped during the assault, had remained at a distance carefully observing the fate of their fellow countrymen, joined them as they were passing out to sea and together slowly wended their way along the Maine coast around to the harbor of Port Mouton off the southern shore of Nova Scotia, where they luckily after enduring untold hardships chanced to meet two French trading vessels which gave them hospitality and in due time landed them at St. Malo.

For the remaining colonists, fifteen in number, Argall had agreed to land Fathers Biard and Quentin, and their immediate associates at the Penchoit Isles where they might sooner encounter some merchantman who would carry them back to France, so placing the two Jesuit fathers and four of the captured colonists on the Jonas now under the command of his lieutenant Turnel, Argall took the balance of the colony aboard the Treasurer, and set his course for Jamestown, but for some reason or other he failed to land the Fathers, their associate John Dixon and their servant at the Penchoit Isles, judging it perhaps more to his advantage to bring the entire party now with him to Virginia.

On his arrival at Jamestown, he found that the English governor, Sir Thomas Dale, a great advocate of martial law, was inclined to go farther than he had presumed to go himself, and to hang them all without ceremony which he would have done without doubt had not Argall intervened and disclosed the affair

in its true light to the Governor. He told him that the French colonists were innocent of any intent of wrong doing, produced the royal commission which he had stolen from la Saussaye's strong box. The exiles were astounded at the appearance of the lost commission, for it had apparently never occurred to them that Argall was in any way responsible for its disappearance.

La Saussaye's letters patent however placed the affair in a different light before Governor Dale. He had no desire to disturb the peaceful relations existing between France and England; to go farther might prove embarrassing; so with the advice of his councilors he decided to get Father Biard and his companions back to France and to complete the destruction of the French settlements already existing within the Jamestown grant, and what more efficient instrument could he have chosen than the one who had already begun the work of vandalism, Samuel Argall.

In his letter of May 26th, 1614, to Father Aquaviva after narrating their vicissitudes in and following the destruction of Saint Sauveur, Father Biard says: "After this episode," i. e., their trial in Virginia, "the captain who had taken us was commissioned to return to that part of New France where he had plundered us, and to plunder any French ships he might find, and burn all the houses and settlements. There remained two settlements there, that of Sainte Croix and that of Port Royal, where I had remained for two years."

"Three ships were equipped for this expedition,—two which they had taken from us, and a third and larger one, the man-of-war, as they called it which had taken us. So eight of us Frenchmen were taken in this vessel, in view of any opportunity that might arise of sending us back to our own country. These vessels returned first to the place where we had been captured, and all the crosses that we had set up they overthrew. But not unavenged!

"On the same spot, before our departure, they hanged one of their number whom they had apprehended in some plot. Thus one Cross took the place of many.

"Here a new peril arose. The English, as I have previously stated, wished to go to the settlement of Sainte Croix, although it had at that time no inhabitants. Some salt, however, had been left there. No one except myself knew the way; and the English knew that I had been there formerly. They accordingly demanded that I lead them. I do all that I can to evade and refuse this proposal; but it avails me nothing. They perceive clearly that I am unwilling to obey. At this the captain grows very angry, and my peril becomes imminent; when suddenly they find the place without my help, and plunder and burn it."

"They moreover on this occasion captured a savage who guided them to Port Royal. Although this had delivered me

from one great danger, it nevertheless involved me in a greater one. For after they had plundered and burnt Port Royal (which by some inexplicable chance they had found abandoned by its inhabitants), some Frenchmen, one of those very men who had deserted Port Royal, brought an accusation against me, which was nothing less than this: that I was a genuine Spaniard, and that on account of certain crimes committed in France, I dared not return there. Hereupon, the captain already incensed against me, having found a fine pretext for his wrath, asked his followers whether they did not think it would be just to cast me forth on the shore and abandon me there. The



Manchester Point, Northeast Harbor.

opinion of the majority prevailed, who thought it better to take me back to Virginia, and there return me to that unlucky tree which in accordance with law and justice, I had escaped. Thus I escaped death for the moment; and so we soon after started on our return voyage to Virginia."

After leaving Port Royal, a severe storm scattered Argall's flotilla; the vessel bearing Father Baird and Quentin was driven to the Azores, whence the captain finally made his way to the coast of Wales where he landed near the little town of Pembroke in search of provisions. Here he was seized and held as a pirate until with the aid of the Jesuit Fathers he established his innocence after which he was allowed to proceed to London and Dover, where the well nigh exhausted missionaries were hastened across the straits to their native land. Taking their departure from Calais where they had landed after a delay of three days, for Amiens whence on the 26th of May, 1614, Fr.

Biard wrote an account of his struggles to his Superior General, Father Aquaviva during his nine months captivity in the hands of the English. On the 26th day of January, 1611, Father Biard had sailed from Dieppe for New France in company with Edmond Massé. Father Quentin sailed with the *Saint Sauveur* expedition from Honfluer, March 12, 1613, so that the short space of a year left nothing but blackened ruins to mark the sites of Sainte Croix, Port Royal, and Saint Sauveur, landmarks in the contest for empire in the western world.

Looking back on the site of Saint Sauveur, over the scene of ruined hopes and blighted aspirations, we are led to ask how long that French Colony established under the fostering care of Madame de Guercheville remained on the eastern shore of Mount Desert Isle; how long the rude intrenchments raised by de la Sausseye endured; how long as the New England historian Bancroft says "under the summer sky, round a cross in the center of the hamlet, matins and vespers were regularly chanted?"

We have seen that our colonists leaving Honfluer on the 12th of March, 1613, arrived at Cape de la Heve on the Nova Scotian shore May 16th. On the 26th inst. we find them sailing from Port Royal so that making all due allowances for delays we can hardly place them on Fernald's Point, Mount Desert before the last days of May or the first of June, 1613.

At the most their stay was short, for between the end of May or the first of June, 1613, and November 9th of the same year Saint Sauveur, Sainte Croix, and Port Royal were destroyed. Argall as we know first partially demolished Saint Sauveur, and then returned to Virginia, where there was naturally some delay in fitting out to return and complete his work of destruction. We have therefore a period of less than five months for the duration of the first Catholic settlement on Mount Desert. Father Biard in his letter to Father Aquaviva written under the date of May 26th, 1614, stated that they had just been released from 'nine months' captivity in the hands of the English." Counting back nine months from May, 1614, would place the date of the destruction of Saint Sauveur at the end of September or early in October at the latest possible if we allow Argall sufficient time for his trip back to Virginia and his return for the completion of his work.

As we today take our stand on the site of Antiscou's Indian Village, now known as Manchester's Point on which stands Indian Head Cottage, Ditson's Summer home, we see about us little evidences of the past, save here and there breaking through the well cared lawn, shell heaps, the last records of a race that has passed and gone. Here where the sons of wealth come to spend their summer days, in far and distant ages, the untutored children of the forest came to feast and enjoy the health laden breezes. Here Biard first made the acquaintance of the Indian

chief Antiscou. This was the scene of the missionary's sick call; the scene perhaps of the first mission instruction, the first baptism. From this point the Indians witnessed the coming of the Jonas saw the landing of her colonists, assisted at the first mass offered under the shadow of the mission cross. They were perhaps standing on this point when the English ship Treasurer bearing Samuel Argall sailed up the western bay on her fell work of destruction; they saw the smoke of battle, heard the cry of the wounded, the last sigh of the dying Du Thet.



Saint Sauveur, 1613.

Directly across the bay, we behold Fernald's point, the site of Old Saint Sauveur, but little changed from that day when Biard, Masse and Quentin, de la Saussaye and his colonists gathered about the mission cross; but little changed from that day when the mission priest standing at the base of the rising mountains,

"While gazing on the scene below,
May half forget the dreams of home,
That nightly with his slumbers come,—
The tranquil skies of sunny France,
The peasant's harvest song and dance,
The vines around the hillsides wreathing,
The soft airs midst their clusters breathing."

saw beneath him, "Bathed in the morning's flood of gold."

"A vision gorgeous as the dream;
Gems of waters with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue."

We see but a single habitation, the old Fernald homestead about which "the beautiful hillside sloping gently from the sea-

shore, and supplied with water by a spring of either side" still remains. Tradition points out the spring whence the missionary drew water, now called Biard's spring. Fernald's Point whilst "sloping gently from the seashore" also slopes towards the middle, so perchance the primitive homes were in course of erection on the sloping ridges while between them in the center where the earth rises less abruptly from the sea stood the mission cross; if so, here in the sands just back from the water's edge is the grave of Gilbert du Thet. But Argall's devastations, and the passing of three hundred years "welding the dull axe of decay" have stolen away all vestiges leaving only the few detached letters of the stout hearted Biard to tell us in part, the story of the first and last Jesuit colony on the coast of Maine.

CHAPTER VII.

THE KENNEBEC.

The Catholic Church laid an early claim to the Kennebec and its tributaries, a claim which she has since maintained and justified in her religious foundations at every important point from its source in that far inland lake, now known as Moosehead, to the place where its clear waters are mingled with those of the broad Atlantic. For more than three hundred years have her benign influences been felt along its shores; in sunshine and in storm she has ever been in evidence to direct the destinies of her people, she came here in the fulfillment of her Divine mission, to keep those who were already her children in the paths of righteousness, and to win the heart of nature's savage child to the service of Him who has said, "My yoke is sweet, and my burden light."

The first Christian sign to be erected was the Cross here placed by Christian hands in the early Summer of 1605. Towards this lovely spot, so fully endowed by nature, the persecuted Catholics of England, even as the Pilgrims a few years later, turned their eyes as to a place where they might hope to serve God according to the dictates of their conscience, and the teachings of His Holy Church. As early as the Spring of 1574, English Catholic noblemen, such as Sir George Peckham, Sir Thomas Gerard, etc., had in mind a colony on the coast of Maine where they might, still attached to their native land, enjoy that religious freedom denied them at home. Application was made to the English queen, Elizabeth, for letters patent which would enable them to carry out their plans. June 11, 1578, permission was granted Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his assigns, which seems to have suited their purposes, for we find

that Peckham and Gerard were very soon admitted to membership in the company which was authorized to make laws and govern any of the Queen's subjects "as shall willingly accompany him," the only restriction being, that said laws should not be," against the true Christian faith, or religion now professed in the Church of England," or such as might lessen the allegiance of the colonists for the crown.

The place selected for the proposed settlement, was Norumbega, the beauties of which were so recently described by the Franciscan Father, Andrew Thivet who claimed to have visited the country during his American travels in 1556.

It was for the purpose of establishing his colony at Thivet's famed Norumbega, that Sir Humphery sailed from England, June 11, 1583 in a flotilla of four small vessels carrying in all 260 persons. Misfortune, however, followed them. In August, they entered the harbor of St. John's Newfoundland where a number of the crew fell ill and died; others mutined and formed a plot to take possession of the ships. It was here first announced that the public profession of religion, "should be according to the Church of England." Hence while keeping within the law regarding the established Church abundant opportunity was afforded the Catholics for their services in private. That Sir George Peckham did not accompany the expedition is evidenced from the fact that Gilbert wrote him before leaving St. John's for Norumbega. He had not been long on the way ere his largest vessel was wrecked; his provisions and about all on board lost. Discouraged, Sir Humphery decided to turn about and try to reach home. But ill luck still clung to him, a severe storm burst on them, and the boisterous waves of the September gale soon sent the frail vessel with brave Gilbert and his companions to the bottom of the ocean.

That Sir George Peckham hoped to organize another expedition is evident from his writings which are remarkable for their real Christian spirit. In a little work entitled, "A true Report of the late Discoveries and possession taken in the right of the Crowne of England by that valiant and worthy gentleman, Sir Humphery Gilbert, Knight," after speaking about his intentions of continuing the work, he speaks of the benefits which the colonies would bring to England, and the importance of trying to rescue the Indian from the bonds of idolatry.

But while we find Sir George filled with zeal, we also realize that we are in the presence of the fact that the English Catholics were generally against their removal to the northern parts of America, on the ground that such a scheme would compromise their position and rights in the mother country. The move was also strongly opposed by the famous Jesuit Father Persons who strongly urged the Catholic party to remain in England and defend their rights.

Some years now passed by ere the Catholic colonial question was taken up, but the continued persecutions and reprisals made on them again brought this means of relief to the fore. This time, however, we no longer encounter Sir George Peckham but another prominent Catholic in the person of the Earl of Warder, Sir Thomas Arundel. Allied with his relative, Henry Wriothesley, second Earl of Southampton, Lord Arundel on the 5th of March, 1605 sent out an expedition of exploration under Captain George Weymouth which in about two months reached the sandy shores of Cape Cod. Captain Weymouth now turned his prow towards the coast of Maine where he arrived off the island of Monhegan on the 17th of May 1605 at about the same time that DeMonts and Champlain were leaving their ill-starred settlement of Ste Croix on their voyage of explorations along the Maine coast. But which was the first to behold the beauties of the Kennebec, to sail over its sparkling waters, George Weymouth or Samuel Champlain? That they both passed up its rock-bound waters, that each erected the Cross and took possession in the name of his respective sovereign is certain.

If Weymouth visited the Kennebec as it seems probable that he did, he must have done so after his return from Penobscot Bay whither he went following the Whitsunday spent in Pentecost harbor, so that his call on the Kennebec must have been brief and just before he sailed for England on June 16, 1605.

We find that Champlain made three recorded visits each of considerable length during the Summer of 1605. He records his first arrival on the 7th or 8th of July. On the 29th we find his "Pattache" again moored in the Kennebec waters. It was during this call that the Indian Sagamore, Anassan gave him the first information that Weymouth had been in the river. The Indian chief informed him of the Englishman's treachery in seizing and carrying off or killing their fellow countrymen, Nahanada, Skitwarroes, Assecomet, Tisquantum, and Dehamida.

Abbot in his history of Maine thus characterizes Weymouth's act in Kidnapping the Indians: "The lapse of a century could not efface from the minds of the Indians a sense of the outrage of which they had been the victims. The story descended from father to son. Desire for vengeance burned in the Indian's breast. The very name of Englishmen became hateful. The sight of an Englishman, with his long and glittering sword and his death-dealing bullet, appalled them. If Weymouth had intended to render all future friendly intercourse with the Indians impossible, he could not have adopted measures better adapted to accomplish his ends." So that while his purposes may have been the very best from his point of view, his action caused a wound which not even time could heal.

In speaking of this voyage of Captain Weymouth to Maine, Dr. John Gilmary Shea in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol. I, page 25, says, "An air of mystery was preserved with regard to this expedition, and the only published account of it leaves everything vague, yet the religious tone of the writer, James Rosier, indicates a higher motive than trade or discovery.

"We," he says, "supposing not a little present private profit, but a public good and true zeal of promulgating God's holy church, by planting Christianity to be the sole intent of the Honorable settlers forth of this discovery."

"The pious tone of Rosier's narrative," adds Dr. Shea in a note on the same above quoted, "would lead one to suppose him a clergyman: policy would require adapting the tone of his remarks to Protestant ears. If he were the protestant minister sent by Southampton, he would have no motive for concealing his character and not speaking openly, and he would not ignore the Earl of Southampton and refer only to Lord Arundel, as Rosier does: while if he were a priest sent by the Catholic nobleman, it would be natural." "He begins his Preface: 'Being employed in this voyage by the Right Honorable Thomas Arundel, Baron of Warder, to take due notice and make a true report of the discovery therein performed. He collected an Indian vocabulary of 400 or 500 words, of which a part is given in Purchas' Pilgrims, IV, pp. 1659-1667. He concludes the Preface: 'So with my prayers to God for the conversion of so ingenious and well disposed people, I rest your friend J. R.'"

Taking in consideration the pitiable position of the Catholics in England because of the penal laws so rigidly enforced against them, together with the fact that the prime mover in Weymouth's expedition, was the Catholic Lord Arundel who was also a count of the Holy Roman Empire, we may reasonably conclude that the enterprise was Catholic in its origin, that its aims and purposes were Catholic, hence while it was of necessity ostensibly under the guise of the church then recently established in England by force of Royal will, there was with it at least one Catholic priest, who may perchance have been the annalist James Rosier. Should such have been the case, and it seems more than probable, there would be an additional reason for Weymouth leaving his anchorage on the shores of Monhegan, and crossing over to one of the many land locked harbors on mainland. It was the eve of the great Pentecostal feast, May 18th, 1605. The sacrifice of the Mass was then prohibited throughout the English dominions, as being idolatrous, yet the many faithful Catholics held it in greater reverence than ever, and made the most heroic sacrifice to assist at its celebration, so that on this one Pentecost Sunday, as Cap-

tain Weymouth moored his vessel, the Archangel in Boothbay's sheltered harbor, we may be sure, that were there any loyal children of the Church there present, and a priest among them, they must have sought at early morn as the rays of the rising sun were just stealing over Mount Desert hills across the Gulf of Maine, some sheltered cove where beneath the arching limbs of the deep brooding pine on the green sward amidst the new born foliage, they reared their cross erected their rude altar: here in this lovely spot, in nature's choicest glade, amid all the fragrance of an early Spring morn, blended with that of the forest primeval, they assisted at the offering of the Eternal Sacrifice, partook of the Eucharistic mysteries, and as the beautiful words of the Pentecostal service ascended heavenwards, there accompanied them many an act of undying faith and constant love which has ever and always, in sunshine and storm, in peace and persecution has been the honor and glory of the one true Church.

Did this scene take place? Circumstances would seem to justify our believing that it did, hence we give the date of May 19, 1605 for one of the possible early Masses offered on the Coast of Maine, and the place as our present Boothbay harbor then rightly called Pentecost Harbor.

However this may be, Weymouth's return to England from his voyage of exploration found a well defined opposition to the project of founding a Catholic colony on the shores of Norumbega, which finally led Lord Arundel to change his plans.

The Catholic side of this expedition was undoubtedly obscured by the fact that it was nominally under the auspices of the established church of which Weymouth and his officers were probably members.

The Indians seized and carried to England were well treated and eventually permitted to return to their former haunts. "But" as Williamson in his *History of Maine*, Vol. I, p. 195, says, "neither the fruits of this voyage, nor yet the possession taken of the country, could counterbalance the ill effects of Weymouth's treatment of the Natives. For the forfeiture of trade and of their hospitality; the hatred of the English name; revenge and cruelties, were the consequences which might be expected for this offence. Surely never were men's conduct more impolitic, since it was full half of their errand to pave the way for a colonial establishment and future trade. These and much baser improprieties, however appear not to have been much regarded at home." Plans were made for carrying out the purposes of the expedition. Two associations were formed the one to colonize in North Virginia as Maine was now called and the other in South Virginia. The members of the North Virginia association were Thomas Hanham, Raleigh

Gilbert, William Parker, George Popham and others of Plymouth whence they were given the appellation of the Plymouth Company. It is not clear whether there were any Catholics in this company or not, but if there were, they would of necessity on account of the prevailing penal laws have to remain silent members, their interests to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Plymouth Company was not, however, long in preparing another expedition for a settlement on the coast of Maine, which sailed from Plymouth May 31, 1607 under the guidance of George Popham and Raleigh Gilbert, made a direct course for the shore of North Virginia where they anchored after a pleasant voyage under the lee of Monhegan, August 8th, 1607. Here they remained for a few days, making an excursion here and there in their long boat, until finally on the 18th of the same month, they proceeded to the vicinity of the Kennebec, landing on what is now called Stage Island. Not finding this location suited to their purposes they soon changed over to the West bank of the river, near present Atkins Bay. Here on a peninsular, now southern corner of Phippsburg, they erected a few slender cabins and built a fort which they called after their president, Fort St. George, but which was afterwards commonly called Popham's Fort. After they had been well housed, the two ships in which they had come, The "Gift of God" and the "Mary and John," sailed for England December 5th.

The winter proved severe, the colonists being unaccustomed to the intense cold of our northern season suffered severely; misunderstandings arose with the Indians; their store house took fire and the greater part of their provisions were destroyed in mid-winter; the death of their leader George Popham and that of his brother Sir John in England together with Sir John Gilbert all of which misfortunes left the members of the colony thoroughly demoralized and ready to take advantage of the first opportunity of returning to England. The returning ships gave them this chance, so taking with them the small vessel which they had built late in the Autumn of 1607, and the few furs they had gathered in their commerce with the Indians, they sailed in the Spring of 1608 for England, leaving their cabins, their church, and Fort St. George to silence and decay. Thus Popham's settlement remained; the Indians came perhaps from time to time to talk over the doings of the departed, to speak of their treachery. Thither perchance came the adventurous sailor to wander as it were through Palmyra's deserted halls; here in the fall of 1611, the silence of decay was broken by the short visit of Biard and Biencourt who in their hopeful spirits may have looked forward to the day when the Lilies of France would proudly wave above the walls of England's deserted fort.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST RECORDED MASS.

While many of the sons of Catholic France as well as those of other maritime nations had undoubtedly visited the coast of our State many years prior to the coming of De Monts and Champlain in 1604, it remained for the illustrious Father Biard to leave us some few details of the first recorded celebration of the Holy Sacrifice within our borders. In search of a promising site for a future Catholic colony, Father Biard as we learn from his letter of January 31, 1612 written from Port Royal to the Jesuit Superior General at Paris, had accompanied M. de Biencourt on a voyage of about a month and a half during which he tells us that they "ranged the entire coast from Port Royal to Kinibequi (the river Kennebec) west southwest. We entered the great rivers St. John, Sainte Croix, Pentegoet (Penobscot) and the above named Kinibequi." He tells us that he had two reasons for undertaking this journey: "One to give spiritual aid to Sieur de Biencourt and his people; the other to observe and study the dispositions of these nations to receive the holy gospel." It was probably near the end of September 1611 when they left Port Royal on this voyage of detailed exploration following without doubt the courses taken by Champlain in 1604. They again admired the towering peaks of Mount Desert, passed under the ocean beaten craigs of Isle au Haut, sailed about the sea girt walls of Monhegan, tarrying perchance a day here and there to admire the beauties of untouched nature as well as to form a more intimate acquaintance with the Indians. "We arrived at Kinibequi, eighty leagues from Port Royal the 28th of October," writes Father Biard, "the day of St. Simon and St. Jude, of the same year, 1611."

Champlain had already entered the Kennebec during his voyage along our coast in 1604. His was perhaps the first civilized eye to look upon the beauties adorning the Kennebec, many of which remain today. Here in May, 1605 they had erected a cross and taken possession of the country in the name of the king of France. Thither in the autumn of 1607 had come the English colony under the command of George Popham. Here they had erected their slender cabins, and laid the foundations of Fort St. George afterwards called Popham's fort. Here amid trials and privations they had passed the unmitigated rigors of the winter of 1607 and 1608 only to abandon their fort and rude huts the following spring.

The French on their arrival at once began the exploration of the abandoned English fort. "Now as everything is beautiful at first," narrates Father Biard, "the undertaking of the English had to be praised and extolled and the conveniences of the

place enumerated. But a few days afterwards they changed their views; for they saw that there was a fine opportunity of making a counter-fort there which might have imprisoned them and cut them off from the sea and river; moreover, even if they had been left unmolested they would not have enjoyed the advantages of the river, since it has several other mouths, and good ones, some distance from there. Further more, what is worse, we do not believe that in six leagues of surrounding country, there is a single acre of good tillable land, the soil being nothing but stones and rocks."

"Now, in as much as the wind forced us to go on, when the third day came, Monsieur de Biencourt considered the subject in council and decided to take advantage of the wind and go up the river, in order to thoroughly explore it."

Leaving Popham's fort apparently during the afternoon of October 30th Biencourt sailed up the river about nine miles, when the fast ebbing tide and the rapidly receding twilight of the short autumn day caused him to anchor in the middle of the river where he spent the night. Hardly had the expedition come to anchor ere the Indians were seen setting out from the shore in their canoes gradually feeling their way about the ship. "There were twenty-four persons therein, writes Father Biard," all warriors. They went through a thousand manœuvres and ceremonies before accosting us, and might have been compared to a flock of birds which wanted to go into a hemp-field but feared the scarecrow. We were very much pleased at this for our people also needed to arm themselves and arrange the pavesade. In short, they continued to come and go; they reconnoitered; they carefully noted our numbers, our cannon, our arms, everything; and when night came they camped upon the other bank of the river, if not out of reach, at least beyond the aim of our cannon." The Indians had already had trouble with the English on their visit to the river a few years before; they doubtlessly remembered the injuries suffered at their hands, hence were in no hurry in forming the acquaintance of the strangers. "All night," Father Biard tells us, "there was continual haranging, singing and dancing, for such is the kind of life all these people lead when they are together. Now as we supposed that their song and dances were invocations to the devil, to oppose the power of this cursed tyrant, I had our people sing some sacred hymns, as the *Salve*, the *Ave Maris Stella*, and others. But when they once got into the way of singing, the spiritual songs being exhausted, they took up others with which they were familiar. When they came to the end of these, as the French are natural mimics, they began to mimic the singing and dancing of the *Armouchiquois* who were upon the bank, succeeding so well that the *Armouchiquois* stopped to listen to them; and then our people stopped and the

others immediately began again. It was really very comical, for you would have said that they were two choirs which had a thorough understanding with each other, and scarcely could you distinguish the real Armouchiquois from their imitators."

Thus they passed the night: the fraternal spirit had gradually grown between them, and the Indians were made to realize that the new comers had no ill intent towards them; hence when they resumed their journey on the last day of October up the river, they were persuaded by the accompanying Indians to abandon their purpose of going any further up river and to turn to the right through an arm of the river which they assured them would in a few hours enable them to reach the camping ground of the great sachem Meteourmite who would gladly furnish them with all the piousquemin (corn) they might need. Biencourt following their guidance passed his vessel through the narrow strait now spanned by the bridge between Woolwich and Arrowsic into what is now called Pleasant cove or Nequasset bay. Finding the water very shallow, and seeing that the Indians had disappeared the French were led to believe that they had been betrayed, and were in favor of hostile measures.

Wiser councils however prevailed; the Indians as it was afterwards proven had simply gone to warn Meteourmite of the strangers coming. The Sagamore eventually appeared, greeted them warmly, and finally persuaded them to accept the guidance of some of his chosen people who would lead them to his village. How far they followed, or what distance the visit to his village took them from the Kennebec we have no means of knowing. Judging their caution and care as they proceeded we should say that he was not far distant. However this may be, it would appear that they passed through the dangerous currents of the Hellgates. "For we traversed such perilous heights and narrow passes that we never expected to escape from them. In fact, in two places some of our men cried out in distress that we were all lost. But thank God, they cried too soon." Father Biard in his simple narration proceeds to describe their visit to Meteourmite. "When we arrived," writes Father Biard, "Monsieur de Biencourt armed himself, and thus arrayed proceeded to pay a visit to Meteourmite. He found him in the royal apparel of savage majesty, alone in a wigwam that was well matted above and below, and about forty powerful young men stationed around like a body guard, each one with his shield, his bow and arrows upon the ground in front of him."

The Jesuit however does not give us any details as to the interview between Biencourt and Meteourmite, excepting the information that they did not have any great quantity of corn, but that he would be pleased to trade some skins with him. The missionary naturally seems more anxious to place before us the favorable impression which he made on the Indians.

"As for me," says the Rev. Father, "I received that day the greater part of the welcome; for I was unarmed, the most honorable among them, turning their backs upon the soldiers, approached me with a thousand demonstrations of friendship. They led me to the largest wigwam of all; it contained fully eighty people. When they had taken their places, I fell on my knees and repeated my Pater. Ave. Credo, and some orisons; then pausing, my hosts, as if they had understood me perfectly, applauded after their fashion, crying 'Ho I ho I ho I' I gave them some crosses and pictures, explaining them as well as I could. They very willingly kissed them, made the sign of the cross, and each one in turn endeavored to present his children to me so that I would bless them and give them something. Thus passes that visit and another that I have since made."

The close of the autumn day, October 31st, 1611 had now come, the various negotiations were brought to an end, and all sought shelter aboard their ship for the night, to await the coming day for the completion of their trades with the Indians.

The morning of November 1st, 1611 dawned; throngs of Indians crowded the deck of the bark anxious to exchange their furs for the simple trinkets offered by the French. So eager were the Savages, and so great was the disorder by the ever increasing numbers, that bloodshed seemed imminent, but Bien-court fortunately remembered that the good missionary had that morning left the ship in company with a boy for a neighboring island," to there offer the Blessed Sacrament for our reconciliation.

It was the beautiful feast of All Saints, a holyday of obligation then as now. Father Biard had perchance frequently reared his rude altar at many a point of landing along our rock bound coast during the voyage from Port Royal to the Kennebec. He may have taken advantage of their stay at Popham's fort to celebrate Holy Mass. However this may be, we find no mention in his many lengthy reports of his having up to this date celebrated Mass within the borders of our State.

But on what island did he thus celebrate on this November morn, the feast of All Saints? The coast of Maine abounds in islands; there are many of them in and about the mouths of the Sheepscot and Kennebec rivers. Considering his description of their voyage from Popham's fort to this vicinity, we would place him nearer the former than the latter. It was perhaps early on the morning of the 28th that they had rounded Seguin Island and moored their little vessel in Kennebec waters just off the deserted fort. A stay of three days would coincide with their sailing up river and their first associations or fraternizing with the Indians. On the 31st they were on their way over through the Hellgates towards Metecourmite's village. Careful

reading of Father Biard's report of this passage, their visit to the Indian chief would seem to have consumed the closing day of October, 1611, leaving us Nov. 1st as the most probable date for the conclusion of their interesting and friendly relations with Metecourmite's people.

May we not permit our imagination to picture this the scene of the first recorded Mass not only on the Kennebec but perhaps in all the United States north of Florida.

It will be Father Biard's last appeasance in these parts for a few days later, "it being" as he tells us, "already the 6th of November we turned our ships towards Port Royal, stopping at Pentegoet, as we had promised the Savages."

It was doubtlessly a pleasant Autumn morning, one not unlike many of those we have experienced, when Winter seems loth as it were to break in upon the beautiful spell of departing Summer. The various tinted autumn foliage has now well nigh disappeared, leaving only the evergreen pines, the hemlock, the spruce and the fir to adorn and form the surroundings for the first known spot where the Holy Sacrifice was offered on our coast. It must have been towards a sheltered cove, that our good Father and his attendant quietly directed their boat on this November morn for Divine services. In his thoughtful preparation, he may have perhaps allowed his mind to wander afar, to the scenes of his sunny France to the many spires rising among her vine clad hills, to the numerous throngs of her devoted children now at or on their way to assist at Holy mass within the sheltering walls of her many churches, happy in the possession of the one true faith. Thence his thoughts centered on the churchless children of the western world, many of whom were now perhaps about him in their frail barken canoes, and from his heart, there went up to his Heavenly Father, the missionary's prayer for the conversion of the unbeliever.

In spirit we look on the few brief preparations, the selection of his altar site, the rearing of the rude support whereon the Living word was about to be offered, the old familiar announcement, the "Introibo ad altare Dei," I will go in to the altar of God," uttered by the zealous priest in the midst of the American forest with greater fervor perhaps than would have been the case had he been at the stately altar of some magnificent cathedral in his native land. We have no doubt that as he read the beautiful All Saints service, when he came to make his memento for the living, as he passed from the consideration of that great throng in constant attendance at the altars of our heavenly Father, to the members of the church militant, he laid special stress on his heart felt wish for the conversion of those living about him yet in the darkness of idolatry and the slavery of their evil habits.

As he lifted up the spotless Host, the Lamb without stain, slain for the salvation of mankind, and turned his thought on the church suffering in his memento for the departed, it may have been given him to realize in part the fruits of his sacrifice, the many future conversions, the glorious American church and the many saints thereby added to the "Turbam magnam" the countless crowd who see God and sing his praises in the realms of Eternal light.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KENNEBEC.

After the departure of Father Biard from the Kennebec in the Autumn of 1611, we find no further recorded visits of the early missionaries to this section of our State until late in the Summer of 1646. Thirty-five years thus passed by during which there was little else on the Kennebec, save the bartering here and there between the various commercial adventurers and the savages yet eager as of yore to change their furs for the trifling trinkets offered them by their European visitors. This exchange of commodities gradually called into existence the trading posts founded at an early date within the bounds of the Plymouth grant in the vicinity of which homes were eventually established. As early as 1623 there were settlers on Arrowsick Island, at Sheepscot, at Damariscotta, at Pemaquid, and St. George.

On the issuing of the Plymouth Patent January 13, 1629, trading stations were established at Popham's fort, at Richmond's landing and at Cushnoc, now Augusta in connection with which we note such well known names as Edward Winslow, John Alden, Miles Standish, and Governor Bradford.

But while the Kennebec Indians were bartering with and partaking of the Pilgrim's hospitality, they do not seem to have forgotten or neglected their journeys up the river, across the height of land over to Megantic, thence down the bounding Chaudiere to the struggling French settlements in and about Quebec. Who first blazed the trail up the Kennebec across Carry Ponds, up the Dead river, thence to Lake Megantic will never be known, any more than we can at this time determine how frequent was the intercourse between the Indians living in the valley of the Kennebec and those of the great St. Lawrence. Many who had first made the acquaintance of the Black Robes during their few visits along our coast had doubtless again encountered them in the Christian Indian villages along the St. Lawrence. While there seems to have been some common

bond between them, they at times had their differences, and it is not improbable that it was one of these chance misunderstandings which brought the Christian teachings more vividly before our Kennebec Indians. Many practices very common in the past were no longer possible in the light of Christianity. An Indian brave, the possessor of two wives, rather than to submit, is said to have left the Algonquin tribes on the St. Laurence and to have come among their brethren on the Kennebec where he was murdered in a drunken brawl. The return of his surviving widowed wife, the other having died on the way, to the Canadian tribe would naturally have called for revenge, had not two of the Abenakis chiefs arrived about the same time to make amends which would hardly have been accepted had not two Christian Sillery chiefs, John Baptist Etinechkawat, and Christ-mas Negabamat intervened and so disposed matters as to end the unfortunate affair in an alliance of friendship which ever after endured. Shortly afterwards in the fall of 1643 a Christian Indian from Sillery came and passed the winter among the Indians on the Kennebec. Did one of Maine's first missionaries, good Father Masse now living in retirement at Sillery inspire his coming? Father Masse doubtless remembered his stay among the Indians of Maine, and with that longing common to a missionary's heart for the completion of his work, quietly prepared his neophyte Charles Mejachkawat for the Kennebec Apostolate. Here he passed the winter of 1643 and '44 doing genuine missionary work, teaching in his simple manner the Christian faith; eloquently extolling its virtues not only among the Indians but even within the walls of the Pilgrim trading post at Cushnoc. In the spring he returned to Sillery but not alone for one of the chiefs who had already visited the Canadian Indian missionary station as an ambassador in 1641 now came again to crave the grace of baptism.

His prayer was granted, and whatever may have been his Indian name we know not, but the records show that he was given the Christian name of John Baptist and had for sponsor Governor Montmagny. First of his tribe to receive the regenerating waters of baptism, John Baptist fresh from the baptismal font, in all the enthusiasm of a new born Christian thought only of returning, and the day when he might share these priceless favors with his beloved people. Setting out at once alone, his return was intercepted by a party of Iroquois who slew him, thus adding to the grace of Baptism, perchance that of martyrdom. John Baptist was not however destined to be the only fruit of Charles Mejachkawat's stay among the Indians of the Kennebec. As is ever the case, the seed sown on good soil produced fruit for it is only a year or so later, in the Summer of 1646 that we have a delegation at Sillery asking that a Father be sent to live among them. It was on the

twelfth of May, 1646, that Father Masse had gone to his eternal reward. As one of the first missionaries to bless the soil of Maine, he had doubtless offered many a prayer for the conversion of her children. It was on the eve of the Assumption just three months after his burial that the delegation reached Sillery. The following day August 15th, 1646, in all the royalty of their savage state, the Indian chiefs pleaded their cause before the assembled fathers. The occasion was certainly an unusual one, for heretofore it had been necessary to go and impose oneself on the Indians but now here were the representatives of a great tribe making an appeal to the fathers to come and labor among their people. The field was in truth promising, and the humble sons of Loyola were not the ones to neglect a soil which gave hopes of such an abundant harvest. A decision was soon reached and a father chosen for the work.

The man selected to carry the cross from Sillery down through the forest primeval to Maine was one who had already given evidences of his zeal for his sublime vocation, and whose love of sacrifices of the missionary life was unsurpassed, one whose name is destined to endure in the annals of our State, not only as a Christian teacher but as an accomplished diplomat. Father Druillettes.

Born in old France, September 29th, 1610, Gabriel Druillettes was in the prime of his life when he came to Maine. In company with Fathers Chabanel and Garreau, he had on the 15th of August, 1643, arrived at Quebec from France. Having in a very short time mastered the Algonquin language, he was in the fall of 1644 sent to accompany a band of Christian Algonquins on their long winter hunt during which it was his custom to hold services and instruct his people with the same regularity as would have been the case had he been in charge of a well organized parish; thus notwithstanding the inconveniences of the journey and the rigors of the season, morning and evening prayers were said in common, the daily mass offered, the Sundays and feast days duly observed. Wherever they chanced to rest from the fatigues of the hunt, the first work on hand was to erect the little improvised chapel in some sheltered nook in the midst of the vast forest; here their devotions were performed with a fervor equal to that of the primitive Christians. So great had been the effect of the Christian religion on the savage child of nature, so changed were his inclinations, that even Parkman felt himself carried away by the sublime manifestation of Christian charity on the part of the Indians. But all the missionary's devotedness, and his love of sacrifice could not save him from the inevitable sufferings and afflictions entailed by such a rigorous journey. The many privations of the ordinary necessities of civilized life, the smoky

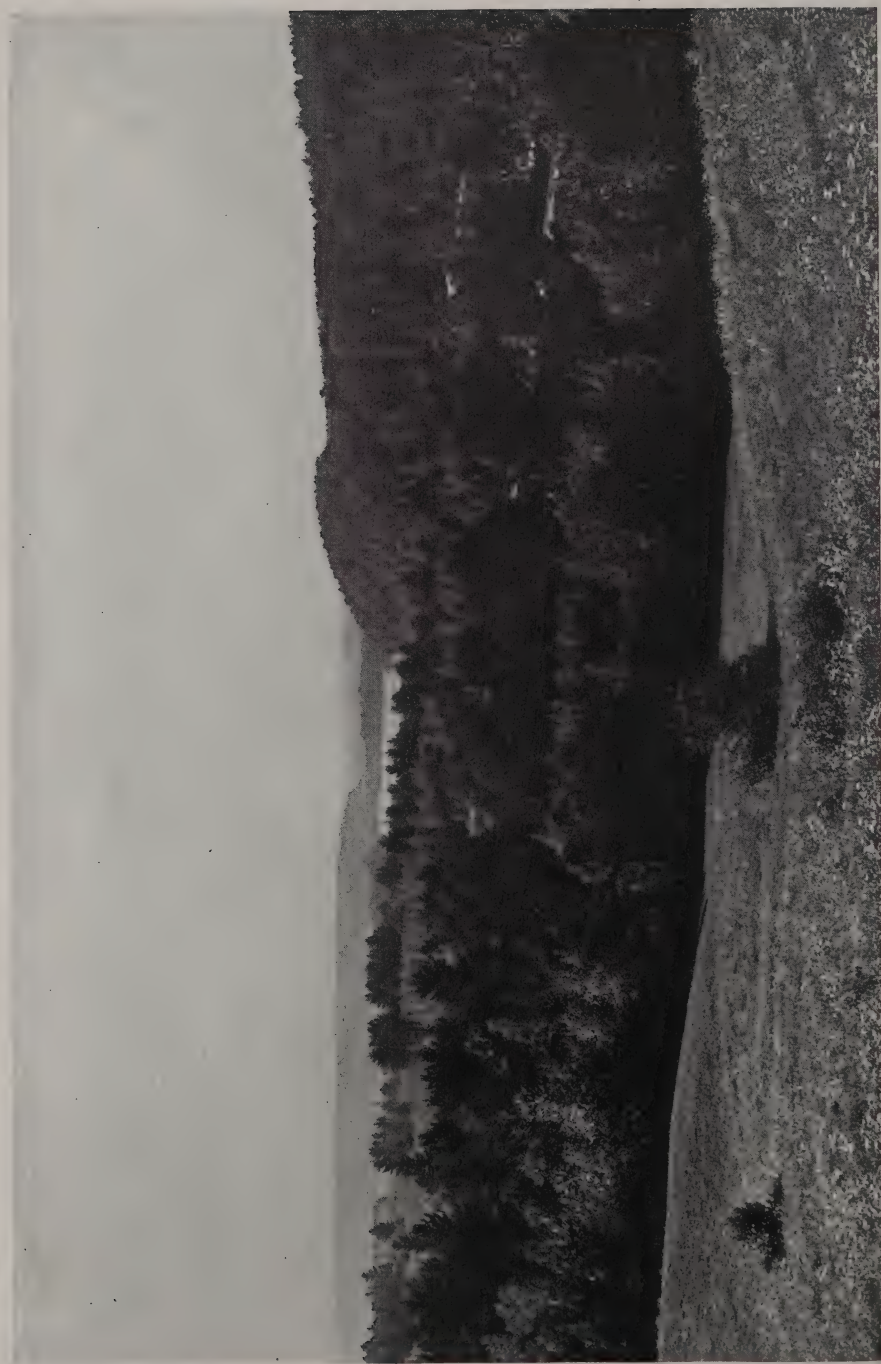
camps, the countless miseries entailed by the savage and wandering life shattered his vigorous or strong constitution to such an extent that for a time he even lost his sight which according to common belief was afterwards miraculously restored to him. Such had been Father Druillette's immediate preparation for his journey to the Kennebec.

Leaving Sillery, August 29th, after having offered his early morning mass, and made his final adieus to his superior and brother missionaries who had little else to offer him except their blessings and good wishes, Father Druillettes unencumbered save by the few articles necessary for the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the Mass together with a limited supply of simpler necessities of life, accompanied perchance by the delegation which had come to call the missionary for services in their tribal homes, entered one of their barken canoes for the journey of 90 miles or more up the Chaudiere to Lake Megantic thence across the divide to the Kennebec. Being in all probability the first European to enter our State from the North, we can in a way easily imagine the unrivaled scenes constantly opening up before his enraptured eyes as they paddled their frail bark mile after mile up the Chaudiere and down the Kennebec. The lofty overhanging virgin pines, the trailing birches, the lower yet substantial hemlocks, the now much sought spruce, greeted them at every turn. At the close of each day, they doubtless sought one of the beautiful and secluded spots on shore where after their frugal repasts and evening prayers, they retired to their improvised beds for rest with their thoughts on the morning mass and new vistas in store for them. To canoe up the Chaudiere through Lake Megantic towards the Maine border consumed but a few days. After leaving Lake Megantic they probably crossed the divide or height of land to enter the Dead river at its source. There may have been a beaten path along which they easily followed until they again found sufficient water to give them rapid transportation. Coming to where that beautiful inland village of Stratton now stands, thence following the course of the winding river as it circles about the base of towering Bigelow to Flagstaff and Dead River. At this town they perhaps left the Dead river to take the trail overland through the Carry ponds and down the rapidly descending country to enter the Kennebec a few miles below the village of Caratunk. If Father Druillettes had found his trip thus far varied and entrancing, the beauties of the natural scenery along the Kennebec yet in store must have surpassed his wildest expectations. There is perhaps no part of Maine more beautiful or more sought by the tourist of today than that of the trip up or down the Kennebec. For whether we follow up the meandering

river by the well travelled roads that at times seem to cling as it were to its rapidly declining banks, carefully picking our way around the lofty head lands,—or enter its rippling waters at Dead River junction, thus to allow ourselves to be wafted down its quickly descending course, new scenes of beauty in nature unsurpassed, are constantly being unfolded before us.

Thus it was with Father Druillettes for while his journey to Maine had its dangers, it was not however devoid of pleasures; in truth, apart from the pleasing anticipations of sowing the Gospel seeds among the Aborigines, the consolations of his daily Mass, the vision of the virgin forests and untouched nature certainly must have proved invigorating, nay more, charming beyond measure to our lone missionary, the first white man privileged to behold the beauties whose remains we know so well today.

And thus he came to old Narantsouack. "The Place of those who travel by water." As we stand today on the rising ground just below Madison and look down river over the site where a departed race once lived, we feel that the view before us is but little different from that which Father Druillettes was privileged to witness on that Summer day early in September 1646. If the scene before us is beautiful now it was more so then. The alluvial deposits of ages, the intervals rising just a little above the level of the river were cleared and tilled then as today. We might therefore have seen on that September day the fields of golden corn responding to the gentle zephyrs, or ripening beneath the rays of the Autumn sun. The first frost may perchance have just touched the surrounding foliage giving to it those many variegated tints, while in the distance like a silver thread winding as it were among the lofty pines, those towering giants of our forests that have now disappeared, we now and then catch a glimpse of the sparkling waters of the Sandy River on its way to join the Kennebec just opposite Narantsouak. And Old Point practically the same today, save that the virgin forests have disappeared; save that the Indian canoes tethered along the river banks; save that the rustic wigwams; save that the Indian braves have all passed and gone. It was about the middle of September when Father Druillettes and his friend the faithful Noel Negabamat reached Narantsouak. Here the party tarried for several days. There was doubtless feasting and rejoicing in the village. The black robed Jesuit found himself at home, a welcome visitor in all their lodges. He found their hearts as ready to receive his message as he was eager to begin his work. He had of course first to grapple with their language which he found quite different from the Algonquin tongue he had so thoroughly mastered when on the St. Lawrence. Endowed by nature, as well as specially favored



by God, he soon learned enough of their language to enable him to begin his Christian work among them, to hasten the conversion of the sick and dying, to arrange for the baptism of the infants, to prepare the field for the great future harvest.

After a week or so at Narantsouak, they journeyed down the river to visit the neighboring villages and especially the English trading post at Cushnoc. That Father Druillettes should want to meet his European neighbors was natural, and a thorough understanding seems to have been established between the missionary and the Plymouth Agent from their first meeting. Even though Father Druillettes and the Pilgrim commander John Winslow were unable to speak each other's language, yet their trust of each other was mutual, and the hospitalities of the post were freely extended to the humble son of Loyola. The stay at Cushnoc appears to have been short, for the Father soon returned again up river, evidently to Narantsouak, apparently worried about the sick people whom he visited on his arrival, anxious to further instruct them, possibly that they might receive not only baptism but even extreme unction and Holy Viaticum should he be able to sufficiently prepare them. This duty fulfilled he again returned to the hospitable English post where as the Relation of 1647 tells us, "He remained some time,—always behaving as master when it was necessary to speak of Christian truths, and as a scholar when it was necessary to learn the rudiments of a language which was unknown to him. His recourse to God, and confidence in him, obtained for him a blessing almost miraculous: even the Abenakis, and later the Algonquins and the French, were astonished that, in so little time, he had become so familiar with that language."

He had now been on the river about a month, it being about the middle of October, he again visited "Old Point" giving additional evidence of his interest in the sick Indians "who were sighing after him,—for he served them with both hands; he was winning their souls through the care that he gave their bodies; he watched them, served them, and carried food to them; and if some morsel were given to him they were sure that it was for them. God blessed his charity through several very notable and little hoped-for cures which caused him to be sought by little and great."

It must have consequently been some little time after the middle of Oct., 1646 when he made his third visit to his friend Winslow, but he had now returned with the intention of calling on the various settlements lower down the Kennebec, especially at Richmond's Landing, at Popham's fort, going thence for a short call on the settlers at Arrowsick Island, at Sheepscot, at Damariscotta, at Pemaquid, at St. George, going perhaps even out to Monhegan, visiting as the relation of 1647

remain at a little Indian Villlage on one of the river points about a league above the Plymouth Post. There were probably quite a number of savages here, for the Relations tell us that they had fifteen large cabins. Since his relations with the English were so amicable, the missionary was not adverse to settling nearby, in fact it is quite evident that they encouraged him to remain. To render his work more effective the need of a house specially adapted for religious services was at once necessary. But how provide it? According to his reports, there were apparently at hand some boards or planks which may have been furnished by the Pilgrim traders. A few stakes set in the earth to which the plank was fastened with the old time forged nails, a thatch covering of spruce, hemlock, fir, or cedar bows, a little rustic altar in the farther end, a floor cover of skins, a prevalence of the forest aroma within, the whole surmounted by the Christian symbol of Salvation, the Cross. Picture to your mind kind reader such a building, and you have before you the chapel of "Our Lady of the Assumption," the first church erected for Catholic services with the borders of the State of Maine.

Father Druillettes had arrived in Canada on the feast of the Assumption 1643; it was on this same feast day that the Kennebec Indians had made their formal application for a missionary to the Jesuit house at Sillery 1646; it was on this same day that he had been selected, and what more appropriate than that the first chapel in New England, however humble, should bear the name of her who was so identified with the undertaking. Tradition places this primitive house of Catholic worship on or near what has since been called Gilley's Point within the limits of the present city of Augusta. Here he taught the Indians their first real Christian lessons and gave them their first experiences in the practice of the Christian religion. He taught them the practice of self-denial when he asked them to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors then working such sad havoc among them; he taught them the practice of self restraint to such an extent, that peace and harmony became more prevalent among them: he taught them that there was only one God whom alone they must honor and adore, hence all their manitous, charms, etc., must be cast aside. These three reforms brought a wonderful change in the Indian's life, for he learned thereby to control his savage appetite, to restrain a nature quick to resent insult or injury, and what was more than all else, he found himself brought to place his trust in God rather than in inanimate creatures.

"The Father remained," so the Relations state, "until the month of January in the midst of these fifteen cabins, instructing in public and private; having the Savages pray; visiting, consoling and helping the sick,—with great hardships, in truth,

tells us "seven or eight English settlements, at all of which he was received with a cordiality all the more extraordinary since it was little expected." Did Father Druillettes find in his travels any English Catholic settlers? That he had this object in view would seem certain, and when we remember that there were Catholic members in the Plymouth Company, it would hardly seem unreasonable to suppose that he came in contact with not a few Catholics during his tour among the English settlements. The missionary undoubtedly knew or had already heard of the French trading post at Pentegoet and the work there under the Capuchin Fathers. When at Monhegan or St. George, it seemed only a short distance to the hospice on Penobscot Bay, so being desirous of spending a few days in the society of his fellow countrymen, Father Druillettes had his frail canoe paddled along the shore up through the Mussel Ridges thence by the Fox Islands to East Penobscot Bay, with Islesboro on his left and Deer Isle on his right, he must have passed under the frowning headlands of Cape Rosier to Castine Harbor, "where he found a little home of the Capuchin Fathers, who embraced him with the love and charity which may be expected of their goodness. The Reverend Father Ignace of Paris, their superior gave him all possible welcome. After having refreshed himself some time with these good Fathers he reentered his bark boat, and returns to the English settlements which he had visited on the way." Thus is his visit to Pentegoet described in the Jesuit Relations of 1647, which continue to render testimony to the cordial manner in which he was received on his way back to Cushnoc, and the complimentary letters given him by the various commanders or agents at the posts along the way, especially that of Sieur Chaste, probably Abraham Shurt of Pemquid," in which he declared that he had observed nothing in the Father which was not praiseworthy; that he was not at all inclined to trade; that the Savages rendered him this testimony; that he thought only of their salvation instruction, and came to procure their salvation at the expense of his own life, in a word that he admired his courage."

Father Druillettes' Voyage from Augusta or Cushnoc to Castine in a birch bark canoe, while of course quite possible today, would nevertheless be considered no small undertaking for a mid-summer outing, but when we remember it must have been near the end of October if not well into November when he returned, we may well realize that the zealous Father was no stranger to hardship and exposure.

Returning to Cushnoc, he perhaps remained a few days with Agent Winslow, before betaking himself again to his work among the Indians, on which occasion he does not appear to have judged it necessary to locate at Narantsouak, but choose to

but diluted with a dew and cordial from Heaven, which sweetens the greatest bitterness. God does not allow himself to be conquered he pours forth his gifts just as well upon crosses of iron as upon those of gold or silver. It is not a small joy to baptise thirty persons prepared for death and for Paradise."

Such were his consolations which served to lighten the missionary's many weary hours, his many lonely moments, his many periods perchance of discouragements.

The coming of January saw the whole tribe off on their great Winter hunt to Moosehead Lake where "they declared war on the Deer, the Elks, the Beavers, and other wild beasts." The experiences of Father Druillettes on this trip, were the same as he already had during the winter he had spent with the Algonquins in the depth of the Canadian wilds; the same daily duties, the same trials and privations, the same sufferings all patiently endured and lightened by the fact that his whole heart and soul was in the work of the Lord and the salvation of souls, so that wherever their wanderings led him he was constantly busied refuting the efforts of the sorcerers, ministering to the sick, instructing the neophytes, baptizing the children, and bringing consolation to the dying.

Thus the days passed until their return to St. Mary's of the Assumption and their camping grounds. It was now spring; the maize had to be planted; the winter catch of furs exchanged for the various commodities at the trading post where there was also good news for Father Druillettes. His friend Winslow had spent the winter at Boston and Plymouth. He had here taken up the question of the Father's stay at Cushnoc and had given a favorable impression to the Pilgrim authorities, concerning the missionary's motives. His honesty was unquestioned and "all unanimously approved his design frankly saying that it was a good, laudable, and generous action to instruct the Savages, and that God should be blessed for it." Besides lauding the work of the missionary, the company told Captain Winslow, "said that Captain, named sieur Hoinsland." Father Druillettes thus writes his friend's name, "to convey word to you that, if you wish to bring hither some French and build a house on the river Kinibeki, they will permit you to, very gladly; and that you will not be in any way molested in your functions. If you were there," he added, "several Englishmen would come and visit you,"—intimating that there were some Catholics among the English of these regions.

This was doubtless pleasing news to Father Druillettes who was now on the point of returning to Sillery. He told Governor Winslow that he would gladly place the whole matter before his superior at Quebec and that he had no doubt but that the matter would be considered, and should it be judged feasible, he might soon expect to hear from him.



Bidding the man who had treated him so kindly while at Cushnoc, an affectionate adieu, the Jesuit Father on the 20th of May turned his footsteps towards Quebec. He passed on his way up river some little time at the various settlements, administering the sacraments, consoling the sick, finding on all sides "regret at their Father's departure." "Thou afflictest our minds," said some, "when thou speakest to us of thy departure and of the uncertainty of thy return." "We will say," said others, "that Father Gabriel does not love us and does not care that we die, since he abandons us."

Thus he journeyed on to Quebec, accompanied by a party of about 30 devoted adherents who in a way served to grace his triumphal return, for his mission to the Kennebec had been a success both among the Indians as well as at the Plymouth trading posts along the river.

Though his journey had been an arduous one, and though he had suffered much from privation and exposure, he was nevertheless "full of health" when he entered the gates of Quebec June 15, 1647.

The return of the humble missionary from the field of his labors brought joy to the hearts of his brethren at Sillery. Without any great stretch of the imagination, we may place before us the scene of general rejoicing as he unfolded before them the tale of his journey, the report of his successes. His trip without doubt filled with dangers, has been briefly outlined by the great American historian Bancroft who in Vol. III, page 135-136, thus summarizes the enterprise: "In August, 1646, Father Gabriel Druillettes, first of Europeans, made the long and painful journey from the St. Lawrence to the sources of the Kennebec, and descending that stream to its mouth, in a bark canoe continued his roamings on the open sea along the coast. Who can tell all the hazards that were encountered? The sharp rocks in the channel of the river were full of perils for the frail canoe; winter turned the solitudes into a wilderness of snow; the rover, Christian or pagan, must carry with him his house, his furniture, and his food. But the Jesuit succeeded in winning the affections of the savages; and, after a pilgrimage of ten months, an escort of thirty conducted him to Quebec, full of health and joy."

Of his joy there could be no doubt. The dangers encountered were already forgotten. The fruits of his labors alone formed the subject of their heart to heart considerations. He could tell them, of his controversies with the medicine men and the soothsayers; of his simple yet effective instructions to the brave; as they sat around their council fires of the dying to whom he had opened the gates of heaven; of the little ones regenerated in the saving waters of baptism; of the many happy hours spent in work so filled with consolations for the missionary; of the

scenes so beautifully endowed by nature, now offering such abundant harvest for their future labors; of his pleasant associations with the Pilgrim traders at Cushnoc; finally of his ardent desire to return at once to a field so filled with promise.

But these happy June days spent by the fathers, pacing perchance to and fro along the shady walks at Sillery, talking over the reports and prospects of their parish on the Kennebec, came to an end none too soon, for the worthy pastor of "Our Lady of the Assumption" who already longed to renew services in the little chapel on the river bank just above Cushnoc.

He may perhaps have already begun his preparations to depart, when strange to relate other messengers arrived from Maine, the bearers of letters from the fathers at Pentagoet, requesting the Jesuits to abandon their work along the Kennebec.

It is not clear just why the good Capuchins could have found any objections to Father Druillettes presence on the Kennebec. While some historians hold that they had a small hospice at or near the mouth of the river, yet there are no certain data which indicate that such was the case. They may perhaps have been frequent visitors to its waters as they were to other parts of our State, but there are no indications that they held any intercourse with the Indians of the Kennebec or visited the various trading posts along its waters. They seem in fact to have busied themselves little if any with the Indians, devoting their time largely to missionary work among the many French seamen who used to then frequent our coasts.

Left to themselves, we feel that the Capuchins would rather have welcomed the presence of the Jesuits on the Kennebec, but with the struggle for Empire in the new world between France and England, already under way, it is possible that Father Druillettes' intimacy with the Pilgrim traders, and his friendly intercourse with their colonists, led the French authorities to intimate through the priests at Castine that they would not welcome his return, or look with favor on any further advances of the Jesuit missionaries in the fields of Maine.

The Indians who had meanwhile become anxious over the delay, it was now about the first of August, apparently sent other messengers to urge the return of their pastor. That the letters from the Capuchins were sent by way of Narantsouac would seem evident from the Jesuit Journal, where under date of August 3 or 4, 1647, the superior, Father Lalemant writes "On the 3rd or 4th of August, the Abnakis asked for an opportunity to thank me for Father Druillettes visit among them, and requested his return. But as they had brought letters from the Capuchin fathers, asking us not to return, I declined, giving them for answer, the reply which I had written on this subject to the Capuchins.

The Abbe Maurault in his history of the Abenakis, states that they again asked for Father Druillettes return the following

year, but were told that this could not well be done since it was not agreeable to the Capuchins. The Indians now seem to have transferred the question from Sillery to the Capuchin house at Pentagoet with the result that the superior, Father Cosme de Mante whatever may have been the Capuchin objection heretofore, deemed it best to grant the Abenakis their request for the return of their Patriarch as they lovingly called their devoted father.

Did Father Cosmas entrust a personal letter addressed to the Jesuit Superior at Quebec, or did he send the same by special courier? We do not know. The Jesuit Journal for July, 1648, states that "it was determined in the consultation that if the Abnakis asked again for the Father he was to be sent."

This may mean that the Indians had already informed the authorities at Quebec of the removal of the Capuchin objections, when this resolution was taken, but that it was judged wiser to delay a little longer. The messengers were probably told to bring a letter from Father Cosmas proving that he was willing to have Father Druillettes again take up his work at St. Mary's of the Assumption. In the summer of 1650, the Abenakis delegates again came to Quebec bringing with them a letter from the Capuchin superior. Dating his message from Pentagoet, 1648, Father Cosmas de Mante said, "Through the holy love of Jesus and Mary for the salvation of these poor souls towards the south who beg it of you, we entreat your Reverence to give them every assistance that your courageous and indefatigable charity can bestow, and, even if crossing the Kennebec you should meet any of ours, you will please us if you will make known your needs to them; and if you have none we ask you to continue your holy instructions to those poor and abandoned barbarians as much as your charity will permit." This whole souled letter settled the question. The way was now clear for the superior of the Jesuits, Father Ragueneau to permit Father Druillettes to return among those so eager for his presence.

Shea's Colonial Days after stating that Father Druillettes returned to Quebec in June 1646, says, "That he fully expected to continue his mission but that he was soon followed by another Indian party who bore a letter from the Capuchins, deprecating the establishment of a mission in territory specially assigned to them. The Superior of the Jesuit missions in Canada at once relinquished a field that seemed full of promise.

But the struggle between La Tour and Sieur Aulnay de Chamisay having rendered their stav doubtful, Father Cosmas de Mante and Gabriel de Joinville visited Canada, and were in 1648 at the Indian mission at Sillery. The former evidently convinced by the results he witnessed, addressed the Jesuit Superior begging him to renew the Abenakis mission."

The coming of September 1st, 1650 saw the good father again on his way to the Kennebec. But he was now coming not only

as a devoted missionary, but also, as the specially appointed delegate from the French authorities at Quebec to the New England Colonies.

The savage Iroquois had long since severely pressed against the infant settlements along the St. Lawrence. Many an unfortunate settler had been sacrificed or led to pitiless captivity. Just a few years previous, Oct. 18th, 1646, on the banks of the Mohawk near Ossernenon, the heroic Jogues had suffered death at their hands; on the 16th of March, 1649, at St. Ignatius II, the Saintly John de Brebeuf had been sent to his death by these same fiends; the following day, pious Gabriel Lalemant after 16 hours of untold torture at their hands had yielded up his pure soul to God. July 4th, 1648, their lovable brother priest and missionary Anthony Daniel had been stricken down at his chapel door by these same marauders, so it was therefore with reason that Father Druillettes had been commissioned to visit the New England colonial governors with the hope that some arrangement might be made for their mutual protection against this tireless and terrible enemy.

On his second trip to the Kennebec, Father Druillettes had as companions, the Abenakis delegates and the ever faithful Sillery Chief, Noel Negabamat.

In his personal narrative of his journey the father says "I left Quebec for this mission on the first day of September, by order of my superior and with a passport and leave of absence from Monsieur d'Aillebousts, lieutenant-general of the King and governor on all the river Saint Lawrence. About three weeks later the party arrived at Narantsouac where they tarried for a few days after which they continued on to Coussinoc which was reached on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, September 27th, 1650.

More than three years had now passed since Father Druillettes had been among his parishioners on the Kennebec. We may therefore well imagine the great commotion caused in the little village of Narantsouac when the swift couriers brought in the glad tidings that the faithful father was now on his way back. That his presence was eagerly awaited among them is amply evidenced by the repeated petitions and pleas made at Quebec for his return. It was on a September day that he had first come a stranger. It is again September, and as he leaves his canoe just above present Madison Village to take the Indian trail around the falls, his heart must have been moved by the enthusiastic greetings which poured out from every side. Many had doubtless gone up the river to meet him to join his triumphal entrance to their village. "I see well" said the Indian Chief, "that the Great Spirit who rules in the heavens, vouchsafes to look on us with favor, since He sends our patriarch back to us."

The usual round of missionary work at once began; the family lodges were visited; the sick consoled; the children christened; and services renewed in the little fir-tree chapel on the river side, for while we do not find any mention of the erection of a chapel thus early at Narantsouac, we may be reasonably certain that at least one primitive structure bore the cross among the cabins of old Narantsouac beneath whose shadow, the missionary when there did not fail to daily offer the Eternal Sacrifice.

These few days soon passed by,—but they were days filled with joy and blessings for all who gathered to welcome the return of Father Druillettes to “Old Point.”

Similar scenes were no doubt enacted in and about the Chapel of Our Lady of the Assumption, ere the good father again partook of the Pilgrim’s hospitality at Cushnoc. Here after the usual greetings common to friends, the discussion of their mutual interests and the views of their respective governments was taken up.

In the narrative of his journey as given in “The Jesuit Relations,” Vol. 36, pages 83-84, Father Druillettes says; “I arrived on Michaelmas eve at this highest settlement of the English—which, alike by the English and Savages, is called Cousinoc; and on the following day, the festival of him whom we took for patron and guide on our journey, Noel and I conversed with the Agent of that settlement, accompanied by the Abnaquiois, to whom we had spoken on the way.”

It was decided as a result of their interview, that they should all go to Plymouth and lay the matter before Governor Bradford, so that he might give due consideration to “the message of the Christians of Scillery, and the Catechumens of the Kennebec river.”

John Winslow’s reception of the missionary was particularly cordial, and he evidenced his “kindly dispositions” by volunteering to accompany them on their visit to the Governor.” I love and respect the patriarch,” said agent Winslow, “I will lodge him at my house, and will treat him as my own brother; for I know very well the good that he does among you, and the life which he there leads.”

The happy relations of his former visit were thus renewed at the Plymouth trading post, and the humble son of Loyola again found himself a welcome guest at the Pilgrim’s table.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER DRUILLETES VISITS BOSTON.

Having taken a few days to put his affairs in order, Agent Winslow and his guests started on their journey to Plymouth. It was now about the middle of November; ice had already

begun to form along the Kennebec presaging the coming of the winter season and the closing of navigation on the upper waters of the river. To avoid being seized by the rapidly forming ice, the few trading vessels accustomed to frequent the waters about Cushnoc, had dropped down to the yet open waters at Merrymeeting.

In his report Father Druillettes states in detail many particulars which throw a great deal of light on this important mission, the first official communication addressed by the French authorities on the St. Lawrence to the New England colonists. It was a message of peace and good will; an invitation for mutual assistance in the work of civilizing the American Indian, and his conversion to Christianity; a plea for an agreement whereby they might act together in their operations against the savage nations making pitiless and ceaseless war upon them.

Considering the feelings of hostility towards the Catholic Church and especially the Jesuits, then manifest throughout the New England colonies, we are not a little surprised that a Catholic priest, a Jesuit father should have been selected by *Sieur d'Aillebousts*, the French governor to carry the olive branch to Plymouth, but when we realize the place he had won not only in the hearts of the Indians of the Kennebec, but perhaps more so of the Puritans with whom he had come in contact, we easily see the wisdom of the governor's selection. Furthermore, may we not also be allowed to behold in this Christian embassy, the Hand of Divine Providence in thus bringing the Ambassador of Christ to the Pilgrim metropolis there to offer for the first time the eternal sacrifice.

"I left *Couissinoc* by land," writes Father Druillettes, "with that agent, since the frigate which was to convey us had had some occasion to delay, in order to await the Savages, and not to be surprised by the ice; we were therefore obliged to go ten leagues, to embark by sea at *Maremitin* (*Merrymeeting*) which the Savages call *Natsouac*. That road was difficult, especially to the Agent," (John Winslow was now fifty-three years of age) "who is already growing old, and who assured me that he would never have undertaken it if he had not given his word to Noel."

"On the twenty-fifth, we set sail; and on the way we found at *Temeriscau* some English fishermen, some of whom complained to the agent because he was conducting a Frenchman along the coast, who was a spy to serve the French, who were likely to ravage their settlements."

"Contrary winds prevented us from reaching *Kepane*, (*Cape Ann*) which forms the Cape of the great bay of Boston, until the fifth of December; for the same reason, we were compelled to go partly by land and partly by boat, in order to cross

over the great bay to Charleston; we there crossed the river which separates it from Boston, where we arrived on the eighth. The principal men of Charleston, knowing that I came on behalf of *Sieur* governor, went ahead to give notice to Major-General Gebin, so that he might be present at my entrance into his abode."

"His agent, John Winslow,—whom I shall henceforth call my pereira, on account of the friendliness which he showed me,—having made his report to *Sieur* Gebin regarding the occasion of my journey, he received me as a veritable ambassador on the part of *Sieur* governor. He gave me a key to an apartment in his house, where I could with complete liberty offer my prayer, and perform my religious exercises; and begged me to take no other lodgings while I should sojourn at Boston."

It was the eve of December 7th when Father Druillettes entered the hospitable residence of Major Gibbons; did he use that apartment to which a key was given him for any other purpose except his prayers? We think that he did.

The French expressions used by the father in his report seem to convey a sense other than his morning and evening prayers as the recitation of his breviary, for after reciting the circumstances of his introduction to Major-General Gibbons, Father Druillettes says "*il me recut comme vray ambassadeur de la part du dict *Sieur* gouveneur et me donna un clef d'un departement en fa maifon ou je pouvais avec toute liberte faire ma priere et les exercices de ma religion*" words which easily lead us to believe that here was the occasion and the place where the first mass in Boston was offered. The beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception while not yet defined as to its dogma, was now nevertheless observed by the universal Church, and we may reasonably suppose that the Jesuit missionary would have been the first to avail himself of the opportunity of offering the Holy Sacrifice in honor of the Immaculate Conception should the feast have been celebrated on Dec. 8th as it is today.

Under the title "A Jesuit in Boston" John Gilmary Shea writes in connection with the words above quoted, "As he would naturally carry his missionary chapel service with him, we may infer that Father Druillettes offered the holy sacrifice in Boston in December, 1650." Hence while we wish that Father Druillettes had been more specific or definite, we see no reason why he should not have taken advantage of the first opportunity offered, to celebrate the Divine mysteries in the city of the Puritans.

Thursday, Dec. 8th, 1650, Major Gibbons took his guest to Roxbury to call on Thomas Dudley, Governor of Massachusetts, who duly received him, and assigned the following Tues-

day, Dec. 13, as the date on which he would accord the ambassador a public reception.

"On the thirteenth," continues Father Druilletes, "the Sieur Governor of Boston and the Magistrates invited me to dine, and, at the close, gave me audience. Besides the Magistrates and the secretary, there was present a man deputed by the people, whom they call a 'representative'."

The Jesuit appeared before Dudley in his two-fold capacity; as representative of the French governor of Canada, he received an answer which was far from being satisfactory; as ambassador of the Kennebec Indians he was told "That Boston took no interest therein" and that he would consequently have to see Governor Bradford at Plymouth.

Leaving Boston on the 21st of December, 1650, Father Druilletes arrived at Plymouth the following day. Here he met some former Cushnoc residents and took lodgings with one William Paddy, whom he had probably met on his former visits to Cushnoc.

Governor Bradford who had no doubt often heard the Plymouth colonists who had been at Cushnoc speak in glowing terms of the Father's work among the Savages, was now disposed to treat him most kindly. He accorded an audience, and as the day chanced to be a Friday, asked him to dinner at which in conformity with Catholic practices, fish was served.

The narration continues: "I left on the twenty-fourth, and returned to Boston by land, in company with the son and the nephew of my, who paid for me during the journey. I arrived at Rosqbray, where the minister named Master Eliot, who was teaching some savages, received me at his house, because night was overtaking me; he treated me with respect and kindness, and begged me to spend the winter with him."

Christmas day, 1650, was apparently spent somewhere between Plymouth and Roxbury, for the missionary expressly states that "night was overtaking" him when he sought shelter at Eliot's door, then after giving due expression to the hospitality there accorded him, continues; "The next day, the twenty-ninth, I arrived at Boston, and proceeded to the Sieur Major-General Guebin's."

Being in a strange country, we cannot of course expect the missionary to state just where he celebrated the Christmas festival. Christmas was not then held in reverence by Protestants as it is today. Many of this day's customs were then looked on as savoring of idolatry. We would therefore not naturally place him in a Puritan home. Might there not have been some Catholic family on the way by whose hearth he was led to tarry a day or two. That he had Catholics with him is certain, for we have only to remember, the faithful Indian chief Noel Negabamet, John Godfroy as well as perhaps others of

the party who had come with him from Quebec. Then there seems to be some mystery as to the identity of "the son and the nephew of my" "who paid for me during the journey." While he leaves us in doubt as to their names, we may perhaps connect them with Major Gibbons who had so kindly given him "an apartment in his house."

In the absence of any friendly home, they may, perchance, have pitched by the wayside after the manner of the Indians their little fir tree hut which served for them both as a shelter and a chapel where in the heart of Puritanism, Loyola's humble follower celebrated the Christmas masses of 1650.

Father Druillettes had now been in and about Boston for nearly a month. During this time he had formed the acquaintance of many of the leading citizens of the town. He had met the merchant Edward Gibbons, "a personage of note," writes Parkman, "whose life presents curious phases,—a reveller of Merry Mount, a bold sailor, a member of the church, an adventurous trader, an associate of buccaneers, a magistrate of the commonwealth, and a major-general he had met "the Governor, the harsh and narrow Dudley, grown gray in repellent virtue and grim honesty," or as Fiske says, whose "Puritanism was bleak and stern," and who "for Christian charity was not eminent."

At Roxbury, he had fraternized with the celebrated Eliot, the Protestant missionary "now laboring, in the fulness of his zeal, in the work of civilization and conversion" of the Indians.

At Plymouth, he enjoyed most pleasant associations with the courtly and kindly Bradford. His visit to Plymouth was about the anniversary of the landing of the "Pilgrim Fathers" for thirty years had now passed since that December day, while "The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock bound coast" the travel worn exiles, sought the inhospitable shores.

The coming of the new year found the Jesuit father still at the home of Major Gibbons where he without doubt offered services and ministered to the needs of whatever few Catholics who may at that time, have been in and about the Puritan metropolis.

But however pleasant, his stay had been rendered in a city where under other circumstances his coming would have rendered him liable to arrest and execution by hanging, Father Druillettes, his mission now having been accomplished, thought only of returning to the huts of his Indian parishioners on the Kennebec, and perhaps to be in season to accompany them on their annual hunt to Moosehead. Thus with the writing of his reports and the bidding adieus to the good citizens of Boston of whose hospitality he had partaken, he tells us that, "On the fifth, Sieur Guebin conducted me to the harbor, and very

particularly commended me to Thomas Yau master of a bark which was sailing for the Kennebec."

With fair wind, the voyage should not have been long, but so unpropitious did the weather prove, that we find Captain Yau on the 9th moored in the Marblehead harbor. Father Druillettes took advantage of the stay here to go over to Salem for a call on Governor Endicott.

Under date of January 9th, 1651, the Father gives us an account of his trip to Salem from Marblehead under the guidance of "the minister, named William Walter," who received him "with great kindness."

"In his company I went to Salem to converse with Sieur Endicott who speaks and understands French well, he is a good friend to our nation, and desires that his children should continue in that friendship. Seeing that I had no money, he paid my expenses, and had me eat with the magistrates, who during eight days gave audience to every one. I left with him in the form of a letter, a power of attorney which he asked from me in order to act efficiently during the general court of Boston, which was to be held on the thirteenth of May. He assured me that he would do his utmost to obtain consent from the colony of Boston, which served as a standard for the others,—telling me that the governor of Plimout had good reason for seeking to obtain that from the colonies. At my departure, he told me that he had read carefully what I had left in writing on behalf of Monsieur our governor, and my Catechumens, and that he perfectly understood it; that he would despatch a man to carry me a letter at Kennebec; and that he would tell me as soon as he could, what he should have done in the matter, and obtained from the Magistrates."

January 24th found our good missionary at Piscataqua where he mentions meeting "Pierre Tibaud, a good Catholic" who promised the father that he would leave and go to Quebec the following summer. Pierre Tibaud, the narration tells us "is a young sailor from Saint Nazaire, on the river Nante: is a good interpreter of English, Flemish, Dutch, and Spanish; and can serve as pilot for the coast of New England, as far as Virginia."

That the Jesuit should mention this Catholic young man, laying stress on the fact that he was "a good Catholic," leads to the remark that he was perhaps the first he had met during his trip to Boston, for it does seem strange, that he makes no record of meeting any Catholics while in or about Boston. His notes cover his time so well, and he mentions so many by name with whom he was associated, that one would rather expect to find some hint of his having fallen in with some faithful Catholic family or some one child of Mother Church during his stay in the Puritan city. However this may be, Father Druil-

lettes continues, "On the seventh of February, at Tameriska, where the fishermen show me much friendliness; they were the very ones who had accounted me a spy, on my way to Boston."

"On the eighth of February, I depart for the river of Kennebec, where I continue my interrupted mission. All the English who were on this river received me with many demonstrations of friendship."

The toilsome journey up the frozen river thus ended Father Druillettes' first trip to Boston where he had so ably presented to the Pilgrim authorities the great question of their mutual defense against the savage Iroquois, and the importance of their kindly acquiescence in the continuation of his fruitful work among the Indians of the Kennebec. That his receptions were cordial, and the assurances of support held out, promising, are amply proven in the complete and carefully studied reports which he forwarded both to his Superior and the French authorities.

Did he mistake the real sentiments of the New England governors; did he accept their unquestioned cordiality towards him as an evidence that they would welcome aid in the development of the French colonies along the St. Lawrence, and would welcome Catholic missionary influences among their Indian wards along the valley of the Kennebec? The question is one more easily asked than answered. The history of after years would seem to prove the futility of his efforts.

We have thus narrated the various incidents connected with Father Druillettes' first visit to Boston as outlined in his reports. Having at hand however the "Story of Boston" by Arthur Gimán, M. A., we are placing before our readers an extract from his work pages 102, 103, 104, which while giving us in substance practically the same details, will nevertheless serve to show us how little foundation there was for the Jesuit Father's hopes of a mutual understanding between the Puritans and French against the hostile Indians.

"The Puritans of Boston were Protestants of the Protestants, and though they were jealous of having among them any person who held and taught other doctrines than their own, they were naturally most of all jealous of those who professed the 'religion of the court of Rome' and of those holding to this, the 'old religion' a member of one of the orders of the priesthood, especially the Jesuit order was the most feared and hated. For this reason, taking into consideration 'the Great wars, combustions and divisions' in Europe, which seemed to be chiefly 'raised and fomented by the secret underminings and solicitations of those of the Jesuitical order,' the general court of the Massachusetts Bay ordered that no Jesuit or spiritual or ecclesiastical person ordained by authority of the Pope of Rome should at any time be allowed within the colony; that if any such found entrance, he should be banished, and on

returning he should be put to death. Survivors from shipwreck and public messengers behaving themselves inoffensively and departing promptly, were excepted.

"There was a devoted Jesuit missionary heroically laboring among the Abenakis in Acadie at this time. Governor Winthrop wrote to the Governor of Canada proposing free trade between the colonies, and in 1650 this missionary, whose name was Gabriel Druillettes (sic) was sent to Boston to confer on the subject. He appeared to the English first near the present site of Augusta, Maine, where he met John Winslow of Plymouth, then in charge of the trading post of his colony at that point. The conference between the two was agreeable and the Jesuit believed that the Protestant was as much interested in the conversion of the Indians as he was himself. Continuing his journey the Father reached Charlestown, where he was commended to the hands of the same Edward Gibbons of whom we read in the account of the sojourn of La Tour. This hospitable and not very radical Protestant gave the Jesuit a key to a private apartment in his house where he was at Liberty 'to exercise his religion' without disturbance and there doubtless the first Mass in Boston was said.

"Druillettes presented his credentials in due time to Governor Dudley, who afterwards received him at dinner, and listened to his message in company with other magistrates and one deputy. From this interview Druillettes went to Plymouth, where he lodged with one of the persons interested in the Maine trade. He felt encouraged here, as he had in Boston and on the day before Christmas he returned to the capital of the Bay colony, stopping at a place he calls 'Rogsbray' better known to us as Roxbury, where he was entertained by the minister who was giving instruction to some savages, just as Druillettes had been accustomed to do in the northern woods. This minister he calls 'Master Eliot.' It was no less a person than the Reverend John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians who had arrived on the same ship that brought Mr. Winthrop and was at this time full of zeal in his new working of preaching to the Indians. Mr. Eliot urged his guest to spend the winter with him in order to avoid the severe journey through the wilderness to Canada; but the Jesuit declined, and after resting one night, resumed his journey to Boston, where again he was the guest of Captain Gibbons. The purpose of the Governor of Canada in sending Druillettes to Boston was to gain the help of the colonist in his war with the Iroquois; but the settlers both there and at Plymouth, saw that to take such a step would involve them in difficulties with other tribes that had been friendly to them. They gave the Jesuit diplomatic encouragement, and entertained him very hospitably but that was all. They were ready for trade, but they were determined to avoid an Indian war if possible."

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER DRUILLETES' 2ND WINTER ON THE KENNEBEC.

It was about mid-winter as we have seen when Father Druilletes reached the Indian habitations along the Kennebec on his return from his first trip to Boston. The winter snows lay deep on the hills about Cushnoc as he sought his rude shelter at St. Mary of the Assumption. Few were the luxuries then enjoyed in the New England homes, but simple and few as they were, there was no comparison between the comforts which they afforded and the meagre shelter offered to the Christian missionary among the Indians of our State. Did Father Druilletes remain at St. Mary's or did he accompany the tribe on its annual hunt to Moosehead we are unable to say. The probabilities are that his second winter in Maine was simply a repetition of his first, and that he was consequently a welcome guest of the Indians both in their forest wanderings as well as in their cabins along the Kennebec. Whatever may have been the case we are sure, they bestowed on their Patriarch as they lovingly called him, the best they had. But the best among the Indians was indeed most primitive, and could bring little solace to a European accustomed to the home pleasures of sunny France.

When able to arrange his own cabin, the Jesuit father provided a little peace and quiet, but he was still far from that comfort possible in the humblest and most neglected home in France. It mattered little whether he was cast on the banks of the Kennebec or the Mohawk, his daily existence was at most a pitiable one. There was perhaps no place in the world where the missionary was called on to endure greater privations or sufferings than in the wilds of North America.

"You have nothing in France comparable to the miserable barken huts we occupy in common with the Savages," wrote one of the fathers to his friends at home.

There were no cameras in those days to preserve portraits of these primitive dwellings; but the Jesuit fathers in the admirable descriptions given in their letters to their Superior, or some loved one at home, have made it possible for us to reconstruct them. So real are the word paintings given by the Relations that we almost see the Indian cabin before us in all its barbaric splendor. It was a close perusal of these remarkable letters which doubtless enabled the historian, Parkman, to leave for us in one of his many works, "The Jesuits in North America," the following beautiful description of the home life of a race now nearly extinct.

"In shape they were much like an arbor overarching a garden walk. Their frame was of tall and strong saplings, planted in a double row to form the two sides of the house, bent till they met,

and lashed together at the top. To these other poles were bound transversely, and the whole was covered with large sheets of bark of the oak, elm, spruce, or white cedar, overlapping like shingles of a roof upon which for their better security, split poles were made fast with cords of linden bark. At the crown of the arch, along the entire length of the house, an opening a foot wide was left for the admission of light and the escape of smoke. At each end was a close porch of similar construction; and here were stowed casks of bark, filled with smoked fish, Indian corn, and other stores not liable to injury from frost. Within, on both sides, were wide scaffolds, four feet from the floor, and extending the entire length of the house, like seats of a colossal omnibus. These formed of thick sheets of bark, supported by posts and transverse poles, covered with mats and skins. Here in summer, was the sleeping place of the inmates, and the space beneath served for storage of their fire wood. The fires were on the ground, in a line down the middle of the house. Each sufficed for two families, who in winter slept closely packed around them. Above, just under the vaulted roof, were a great number of poles, like perches of a hen-roost; and here were suspended weapons, clothing, skins, and ornaments. Here, too, in harvest time, the squaws hung the ears of unshelled corn, till the rude abode, through all its length, seemed decked with a golden tapestry. In general, however, its only lining was thick coating of soot from the smoke of fires with neither draught, chimney, nor window. So pungent was the smoke that it produced inflammation of the eyes, attended in old age with frequent blindness. Another annoyance was the fleas; and a third, the unbridled and unruly children. Privacy there was none. The house was one chamber, sometimes lodging more than twenty families.

He who entered on a winter night beheld a strange spectacle; the vista of fires lighting the smoky concave; the bronzed groups encircling each,— cooking, eating, gambling, or amusing themselves with idle badinage; shrivelled squaws, hideous with three score years of hardship; grisly old warriors, scarred with Iroquois war-clubs; restless children pellmell with restless dogs. Now a tongue resinous flame painted each wild feature in a vivid light; now the fitful gleam expired, and the group vanished from sight, as their nation has vanished from history."

Parkman's word picture gives us a faint idea of the surroundings in the midst of which lived our pioneer missionaries. It was without doubt amid scenes such as these, that good Father Druillettes betook himself on that February day 1651 on his return from his Boston mission. That he remained in any one home long does not seem probable, for his zeal doubtless took him from village to village along the river, and we may well recall the many weary hours spent slowly toiling through our snow bound forests, cheerless wanderings over trackless wastes,

only to seek in vain for rest amid scenes such as depicted by the florid Parkman. From day to day, the same duties, the same doleful surroundings. "But if the years have their Winter, they also have their Springs. If these missions have their griefs, they are not deprived of their joys and consolations," writes Father Ragueneau in the Relation. "These latter," writes Father Druillettes, "I have felt in such intensity as to be beyond the power of expression, upon seeing the Gospel seed that I had, four years previously planted in the ground which had for so many centuries produced only brambles and thorns, bear fruits worthy of God's table. Could one, indeed, without feeling a pleasure greater than that of the senses, see old men and languishing invalids almost die of joy upon receiving their passports for Heaven? Death which inspires all with fear, makes a newly-baptized Savage rejoice; and his relatives' faith changes their lamentations and loud outcries to thanksgivings and rejoicings at the prospect of soon seeing one another in Paradise. It is thus that the really faithful ones conduct themselves on the day of their departure from this life."

From the above we glean that the humble missionary, sought joy and consolation in the progress of our holy Faith among the Indians, rather than ease and comfort which after all would at the best be only transitory, whereas the fruits of his labors were to endure long after his disappearance from the field of his trials and privations.

In this truly Christian spirit, the rigors of our Maine winters were softened and as they gave place to the balmy days of Spring, Father Druillettes forwarded the report of his negotiations with the New England authorities to Quebec.

In the Jesuit Journal, the original manuscript of which is carefully treasured in Laval University at Quebec, under date of May 29th, 1651, we find the following entry: "The shallop returns from Quebec and brings letters from Father Druillettes, from New England."

The close of May would certainly be as early as couriers could easily reach the Canadian metropolis, for the ice rarely leaves the lakes and ponds along the way much before the middle of the month..

While doubtless intending to visit his brethren on the St. Lawrence in the course of the Spring, the Jesuit father evidently delayed his departure, not so much for the ease of the journey as for the sake of his neophytes along the Kennebec, all of whom he wished to visit before leaving them for a short sojourn with his associates at Sillery. This delay also gave him the opportunity of having an interview with his Puritan friend, John Winslow, who had just returned to Cushnoc after having spent the winter at Plymouth.

The Plymouth agent apparently hopeful as to the success of the Father's mission among the New England governors the early days of the preceding winter, held out encouraging assurances to the Catholic missionary who now judged that he might with profit hasten his departure. It was on the 6th of June, 1651, that he arrived at the Jesuit Asyle on the St. Lawrence to report in person the hopeful results of his New England mission. Though his garments were torn and tattered, though emaciated in body he was yet vigorous in spirit for the promising harvest in the vineyard of the Lord along the Kennebec. But a few days were consequently given to bodily repose, for "the Journal" on June 22, 1651, tells us that "Father Druillettes, Monsieur Godfrey and Jean Guerin leave with the Abnaquois and a Sokquinois for New England; seven or eight canoes. Noel Tekwerimat (Negabamat) is of the party."

Instead of taking the time traveled path up the Chaudiere, through Lake Magantic by the sources of Dead river, across Carry pond to the Kennebec, the guides decided to take a new and what was for them an evidently untried way.

Father Druillettes' third journey thus nearly ended in disaster, for as the Relations tell us, "after having rowed and walked for fifteen days by torrents and through many frightful ways," they finally came to realize that they had mistaken their course and that instead of navigating as they had supposed the head waters of the Kennebec, they were well down the St. John perhaps as far as Madawaska.

The usual time allowed for a journey from the St. Lawrence to the Kennebec had now expired, and their two weeks' supply of provisions were already consumed thus rendering their condition little short of desperate, for how could they expect to exist whilst covering the many miles through intricate forests along swollen streams back to the source of the Kennebec? Ascending the St. John against its current demands the best nourished and sustained strength. How was it now possible for them to push their frail barken canoes up the rapidly descending river in their already weakened and famine-exhausted condition? True they might live on game then abounding in our forests, but we must remember that there were times when it was not easily obtained. It was now mid-summer, and the Indians stealthy as they were did not have the deep snow to aid them in capturing any of the wild animals then so plentiful in our State.

The hovering clouds of despair though darkly lowering about them nevertheless as is frequently the case, had a silver lining, for there was still one resource left them, the last one remaining to man however sore his straits may be,—that of prayer, for whether on land or sea, when all else fails us, hard is the heart that does not naturally turn towards its Creator. Such was the

case with our discouraged and unfortunate pilgrims; but however discouraged his attendants may have been, there are no indications that the Apostle of Christ lost heart. He had with him that which had been his constant weapon of success, prayer; he also had his portable chapel with him. In the hands of his dear Lord, carrying His cross and message to the Unbeliever, the consolations of His holy faith to His loving children along the Kennebec, there was no reason why he should like the others distrust or murmur against the will of his Divine Master.

Selecting a secluded spot here in the heart of the virgin forest, perhaps under the sheltering branches of some primeval pine, Father Druillettes there erected his humble altar to offer thereon in the midst of the forest solitude the Eternal Sacrifice, that clean oblation offered to Almighty God in propitiation of His wrath so justly merited by man, in petition and humble supplication for a renewal of His favors. "The end of his sacrifice," says Father Ragueneau in the Relations, "was the end of their want. As he was leaving the Altar, a valiant Catechuman who had plunged into these forest-depths to seek some remedy for their famine, came to offer him three moose or elks which he had just killed." The ascending sacrifice from the Altar of the Lord, as is ever the case, had in an unlooked for way brought its blessings. The salvation of the little party astray in the wilds of Northern Maine was now assured. Sufferings without number might yet be in store for them, but their ultimate arrival among the Abenquois villages, the goal of their efforts, now appeared within their grasp.

The scene of this the first mass in Northern Maine, must ever remain unmarked. Today, it may perchance be within the bounds of some one of our Catholic thriving towns along the St. John river, perchance even the site of one of our beautiful churches in fertile Aroostook where the graces of the Lord descend as abundantly on the hearts of His children in the Faith, as they did from this the first Altar erected in this section of our State.

"This manna restoring life to them, was not received without astonishment and thanksgiving." Refreshed with their venison feast, the work of ascending the river St. John to its source thence to the Kennebec, was at once undertaken. "The shallows, stones, rocks and portages of five or six leagues that were to be encountered, so daunted an Etechemin Savage of the party that he wished with all his heart to turn back on the country of the Abenquois, in order to follow the current of the river, and go to Pentagouet in Acadia, where this stream empties into the ocean. When the Catechumen of whom I have just spoken represented to him the displeasure he would cause the Abna-

quois, who had been so long a time awaiting their Patriarch, he took heart again.

But on the third day, this poor Etechemin lost heart a second time; and although he was well aware that the father had not led them astray or involved them in these detours, yet regarding him as the primary cause of this undertaking, he discharged upon him every moment the weight of his anger, which grew sharper as their difficulties and sufferings increased.

At last in order to appease this importunate fellow, the father was obliged to part with his companion and abandon his little baggage, to lighten their gondola. This done, that man of ill humor took the bit in his teeth, as the saying is,—paddling in the torrents and making his way over the portages with the Father and his Catechumin, without taking any rest from morning till night.

The poor Father set out at daybreak, and toiled on without eating, until nightfall; his supper was a little of that smoked meat, hard as wood,—or a small fish if he could catch one with his line; and after saying his prayers, the ground was his bed, a log his pillow. Yet with all that, he slept more sweetly than those who do naught but dream upon feathers and down.

At length, after 23 or 24 days of hard work, they arrived at one of the villages of the Abnaquois, called Nazanchouak."

One of the favorite trips much in favor with our summer tourists today is to take a canoe at Kineo, go up Moosehead to Northeast Carry, thence along the Penobscot to the head of Chesuncook Lake passing on over to Chamberlain and so on from Lake to Lake down the course of the winding Allegash to the St. John River. With experienced and skillful guides, the trip at its best is a most trying one, one which perhaps the "Sport" or "Rusticator" would not care to repeat. Father Druillettes and his party perchance returned by this same route in July 1651. But how changed is it today. The same streams yet roll onward in their course towards old ocean; the same sharp stones yet ripple the river's sparkling waters; but the woodman's ax has long since felled the forest primeval, thus robbing them of those beauties which must have greeted the first European as he worked his frail canoe up or down their turbulent courses.

The trip today is one of pleasure; it was then one of duty. Today it is one on which is taken everything that will conduce to the tourist's comfort; then it was one made where even the merest necessities were wanting. Today the pleasure seeker on this trip enjoys his nightly repose in a hammock hung beneath his canvas tent; for Father Druillettes, "the ground was his bed, a log his pillow."

CHAPTER XII.

FATHER DRUILLETES' LAST YEAR ON THE KENNEBEC.

It was probably during the closing days of July 1651, that our zealous missionary reached the habitations of his devoted children at Nanrantsouak. The love and esteem in which he was held is amply attested by the kindly welcome every where extended to him as he journeyed about, administering to the needs of the different settlements up and down the river. Especially cordial was his reception among the cabins of old Nanrantsouak. Here the aged chief, Oumamanradock ordered a salute in his honor, and in the few well chosen words preserved in the Jesuit annals, said: "I see now that the Great Spirit who rules in heaven has looked upon us with a kind eye since he has sent our Patriarch again."

The treatment accorded the Father by the Indian attendants on his toilsome return was duly investigated, and a well merited rebuke administered to the Etechemin brave who had so unjustly abused the humble Jesuit. "If you were one of my subjects or of my nation," said the Indian chief, "I would make you feel the grief which you have caused the whole country. "Filled with confusion, the penitent Etechemin exclaimed "I am a dog to have treated the Black-gown so badly."

The welcome accorded the missionary on his return seems to have been universal. In the Jesuit relations for this year, we read "there was no man, woman or child who did not express to the Father the joy that was felt at his return; there were feasts in all the cabins; he was taken possession of and carried away with love." Not satisfied with the ordinary evidences of their affection for him, the Indians appear from this moment to have affiliated Father Druillettes as a member of their tribe thus constituting themselves his natural protectors.

Shortly afterwards chancing to be in the vicinity of the English settlements, the accusation was made that the Father was speaking against the English, thus engendering hostile feeling against him. His cause was at once taken up by the Indian chiefs who addressed the English authorities in the following recorded language. "We understand our language better than thy servant does. We were near the Patriarch when he was speaking; we listened attentively, and all his words came directly to our ears. Be assured he has never said any ill of you people. He teaches us that he who made all things hates and condemns and punishes lying; and as we wish to receive his law, and render him obedience, take these thoughts to thy heart,—those people yonder do not lie. And furthermore, it is well for you to know that the Father is now one of our nation; that we have adopted him for our fellow-countryman; that we pay him con-

sideration and love as the wisest of our Captains, and respect him as the Ambassador of Jesus, to whom we wish to give ourselves entirely; and consequently, whoever attacks him, attacks all the Abnaquiois."

The address of the Indian chief had the desired effect. The English settlers at once saw the position which the missionary had through his devotedness attained among the Indians of the Kennebec, and should they at any time have been unjustly suspicious of his motives, they became from this moment unstinted in their hospitality towards him, giving him every mark of honor and respect as he passed from village to village during the remainder of his stay on the Kennebec.

His now undoubted standing among the Indians of the Kennebec valley, as well as his former friendly associations with the early English settlers would seem to justify the assumption, that these summer days of 1652 saw the good father journeying to and fro not only among the Indian habitations nestling close along the river banks whence the dusky children of the forest gliding out and in gave to the primitive surroundings a tinge of romance that has long since disappeared, but even among the feeble and scattered European settlements from Cushnoc down to ancient Pemaquid, was the humble father a welcome visitor.

Beyond Pemaquid, he perhaps extended his visit to the French trading post at Castine or Pentegoet where he might have held friendly intercourse with the good Capuchins, Leo of Paris, Cosmas de Mante, Bernadine de Crespy, and have offered the holy sacrifice in their chapel recently erected "in honor of Our Lady of Holy Hope."

FATHER DRUILLETES' SECOND NEW ENGLAND MISSION.

His rounds of visits, completed, there yet remained for Father Druillettes the undertaking of his 2nd mission to the New England colonies. The authorities at Quebec still had hopes of forming an alliance with the English settlements against their persistent enemies the savage Iroquois who had of late been carrying their depredations almost within sight of the walls of Quebec.

It was probably during the closing days of August 1651 that Father Druillettes again turned his footsteps towards Boston where he doubtless renewed all the happy relations of his former visit. In company with Jean Godfroy, and the Christian Indian Sillery chief, Noel Nagabamat, they again knocked at the doors of the Puritan authorities, going even as far as New Haven where they laid their proposals before the New England Commissioners, September 6th, 1651. Speaking of this important visit made perhaps in response to an invitation from New England itself, Palfrey in his history of New England, Vol. 1,

p. 364, says: "Two messengers, Gabriel Druillettes, a priest, and John Godfroy, a member of the council of New France, proceeded to New Haven to obtain the sanction of the Federal Commissioners, to whom at Boston, the business had been referred. The envoys urged the New England colonies to 'join in the war' in order to protect the Christian converts among the Abenakis, and to prevent that interruption of trade with them which would be hurtful to French and English alike. If the colonies would not consent to the war, then the envoys desired permission to enlist men and obtain provisions within their territory, or at least to march forces through it as the occasion might require.

The Commissioners declined all these proposals. They were not satisfied, they said of the justness of the war; and, as to a treaty of commerce, to which they might have been disposed, they must await 'a fitter season' for it, as the envoys had no authority to make it except in connection with an alliance."

Discussing the same embassy, Shea in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol. 1, p. 242, writes: "Thither the missionary and his associate proceeded, and in September, 1651 the Catholic priest pleaded in vain for a brotherhood of nations, and for a combined action against a destroying heathen power." The same author then goes on to remark: "The visit of a priest to New England, whose Christian civilization, three years before, had embodied its claims to the respect of posterity in a law expelling every Jesuit and dooming him to the gallows if he returned, is, in itself, a most curious episode." This visit like his first, as far as arranging a united front against the pitiless Iroquois, proved of no value. In fact we may say that it was doomed to failure before it was undertaken, for knowing as we do, the tendencies of the New England Commonwealths, and their well known hostility to all things Catholic, how could we expect them to enter an alliance whose only purpose in their estimation was the protection of a few hated Catholic Indians on the Kennebec together with a few of their countrymen and a handful of French settlers along inhospitable St. Lawrence.

If Pilgrim hospitality and politeness had led Father Druillettes to look for a different result on his return from his first visit to Boston and Plymouth, his 2nd mission served to dispel whatever illusions, however well grounded, he may have nursed for the formation of a confederacy which would throw its protecting arm around the devoted children of the Church along the St. Lawrence and Kennebec valleys.

Disappointed but not disheartened, the good Father returned to spend the winter among his ardent neophytes on the Kennebec. The history of this his last winter among the Abenakis formed no exception to those already spent among them. Hence

from day to day, his duties took him from village to village, from hut to hut, in his ministration to the sick and the dying, in the great work of perfecting the new born Christian in the mysteries of our holy Faith. The same sufferings, the same privations sweetened no doubt by the consoling evidences of the progress of truth among the Savages served to shorten the long winter days, and bring about the dawning of an early spring.

With the melting of winter snows, Father Druillettes for some reason not altogether apparent, decided on an earlier return to Quebec. He may perhaps have misjudged the season, or have deemed the report of his last mission to the New England colonies of sufficient importance to justify taking chances on the trip across the trackless forests to the Canadian metropolis.

However this may be, notwithstanding the fatigues of a winter spent in the Indian camps, Father Druillettes set out early in March, 1652, on what proved to be his last journey from the Kennebec to the St. Lawrence. It was now too early to think of taking the well travelled canoe route up the Kennebec to the head waters of the Dead river thence to Lake Megantic and down the Chaudiere. There were then no highways or tote roads over which one might travel with some degree of comfort. A marked tree perchance here and there served as their only guide through the some two hundred miles of trackless virgin forests then lying between Narantsouak and Quebec. The winter snows were then perhaps more abundant than at present when we might ordinarily expect to find several feet should we attempt the journey, at this season of the year.

With no beaten paths before them, with no great supply of provisions, but with hearts strong in the love of sacrifice, Father Druillettes bade adieu to the scenes he had learned to love so well, and set out with his companions on snow-shoes to traverse the untrodden snows of the forest wild.

We have seen the difficulties of his journey to the Kennebec in the summer of 1651, but the trials endured on this voyage were as nothing compared with the privations now in store for our weary pilgrims.

For over a month, they toiled on; their meager stores of food became exhausted. Accustomed to hardships of the forest life, wet and cold they might endure, but they were powerless when famine in all its ghastliness stood before them. One by one the Indians dropped by the wayside to die of hunger and cold. For six days, neither Father Druillettes nor the ever faithful Noel had a morsel of food. They were finally driven to boil their deer skin shoes, then the Father's moose-skin vest, and finally their snow-shoe lacings,—little nourishment indeed for the half famished, well nigh exhausted Christian heroes, yet sufficient to keep the spark of life within them until Easter Monday, April

8th, 1652, when as the relations states "having no more courage or strength than zeal for the salvation of souls can give to skeletons" they at last reached the hospitable habitations of Quebec.

Thus came to a close the labors of the indefatigable Druillettes in behalf of the Indians of the Kennebec, labors laden with the promise of an abundant harvest, for nowhere in all America do we find an Indian tribe so ready to accept the teachings of our holy faith, or so tenacious of its consolations, as were the Indians of the Kennebec. Just why so fruitful a field was apparently abandoned, we are at a loss to say. It may have been perchance because of urgent demands for Father Druillettes elsewhere, with no one to replace him, or what is more probable because of the desire of the Jesuit Fathers and the Canadian authorities to gradually induce these faithful neophytes to join the ever increasing colony of Christian Indians then being gathered within the sheltering walls of Sillery. The harvest was indeed great but as of old, the laborers were too few, and so many were the demands made on the Jesuit superior for the presence of such men as Druillettes on the mission, that he hardly knew which way to send his Christian heroes. We nevertheless cannot help regretting the fact that Father Druillettes was obliged to suspend the good work on the Kennebec, even though his remaining years of faithful service were spent in a more distant and more arduous field, for this was certainly the era of peace and good will, the golden age of happy relationship between the Indians of the Kennebec and their European neighbors, the age when the black-robed Jesuit was as welcome to the primitive huts of our ancestors as he was to meagre fare of the Savages. Each were as yet a novelty to the other. The early Pilgrim traders doubtless had grotesque ideas concerning the Catholic church, her priests and children in general, but most of all, the Jesuit seemed to typify all that they believed objectionable in the Church of the ages which their ancestors had so lately left. Father Druillettes stay among them was too brief to entirely disabuse them of their ill-grounded notions.

While his passing among the Indians had most beneficent effect which endured far beyond the limits of human judgments, the animosities aroused among the Savages and their English visitors in their struggle for mastery in their old time hunting grounds, soon served to destroy whatever happy souvenirs that remained among the English settlers of the good Jesuit's sojourn in their midst, to such an extent that their children were prepared to barbarously strike down the zealous Rasle who a few years later came to take up Druillettes' work in the mission fields on the Kennebec.

CHAPTER XIII.

PENTAGOET.

"Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;
and gently from that Indian town
The verdant hill-side slopes adown
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below.
And shooting around the winding shores
Of narrow capès, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—
With birchen boat and glancing oars,
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting ground is borne
The treasure of the golden corn,
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun
Watching the huskers, with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile;
And the old chief, who nevermore
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone."

It was in his early youth that the New England poet painted this beautiful word portrait of ancient Pentagoet. But while placing before us his poetic picture of the "clustered wigwams" and the daily life of the "red men," "the laughing girls," "the wrinkled squaw," the old chief, etc. Whittier was of course unable to give us anything of their past career or to speak of the many summer seasons that had come and gone since the dusky forest children first reared their humble habitations on the charming shores of Penobscot Bay.

It would indeed require the fancy of the poet to take us back through those long years when their sojourn must have been undisturbed by the stranger's sail, or their slumbers broken by the white man's footsteps.

A history they certainly had; traditions in abundance may have been handed from sire to son, but we unfortunately have no records extant to tell us of the coming of a race now well nigh passed and gone. Not only that, but we have in truth little to speak to us of the first of our generation privileged to feast his eyes on the beauties of this lovely bay. Penobscot Bay is beautiful today, but it was more so then. We have only to

restore its wooded shores, the deep murmuring pines, the dense evergreen spruce, the forest primeval vast beyond the human vision, with here and there on a few of the many attractive headlands the "clustered wigwams" to have before us Penobscot Bay as it was that morn when the first European coming as it were from out the night of ages dared to land upon her shores and mingle with her people.

Who this privileged being was, is a question more easily asked than answered. Was he of Celtic or Nothman origin; did he wander from southern climes, driven by storms across the uncharted ocean; and did his coming antedate by many years the advent of the Florentine Verranzano or the Franciscan father, André Thevet? It seems hardly probable that the adventurous Northmen, Naddod, Biarne, Leif and his brother Thorwald, Thorhall, and Thorfinn could have sailed as is commonly supposed along our New England without entering frequently perchance Penobscot Bay. Here may have been a part of the famed vineland to which in 1121 the Catholic Bishop Erik came on a pastoral visit. Year after year however passes by, and no sound or voice comes to us from out these misty solitudes to tell us of the fate of Vineland and its teeming population. In 1497, five years after the landing of Columbus on San Salvadore, the Catholic Cabots, John and his sons, Louis and Sebastian, in their search for the northwest passage doubtless entered Penobscot Bay, but their records have unfortunately been lost. Sebastian Cabot spent the following summer from Newfoundland to Cape Hatteras vainly seeking a passage to India. In 1500 the Portuguese Gaspar Cortereal is supposed to have visited our coast. About 25 years later our bays and harbors were explored by the Florentine Giovanni da Verrazano. Cortereal and Verrazano were both kindly received by the Indians who fraternized with them, boarding their vessels where many of them were unfortunately detained and brought to Europe. It was in the summer of 1557 that André Thivet is believed to have visited the coast of Maine.

In vol. vii, p. 243, Mass. Hist. Coll., we find an extract from one of Thivet's many works which in its descriptions admirably portrays Penobscot Bay. Writing an account of his trip to South America and thence along the North American shores on his return to France under the title "The Singularities of Antarctic France, otherwise called America," the Franciscan traveller says "Here we entered a river which is one of the finest in the whole world. We call it Norumbega. It is marked on some charts as the grand river. The Natives call it Agony. Several beautiful rivers flow into it. Upon its banks the French formerly erected a small fort, about ten leagues from its mouth. It was called the Fort of Norumbega, and was surrounded by fresh water.

"Before you enter this river, there appears an island surrounded by eight small inlets. These are near the country of the Green Mountains. About three leagues into the river there is an island four leagues in circumference, which the natives call Aiayascon. It would be easy to plant on this island, and to build a fortress which would hold in check the whole surrounding country. Upon landing we saw a great multitude of people coming down on us in such numbers that you might have supposed them to be a flight of starlings. The men came first, then the women, then the boys, then the girls. They were all clothed in the skins of wild animals. Considering their aspect, and mode of advancing, we mistrusted them and retired on board our vessel. They, perceiving our fear, made signs of friendship. The better to assure us, they sent to our vessel several of their principal men, with presents of provisions. We returned a few trinkets of little value, with which they were highly pleased. The next morning I with some others was commissioned to meet them, to see if we could obtain more provisions, of which we stood in great need. As we entered the house of the chief who was called Peramick, we saw several slaughtered animals hanging on the beams.

"The chief gave us a hearty welcome. To show his affection he ordered a fire to be built, on which meat and fish was placed to be roasted. Upon this some warriors came in, bringing to the chief the dissevered heads of six men whom they had taken in battle. The sight terrified us. Fearing that we might suffer in the same way, we towards evening secretly retired to our ship, without bidding our host goodby.

"This greatly displeased him. In the morning he came to the ship with three of his children. His countenance was very sad, for he thought he had offended us. He said to me in his own language:—

"Go back on land with me my friend and brother. Come and eat and drink such as we have. We assure you upon oath, by heaven, earth, moon, and stars, that you shall not fare worse than we do ourselves."

"Seeing the good affection of this old man, twenty of us went again on land, all well armed. We went to his house where we were feasted, and presented with whatever he possessed. Meanwhile large numbers of his people arrived. They all greeted us in the most affectionate manner, declaring that they were our friends. Late in the evening when we wished to retire, they all entreated us to remain through the night. But we could not be persuaded to sleep with them. And so we retired to our vessel. Having remained in this place five days, we weighted anchor, and, parting from them with a marvellous contentment on both sides, went out upon the open sea."

With the description before us we easily see the outlines of

Penobscot Bay. In the old time Norumbega we have our present beautiful Penobscot. In Aiayascon, Scenic Islesboro of today, while near by to the westwards, the lofty Camden Mountains may easily have been Thivet's "Green Mountains" of nearly four hundred years ago.

The reader will observe that he also mentions a small fort erected by the French some time previous, a fact which tallied well with old Pentagoet traditions. For while no positive records have thus far appeared, we may reasonably suppose that our entire coast including the magnificent body of water which we call Penobscot Bay, and its many wooded islands were frequently visited by the adventurous Norman or Breton sailors many years prior to the coming of the first permanent settlers.

But as we read the writing of this early day in the history of our country, we regret to find that much discredit have been thrown on the works of André Thivet. By his contemporaries, he is accused of being unreliable, in fact, questionable as to his veracity,—some of his critics going so far as to claim that he never visited America, and that his accounts of travel were largely made up of extracts taken from other authors.

With the fact that many of those apparently desirous of destroying the reputation of our Franciscan father, were Calvinists, we may as Justin Winsor in his able work on this subject remarks, conclude that a great deal of the criticism recorded against him came from the "odium theologicum" or religious controversies of his day which blinded people usually fair minded, to such an extent that they could see little that was good in their opponent, especially when they chanced to be members of the religious orders or leaders in the Catholic Church,—so that it might be well for us to remember that much if not all of the controversy about the merits of André Thivet may have been groundless, and that he was on his return to France from America, made as a reward of his labors, aumonier to Catherine de Medicis, and at the same time appointed royal historiographer and cosmographer for his native France, honors which doubtless aroused many jealousies against the humble follower of St. Francis.

Nearly fifty years of solitude now intervene ere the outlines of Penobscot Bay are again brought before us, but the curtain of doubt and uncertainty was finally lifted by the coming of Martin Pring in 1603 and De Monts in the summer of 1604. We are indebted to De Monts' lieutenant, the illustrious Champlain for our first real facts on this beautiful region. "The coming of Champlain," as Sylvester has well remarked, "ended the mythical century."

"A true viking, who loved the tossing waves, and the howling of wind in the shrouds," as Fisk writes in his *New France and New England*, Champlain not only entered our many beautiful bays and rivers, but made his little "Patache" a familiar visitor

along their charming shores, mooring off the Indian villages, making the acquaintance of God's American children whilst he sketched the outlines of their magnificent surroundings.

We therefore owe much to Champlain the Catholic, for the first definite outlines of our State.

The next expedition to visit Pentagoet may have been that of the Catholic Earl of Arundell under the leadership of Captain George Weymouth who with his annalist James Rosier may have called here in the Summer of 1605. At any rate the present Cape Rosier was named after him on the supposition that he moored his vessel off this bold and rocky shore.

But the one to give us some real information about Pentagoet and its "clustered wigwams" was Father Peter Biard, S. J., who landed here while on his way East from a visit to the Kennebec. In company with an expedition under the Sieur Diancourt Father Biard had sailed from the Kennebec on the 6th of November 1611 for the Pentagoet where he probably arrived about the 8th of the month.

"Pentagoet," writes Father Biard, "is a very beautiful river, and may be compared to the Garonne in France. It flows into French Bay and has many islands and rocks at its mouth; so that if you do not go up some distance, you will take it for a great bay or arm of the sea, until you begin to see plainly the bed and course of a river. It is about three leagues wide and is forty-four and one-half degrees from the Equator. We cannot imagine what the Norembega of our forefathers was, if it were not this river; for elsewhere both the others and I myself have made inquiries about this place, and have never been able to learn anything concerning it.

"When we had advanced three leagues or more into the current of the river, we encountered another beautiful river called the Chiboctous, which comes from the northeast to discharge its waters into the great Pentagoet.

"At the confluence of these two rivers there was the finest assemblage of Savages that I have yet seen. There were 80 canoes and a boat, 18 wigwams and about 300 people. The most prominent Sagamore was called Betsabes, a man of great discretion and prudence; and I confess that we often see in these Savages natural and graceful qualities which will make anyone but a shameless person blush, when they compare them to the greater part of the French who come over here. "When they had recognized us they showed their great joy during the evening by their unusual demonstrations; dancing, singing and making speeches. And as for us, we were glad to be in a country of safety; for among the Etechemins, as these are, and the Souriquois, as those of Port Royal, we are no more obliged to be on our guard than among our own servants, and thank God, we have never yet been deceived in them.

"The next day I went to visit the Savages, and following my usual custom, which I have described in speaking of the Kinebequi. But there was more to be done here, as they told me they had some sick; I went to visit them; and as priest, it being thus ordained in the Ritual, I recited over them the holy Gospel and the Prisons, giving each one a cross to wear around the neck.

"Among others I found one stretched out, after their fashion, before the fire, wonder expressed in his eyes and face, great drops standing out upon his forehead, scarcely able to speak, so severe was the attack. They told me he had been sick for four months and, as it appeared, he could not last long. Now I do not know what his malady was; whether it had only come intermittently or not I do not know; at all events, the second day after that I saw him in our barque, well and happy, with his cross around his neck. He showed gratitude to me by a cheerful smile and by taking my hand. I had no means of speaking to him, as the trading was then going on, and for this reason the deck was full of people and all the interpreters were busy. Truly I was very glad that the goodness of God was beginning to make these poor and abandoned people feel that in the sign of the holy and salutary Cross there was every good and every blessing.

"Finally, not to continue repeating the same story, both in this place and in all others, where we have been able to talk to these poor gentiles, we have attempted to impress upon them some of the simplest conceptions of the grandeur and the truth of Christianity, in so far as our means would permit. And to sum it up in a word, this has been the result of our journey. We have begun to know and be known, we have taken possession of these regions in the name of the Church of God, establishing here the royal throne of our Savior and King, Jesus Christ, his holy altar; the Savages have seen us pray, celebrate the mass, and preach! through our conversations, pictures, and crosses, our way of living, and other similar things, they have received the first faint ideas and germs of our holy faith, which will some day take root and grow abundantly, please God, if it is followed by a longer and better cultivation."

A stay of several days among the Tarratines, for of such was the village of "clustered wigwams" at Pentagoet, convinced the good Jesuit Father that here by Penobscot's lovely bay was a race old in years, but young in its readiness to accept the mysteries of the Cross. These few days spent in Christian labor among them served to establish that mutual confidence so essential for the success of his mission, leading him to fondly hope that whatever may have heretofore been the religious practices of the Savage, would ere long give way to those of the one true faith.

CHAPTER XIV.

PENTAGOET 1611-1635.

The natural beauties of Penobscot Bay, its broad and reefless water, the noble "assemblage of Savages," the cordial reception on the part of Betsabes and his people, were all carefully considered and reported by Father Biard to his friend and patroness the marquise de Guercheville with the advice that Pentagoet be chosen as the site of their future Catholic colony. During the long and dreary winter of 1611 the two Jesuit confrères at Port Royal, Peter Biard and Enemond Massé doubtless discussed the disadvantages of their present situation and cast longing eyes towards the promising site on the banks of the Penobscot. In addition to their written reports, the coming of the Jesuit lay brother, Gilbert du Thet in the Summer of 1612 enabled them to explain in detail their plans, and to thus convey to Madame de Guercheville, a completer idea of the situation that could be done by letter. Brother du Thet returned to France in the fall of 1612 and placed the matter before the Madame with the result that the de la Saussaye expedition was equipped and sent out the following spring. But while awaiting the advent of this event, we are naturally led to speculate as to whether Father Biard again visited Pentagoet or not. We remember his hospitable reception in the early days of November 1611, and may well reason that he often wished to renew his friendly intercourse with the well disposed Savages at Pentagoet. Possibly he may have been able to do so during the Summer of 1612, but of this fact we have no record. We can only surmise that he most certainly would have done so had he found any opportunity which we can hardly suppose was available in view of the strained relations then existing between the Jesuit fathers and the authorities at Port Royal. He may perhaps have accompanied some one of the many French trading or fishing vessels then frequenting our coast; if so, he did not deem it wise or necessary to record it. We have therefore to record that whatever hopes the zealous Biard may have entertained of happy and prosperous days at Pentagoet were forever dispelled by the settlement and destruction of St. Sauver in the summer of 1613.

We have no doubt that de la Saussaye fully intended to bring his expedition to Kadesquit or Pentagoet, had not the fatigues of a long journey, the murmurings of his crew, and the representations of Antiscou led him to settle at Fernald's Point Mt. Desert. Should he have carried out the letter of his instructions and continued on to Penobscot Bay, the historian of today might perhaps have a far different story to record. The fell work of the "unscrupulous and grasping" Argall so soon to follow their

landing in this sheltered cove obliges us to seek the trails of other missionaries for the next announcement of our holy Faith to the Indian children of the Penobscot.

But who was the first to take up the work of good Father Biard! Biencourt, Charles de la Tour, and other kindred spirits who clung to the varying fortunes of Port Royal even after its destruction in the closing months of 1613, doubtless continued to call at Pentegoet for trading purposes during the trying years of their stay in this old Acadian settlement, but there does not appear to have been any missionaries in this section of America, until 1619 when a band of Franciscan Recollects were given charge of the Acadian missions. They came this same year and erected their home and chapel on the St. John's River where they remained until 1624. From their chief station they journeyed forth in search of the wandering fisherman, the French trader, the adventurous *courreur de bois*, as well as the roving Savage wherever they found him willing to listen to the Divine message. From the St. John's they made the tedious trip to Quebec across the trackless wilderness of New Brunswick, Maine and Lower Canada whence they returned again to their cheerless task, only to be driven out by the English in 1628.

From Champlain's voyages, we learn that they were again at their post of duty in 1630. May not their wanderings in this their vast field, have taken them along the coast of Maine even to the Penobscot or Kennebec. May they not have again trodden the soil of Pentegoet to fraternize with Bethsabs and his many dusky warriors. However this may be, they were in 1633 recalled by Card. Richelieu, from the scene of their toilsome labors.

The capture of Quebec by the English July 19th 1629 doubtless retarded missionary labors among the Indians, for although the surrender took place three months after the proclamation of peace between France and England, yet it was only in 1632 that it was restored by the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-laye. In the meantime acting on the right of conquest, the English authorities encouraged by the French protestant Claude Turgis de La Tour were already planning for the colonization of Acadia. La Tour who had been captured by the English during the war, had been so well treated in England, that he had decided to enlist in their service.

After having married one of the young ladies of honor to Henriette de France, Queen of Great Britain, he was given the title of Barron of New Scotland which was to be the future name of Acadia, on the soil of which it was decided that he should establish some Scotch colonies. For this purpose he was placed in command of two war vessels and a band of emigrants

destined for Port Royal then under the command of his son Charles de La Tour.

On arriving before Fort St. Louis, Claude sought an interview with his son in which he called on him to surrender the fortress. He told him of his cordial reception in England, of the honors that had been bestowed on him, and spoke of the advantages that would be his, should he hand the fort over to the English, "in which case," said Claude, "I am authorized to leave you in command and to make you a baron of New Scotland."

Charles de La Tour met his father with the noble response. "It would be a mistake for any one to suppose that I would, even at the solicitation of my own father, be unfaithful to the trust reposed in me by my country. I will not accept what is offered me at the price of honor. I am deeply sensible of the favor which the King of England wishes to confer on me, but the King whom I serve is equally able to recompense me for my services. Should he forget me, I shall find my reward in my fidelity to duty. With my last breath I shall defend the post entrusted to my care."

Disappointed, Claude de La Tour returned to his ship whence he wrote a most tender and touching letter to his son but without effect; threats proved equally unavailable; he now determined on assault from which he was finally obliged to withdraw after two ineffectual attempts to carry the works by storm. Feeling that he could not well return to England, and knowing that he would be treated as he deserved in France he now decided to throw himself on the mercy of his son who taking pity on him, built him a home near the fort where he permitted him to remain in peace.

The news of this attack on their Acadian colony did not seem to have any effect on France now at peace with England; for a large part of her population had come to consider the vast territories of New France of little value. Her great prime minister, Cardinal Richelieu now took the matter in hand giving by his determination a new impetus to the conversion of the Savage to our holy Faith. Not specially favorable to the Recollects and Jesuits he nevertheless, while leaving the field open to them, decided to have the Capuchins of Paris take part in this great work.

That the difficulties encountered at Ste Croix and Port Royal might be avoided and New France spared the spectacle of religious controversies, he made it lawful for Catholics only to seek homes on her soil.

At Quebec, the heroic Champlain was again placed in command, while the Commander Isaac de Razilly was named governor of Acadia. Sailing from d'Auray in Brittany July 4th,

1632, with a force of three hundred men and three naval vessels, he reached Port Royal about the first of August. In passing along the South Eastern shore of the (Nova Scotian) peninsula, he was not slow in remarking the natural beauties of La Heve, its capacious harbor, etc. Razilly selected forthwith this charming spot for his future residence. He now proceeded to take possession of the entire country as far as Pemaquid in the present State of Maine. Razilly had with him as lieutenants, his cousin, Charles de Menou sieur d'Aulnay de Charnisay and Charles Saint-Etienne de La Tour.

Shortly following the conquest, the Plymouth Colony had established a trading post at Pentagoet which after the custom of the times was fortified. Here under Isaac Allerton they continued to traffic with the natives even after the place had according to the treaty of Saint-Germain been ceded back to France. The members of the Plymouth Colony did not however long remain in peaceful possession after the Saint-Germain treaty was signed, for in the following June, 1632, a French vessel appeared off the shore of Pentagoet. Allerton and most of his men being absent, the few in charge were obliged to surrender. The attacking party however soon departed taking whatever property they could find, leaving as a parting message for Allerton, "to remember the Isle of Re," referring thereby to the brilliant success of the French against the English some years before. The Plymouth Colonists nevertheless refused to take the hint, choosing to still remain. For three years longer their stay was prolonged until in the summer of 1635 a frigate under the command of d'Aulnay anchored off the port. A landing party from the vessel which was called *L'Esperance en Dieu*, soon landed and took possession in the name of the King of France after a short struggle. Indian trade was profitable and the Plymouth Colonists were the last to give up a desirable post without a supreme effort to retain it. Hence about a month afterwards they returned with armed vessels and a force of about two hundred men, accompanied by the famous Miles Standish, determined to retrieve their loss. For defence, d'Aulnay could summon only twenty-two soldiers. The siege which was evidently badly managed, lasted a month when after firing about twelve hundred cannon shots at the besieged at La Tour tells us, the attacking party withdrew leaving Pentagoet in the hands of the French.

CHAPTER XV.

NARANTSOUAC 1653-1688.

While the Indians of Narantsouac were no longer able to rejoice in Father Druillettes' presence among them yet many on the occasion of their frequent visits to Sillery partook of his kindly ministrations, and undoubtedly brought many a Christian message from the man they had learned to love so well to the aged and infirm among the palid huts along the Kennebec. Though for the present no regular missionary was assigned to this important field, we are nevertheless able to glean from the meager reports yet remaining that these faithful children of the Church were not entirely neglected.

From the relations of 1660 we learn that the Jesuit ministrations continued among the Abenakis from time to time, choosing in all probability the summer months when they were enabled to travel over a goodly portion of our extensive sea coast, visiting the various Indian villages then abounding on nearly every point of vantage from the Saco to the St. John's River.

These random visits however seem to have ceased after 1660 owing perhaps to the difficulties of the journey, and the constantly increasing demands on the Jesuit Fathers for the needs of the Canadian missions. Maurault in his history of the Abenakis, p. 155 would seem to indicate that the constant warring of the Iroquois against the Algonquins, and their kindred races, obliged the Jesuits to abandon for a time their promising Abenakis missions.

The road to Sillery had however become a familiar one for the Indians of the Kennebec who continued to frequent the Sanctuary of old St. Michael's where band after band came as the years passed by to comply with their religious duties, to renew their filial devotedness to holy mother Church e'er they returned to continue her apostolate among the Indian tribes of Maine. Thus as far as we are able to learn, the work went on from the Springtime of 1660 to the summer of 1675. "Those who went each year to Sillery," says Bancroft, "were always edified by the charity and piety of the Sillery Christians," so much so that on their return they ceased not to tell their brethren of the marvels they had seen, thus bringing them to long for the faith which was working such wonders among their Canadian friends.

From the beginning Sillery had been an Algonquin mission about which the Jesuit fathers had endeavored to gather as many as possible of the Algonquin race to perfect them in the mysteries of the Catholic Faith. The evils of intemperance had however practically decimated the Algonquin nation for we

read in a letter of the Superior of the Canadian missions, Father Beschefer to the Jesuit Provincial at Paris, "Sillery belongs to the Algonquins and was formerly made by them one of the most flourishing missions in Canada, but the evils of intemperance have made such frightful ravages among them as to leave hardly any of the tribe remaining." Another letter from Bishop St. Vallier confirms the testimony given by Father Beschefer as to the sad condition of the Algonquins who had proven unfaithful to the abundant graces which they had received. The moment was therefore opportune for the infusion of new blood for the renewal of the declining mission at Sillery, when on a certain day in May 1675, there came from out of the forest a band of thirty pagan Abenakis warriors. Hunted by the English, nearly overcome by famine, they had come to knock at the gates of Sillery where in days gone by so much hospitality had been dispensed to other members of their nation. The remnants of the once glorious Algonquin tribe received them with open arms, and as Bishop St. Vallier says in his report on the then condition of the Church, "they were adopted by the few remaining Algonquin families." "It would seem," writes the Jesuit superior in the same letter above quoted, "that Providence brought the Abenakis here for the sole purpose of taking the places of the Algonquins" who having fallen from their former high estate, "had betaken themselves to the forests where they were leading scandalous lives." The ideals set before the people at Sillery were high; that a few should have been unfaithful, while regrettable, is in no way surprising when we remember how eager the Europeans were to supply the Indians with intoxicating liquors which simply worked their ruin.

The only one to hold out a helping hand to them was the Church which always endeavored by every possible means to prevent this shameful traffic among her children, even to the extent of visiting with her severest censures any who would presume to supply her Indian neophytes with what could only be their very undoing, as had been amply evidenced in its effects on the once flourishing Sillery mission. Besides the reason just mentioned for the decline of this Algonquin settlement, Mauhault states the ravages of smallpox in 1670 carried off many of the inhabitants.

Thus for the Indians of the Kennebec, all roads now seemed to lead to Sillery where in a short time the days of old were restored by the numerous members of the Abenakis tribe which gathered around her altars.

But the first apostle of their nation who alone knew their language was no longer there to bid them welcome. Weighted down with the burdens of eighty years, Father Druillettes was still on the mission among the Outanuais but he was soon to

retire to Quebec there to end in retirement his long and saintly career. But even while resting from labors which would as Father Lallemant well said, "have destroyed the constitution of a giant," we cannot but suppose that he frequently found his way up to Sillery there to talk in their mother tongue with his beloved children from the Kennebec.

But while his great age necessitated his withdrawal from the field of battle, there were others of his brethren imbued with similar zeal and courage ready to take up the burdens he had so long and faithfully carried. Among the many eminent Jesuits who were at this period within the sheltering walls of Sillery, we would mention in particular the brothers, Vincent and James Bigot from whose letters we may learn much concerning the life of our Abenakis Indians at this old mission station. Their associations with the exiled Indians of the Kennebec at Sillery afforded them a good preparation for their after career as missionaries on the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers. From a letter written from old St. Michael's Sillery, June 24, 1681 we glean many details of their life. Not so numerous on the start, they soon saw their numbers increase by the arrivals of new bands of ten, fifteen, twenty, and more. The Jesuits gave them lodgings in the deserted Algonquin cabins, fed and taught them to till the soil, but above all else, they taught them the way to heaven. They had them follow instruction for six months or more before admitting them to Baptism which was conferred on them only after their good disposition were well proven. Great difficulties to their conversion were intemperance, plurality of wives, and sorcery. The fact that only they who would conquer these obstacles should enter the kingdom of heaven, was fully impressed on them.

It would be hard to conceive how edifying were the lives of these converts to the Catholic faith. Once baptized they became apostles and teachers, returning to their haunts in Maine, preaching to their parents and friends with an eloquence which soon filled Sillery with fervent Catechumens.

So considerable did their numbers become, that the good Jesuits found it no longer possible to support them on the worn out soil at Sillery, and were consequently obliged to contemplate the foundation of a new settlement. As we learn from a letter of Father Beschefer, their numbers increased so rapidly from day to day, that being no longer able to accommodate them an appeal was made to M. de la Barre, lieutenant-general and M. de Meulle who were kind enough to give them some lands not far from Quebec which they themselves had formerly occupied. Here close by the falls of the Chaudière on the road to the Kennebec, the new Abenakis village came into existence under the patronage and name of the great French missionary, St. Francis de Sales. This was in 1684 and the fact of its being

on their time trodden way led many others to emigrate to the new mission of St. Francis de Sales there to form in a short time one of the Most Christian Indian colonies in America.

Intercourse between the Kennebec and St. Francis de Sales became more and more frequent, some coming to remain, others for the fulfillment of their religious duties and a renewal in the mysteries of our holy faith. Five years after the foundation of this new mission according to a letter written by M. de Denonville to Mgr. le marquis de Seignelay there were six hundred colonists at St. Francis de Sales, where they had what might be called the model village of their day. On an eminence in the center stood their chapel attended by the Rev. Fathers Bigot and Henri Gassot. About the church were grouped their many cabins, then came their fortifications, a wood palisade beyond which were their fertile fields in turn protected by the virgin forests.

Thus the Jesuit Fathers while no longer coming to visit the Indians in their primeval haunts, were enabled to gather them like children about them at St. Francis de Sales and at old Sillery where about one hundred remained after the establishing of the new post on the Chaudière. The example of the fervent neophytes was not lost on the many who were constantly coming and going especially during the summer months, and thus the work of conversion went on and that love and respect for our holy faith for which the Abenakis have been justly famed grew so strong in their hearts that the persecutions of after years found them ready to leave their homes and their country rather than give up their faith.

A few incidents will illustrate the fervor of the Catholic Indians of the Kennebec.

In a letter written by Father James Bigot from Sillery under date of June 4th, 1681, we find narrated at length the following edifying example:

There arrived at Sillery on the eve of the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross a band of twenty Indians from Maine among whom was one of their leading chiefs. Father Bigot however does not give his name, but mentions that he had a daughter who had been baptized some two years previous under the name of Susanne. With her Baptismal innocence and ointment still fresh, Susanne had returned to her people among whom her zeal knew no bounds. To her home and her friends she had brought the message she had received, giving them no rest until they had learned both the truths and the prayers of the Catholic Church. She had now returned with the fruits of her pious labors. So well had the band been instructed that the good fathers at Sillery judged it proper to make an exception in their case and admit them to the Church at once. "When I notified them for the first time to come to prayer, I told them

that, although they were not baptized, I permitted them to enter the Church. They all uttered a joyful exclamation; and I assure you that at that moment I cast my eyes on certain individuals who gave evident proofs of the piety with which they had been inspired. My brother who was delighted to see such holy dispositions in recently-arrived Savages, said the prayers and made all our savages sing as devoutly as they could to inspire the new-comers with great respect for our religion.

The prayer lasted over half an hour. I briefly interrupted it two or three times, and added a few words of instruction which I deemed suited to their capacity. I did not observe a single person turn his head, or rest on the benches or squat upon his knees, as the Savages generally do. When the prayer was ended, they all withdrew to the cabin of a devout Christian woman, where the most fervent of our men began to chant the litanies of the Blessed Virgin. Then they once more began the prayers which they caused the new comers to repeat without my saying a word to them about it, for they had said it in the church not three-quarters of an hour before." Devotional exercises were held in the church in their homes and even in the fields as they worked. In the instructions frequentation of the sacraments was urged, especially frequent confession. In a letter written at Sillery August 28, 1682, Father Bigot tells us that "they display an extreme desire to keep their consciences ever free from sin of every kind. Most of the persons who are somewhat advanced in age confess every week. One of my chief occupations is to hear confessions. I cheerfully take this trouble, when I observe the wonderful effects that it produces in maintaining these Savages in great Innocence. Many confess even two or three times a week, and in truth they do so with sentiment that would put to confusion the most fervently religious."

Most marked was their devotion for Holy Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament. "When they return from working in the fields, they never fail to salute Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, although I have spoken to them about it probably only two or three times. They never work in the morning without first going to Church where they sometimes remain in prayer for over half an hour, while waiting for the first mass, when there are two. And if their work presses before the first is said, when there are two of us, they come and ask me whether I think it right that they should go to work without assisting at the second mass. I can moreover assert that they do all this solely out of respect for matter pertaining to God, for I am careful not to constrain them on this point, and I frequently oblige them on certain occasions to give preference to work over devotional exercises. When their labors are over, after sunset, they all assemble in the church to pray. But that which sur-

prises all persons who quite often spend the night here, is to see that, after the long prayers that they say in the church, in all the cabins each one begins again to pray before retiring to rest."

Constant religious practices were thus brought into their very lives, their savage instincts were by degrees subjected, and they were taught to love acts of Christian self-denial and heroic resignation not only in the days of healthy and manly vigor, but also during the afflictions of illness and death. Father Bigot gives us some most striking examples of the close of a few of these saintly lives. He mentions in particular that of little Gabrielle 10 or 11 years of age who actually went out from this life performing constant acts of love for Jesus Christ and of resignation to His Holy Will. "Some time previous to her death, she manifested a great eagerness to receive her first Communion. I granted her this favor. She relished even at that early age, to a degree that astonished me, all that related to God."

There were at Sillery in those early days maidens of maturer years who had long since given themselves to the Lord. One of these was Mary Magdeline. Though about 30 years of age Mary would never consent to marry. "She died," writes Father Bigot in this same letter, "on Whitsunday, after suffering for almost four years in a manner that excited the compassion of all. She suffered with admirable patience and awaited death with surprising calmness and peace of soul." Her constant prayer was that God might prolong her sufferings in order to heighten her merits. "Another, a little Mary Magdalen, who was 9 or 10 years old, also died after suffering exceedingly; and if her pain caused her from time to time to express some slight childish impatience, she at once recovered herself when I spoke to her of God."

Such were the fruits of the heroic labors of the Jesuits at Sillery and St. Francis de Sales on the Chaudière, labors which spread the aroma of God's grace over the wandering children of the Abenakis race during their sojourn beneath the sheltering walls of the mission stations, labors which added many a saintly soul to God's eternal kingdom whose intercession perchance hastened the day of the Jesuit father's return to the fruitful mission fields of the Kennebec.

CHAPTER XVI.

PENTAGOET.

The capture of Pentagoet by the French proved to be only the beginning of a long series of struggles for the possession of this spot so favored by nature, contests that endured long after the domain of the old world nations had given way to the rule and sway of the American Republic.

The death of the Acadian governor, Isaac de Razilly in November, 1635, left the control of the province in the hands of his lieutenants, d'Aulnay and La Tour. As might have been expected, trouble soon arose between these two restless spirits, which could have no other result save civil war.

D'Aulnay's first move was to practically abandon the settlement of La Hève where Razilly had established quite a flourishing colony, for what seemed to him the more promising site at Port Royal, to which he took about all the families some twelve or fifteen in number that had been settled by the governor at La Hève.

Competitors in the fur trade, with no well defined bounds as to their sphere of influence, serious misunderstandings soon arose between the commanders which finally resulted in an appeal to arms. With the hope of restoring harmony, the French king, Louise XIII, wrote to D'Aulnay in 1638 outlining the bounds of their respective territories. By this arrangement, all lands north of a line drawn east and west through the bay of Fundy with the exception of La Tour's fort on the St. John's were assigned to D'Aulnay. The country lying on the south comprising the Acadian Peninsula, Port Royal and La Hève excepted, was placed under the care of La Tour.

D'Aulnay was thus constituted lord of the entire coast from Chignecto, the present Halifax, to Pemaquid. Proceeding to develop his extensive lands, in 1641, D'Aulnay built forts at Pentagoet, at the mouth of the St. Johns and at Port Royal, dividing among them for garrison duty about three hundred men.

He was successful this same year in getting 20 additional families to come and settle in Acadia. By 1644 his colonists had increased to about 400 souls. He had moreover established at Port Royal a seminary which afforded a home to twelve Capuchin fathers.

La Tour even though he made a journey to France in 1632 for the purpose of inducing people to come and settle in his lands, does not appear to have succeeded so well. From the fact that his fort on the St. John brought him in a very good income it would appear that his efforts were concentrated more in building up his trade than in peopling the vast tracts committed to his care.

The letter of Louis XIII, leaving as it did D'Aulnay's and La Tour's interests within each other's territories did not bring peace to the struggling French settlements. Mutual recriminations continued to reach the King until finally in 1642, D'Aulnay who had gained the upper hand in the home councils, was commissioned to arrest La Tour and send him to France. For this purpose, D'Aulnay in August, 1642, invested La Tour's fort on the St. John. Civil war had already been in existence between them since 1639 when the Micmacs at the instigation of La Tour had attacked a boat in which D'Aulnay, one of his soldiers and a Capuchin were sailing along the coast. The following year La Tour attacked and captured two vessels and nine soldiers who were on their way to the relief of Pentagoet then threatened by the English. Four months later D'Aulnay retaliated by capturing La Tour and his wife after a contest in which the captain of La Tour's vessel was slain. The fathers however made intercession and obtained from D'Aulnay the release of his distinguished prisoners.

As early as 1641 La Tour had applied to the English authorities at Boston for assistance in his struggle with D'Aulnay, but without any success for John Endicott voicing the sentiments of the majority advised letting La Tour and D'Aulnay exhaust themselves in their fratricidal contests, considering the success of either as of no value if not injurious to the interests of the New England colonists. Governor Winthrop, however, does not seem to have taken the same view, for while not giving any official standing to the French adventurer, he nevertheless permitted him to collect volunteers among the inhabitants of the English colonies, and to charter ships for his war on the representative of a power with which England was then at peace. La Tour was desirous of entering into a treaty of alliance with the Puritan authorities, but should Gov. Winthrop have cared to recognize him to that extent, he would undoubtedly have found strong opposition among his own people, many of whom did not look with favor on the encouragement actually given. The plausible La Tour was however able to gather quite a respectable body of men with whom he sailed from Boston in four armed vessels to attack D'Aulnay then besieging fort La Tour on the St. John. On the way he fell in with a Protestant expedition sent out from France to assist him in his undertaking against his rival. With his force thus augmented, La Tour soon obliged D'Aulnay to seek the protection of his own fortified station where he appears to have been worsted. By some authorities, it is held that this contest took place at Port Royal, while others claim it was at Pentagoet that the allies finally came upon D'Aulnay and his fleeing forces.

D'Aulnay complained bitterly to the authorities in France where he made a trip in the autumn of 1643 in the behalf of

his struggling colony. The home government naturally resenting the actions of La Tour gave D'Aulnay ample powers to treat with the Massachusetts governor, now John Endicott, and to arrest La Tour. On the 8th of October, 1644, he succeeded in arranging a treaty of friendship and commerce with Governor Endicott which was afterwards ratified by the united New England colonies.

Learning in April, 1645, that La Tour had again appealed to Boston for assistance, and that he was then actually in the Puritan metropolis, D'Aulnay suddenly appeared with a strong force before his fort on the St. Johns then occupied by a small number of soldiers. The odds were against them, and councils of prudence would seem to have suggested a surrender, had not Madame La Tour succeeded in communicating to the slender garrison a part of that indomitable courage which should have immortalized her in a better cause.

D'Aulnay evidently did not wish to storm the place, preferring to arrange for a peaceable transfer, and even though he sought in three different interviews to convince them of the futility of resistance, there appeared no other alternative than to order an assault. All day long the unequal combat lasted, until at night fall, the heroic defenders were obliged to yield to weight of numbers. It would have been well for the memory of D'Aulnay had he been generous in the treatment of his unfortunate prisoners, but the spirit of the times and the animosity engendered by their bitter resistance consigned them to the fate of the rebel, hence while Madame La Tour, her son, her maid, and another woman, were spared, the balance paid with their lives the penalty of their opposition. The heroic Madame La Tour did not however long survive the catastrophe. Three weeks later a fatal malady brought her to an untimely grave. Her husband now became a wanderer, and strange to relate was shortly welcomed at Quebec where a salute was fired in his honor and he was hospitably entertained at the famed Chateau St. Louis. But fortune had in store yet stranger things for this versatile and many sided man. In the furtherance of his numerous schemes, he had become largely indebted to several business men of Boston, especially to Edward Gibbons. Though rather discredited among them, he yet had the courage to again appeal to them for aid, with the result that another vessel was equipped and manned for him, partly by Englishmen and partly by Frenchmen.

In Williamson's history of Maine, Vol. I, pg. 321, we read: "La Tour sailed about the middle of winter for the Nova Scotia peninsula; and when he had arrived opposite Cape Sable, he developed the baseness of his soul. Consummate in the arts of intrigue and disguise, he conspired with the master and five of his own countrymen to drive the Englishmen ashore, and run away with the vessel and her cargo. In exe-

cuting the piratical project, he was violently resisted; and fought in person, shooting one English sailor in the face with his own pistol.

This part of the crew so barbarously turned adrift in the depth of winter, wandered up and down the coast, 15 days in extreme suffering; till unexpectedly they were met by a party of Mickmack Indians, who treated them with a generosity highly creditable to the attributes of human nature. It is their due further to add, that they manifested great nobleness in their conduct; for they received the forlorn mariners into their wigwams, refreshed them with venison and the best food they had, kindly loaned them a shallop, and provided an Indian pilot to assist them in getting home. Yet it was not till the following spring, (1648), three months after they had left Boston, that these unhappy men, with all their exertions, and the kind assistance of the natives, were enabled to effect a safe return. La Tour went to parts unknown; some supposing that he had taken a trip to Hudson's bay;—as nothing was heard from him for more than two years."

D'Aulnay now reigned supreme in Acadia. As a recompense for his losses, the king of France confirmed him in his authority as governor, according him perpetual rights and privileges in the colony. As a colonizer he may be said to have been one of the most successful thus far sent out from France, for viewing his work from 1632 to 1650 we find that he was instrumental in settling more families on Acadian soil that did any other until 1710.

Whether D'Aulnay had his principal station at Pentagoet or at Port Royal, is not clear, for while the majority of New England authorities favor Pentagoet, other historians especially French and Canadian seem to imply that his chief interests centered about Port Royal. However this may be, there is little doubt but what due importance was given to Pentagoet.

The death of D'Aulnay which took place on the 24th of May, 1650, gave to La Tour the opportunity of again returning to Acadia where he appeared early in 1651. The animosities of the past were soon forgotten in those early days when the enemies of tonight might be the friends of tomorrow.

Thus it was with this remarkable man; he soon overcame the barriers raised by years of civil war carrying his conquests even to the heart of the stately and queenly Lady D'Aulnay, widow of his old time and constant enemy, who after one short year of fervent wooing became Madame La Tour. "His wooing," says Sylvester, "sped on golden wings, and what he was unable to accomplish by war he wrought by the alchemy of love, and La Tour was at last master of all Acadia. One hears him shout exultantly, as he bears his prize of beauty from her lonely home by the shadows of Pentagoet:

"To the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!"
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of Estienne;
From the prow of his shallop
He gazes as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John."

After his marriage with Madame D'Aulnay, La Tour returned to his old haunts of the St. John where after having repaired his fort, he lived in comparative peace and tranquility until his death in 1666.

But little chance was given during these years of war between Charles de Menou d'Aulnay de Charnissy and Charles St. Estienne de La Tour, for the progress of religion in the province of Acadia. The Recollects as we have seen were here as early as 1619, and remained until driven out by the English in 1628. Their principal establishment being on the St. John, they were largely under the influence of La Tour by whom they were retained after their order had been withdrawn by Richelieu from the labors of the Acadian missions. Their stay however was not agreeable, for La Tour's religious convictions were apparently subject to frequent changes, and his pronounced hostility to Catholicism obliged them to retire in January, 1645. When La Tour went to Boston in June, 1643, two of the Recollect fathers accompanied him and doubtless had an opportunity of visiting about the city of the Puritans. There appears to be little if any evidence that any of the Recollects were ever settled at Pentagoet.

As D'Aulnay welcomed the Capuchins on their arrival, we may presume that the Recollects did not often visit Pentagoet as those that remained in the province were under the power of La Tour.

It is not easy to determine the exact year when the Capuchins took up their residence at Pentagoet. They were perhaps here as early as 1630, for we find in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome, documentary reference to the Capuchin missions in New England. Under date of Nov. 22, 1630, f. 164, no. 10, may be seen the following title: "Missions of the Capuchins in New England in North America." Again Feb. 3, 1631, Pt. II, f. 18, no. 22, "The sending of Capuchins to New England confirmed." We know that Cardinal Richelieu recalled the Recollects from the Acadian missions in 1633 and placed the same under the care of the Capuchins from the province of Paris. It was in the summer of 1635 that Pentagoet was taken from the English by the French under D'Aulnay, so that it would not seem unreasonable to connect their coming with this important event, especially since Sieur D'Aul-

may being a practical Catholic, had at once acquiesced in the withdrawal of the Recollects and had accepted the ministration of the Capuchins. The references above quoted from documents now on file in the archives of the Propaganda, doubtless refer to the discussion of the transfer of these missions from one society to another, hence while there is a possibility of their having been on the ground earlier than 1635, yet it does not seem very probable, the more so since the French do not seem to have exercised any authority worth mentioning over Penobscot Bay prior to this date.

We must however remember that the French floating population along the Acadian coast from the Bay of Chaleurs to the Kennebec while not numerous in winter, went well into the thousands during the alluring summer months, and that D'Aulnay was brought more or less in contact with his adventurous countrymen during this eventful period; hence as he alone had accepted the coming of the Capuchins, they probably followed his varying fortunes along our coast. The erection of hospices under their care was undoubtedly planned, for there must have been many a crying need on the part of this vast French population so far from home. This question also seems to have been discussed with the authorities at the Propaganda, for under date of July 19, 1632 in No. VIII. f. 269, no. 6, is a document bearing the title "On the mission of the Capuchins in Canada and their two hospitals." "Many of our early maps of the New England coast clearly outline hospices under the care of the Capuchins at the outlets of both the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers.

During the civil war between D'Aulnay and La Tour, the Capuchins are frequently mentioned as being present with D'Aulnay, and we may reasonably suppose that their influence not unfrequently softened the asperities of the situation, so often do we encounter them in connection with the various expeditions along our coast, that we may easily conclude that they were as much at home at Pentagoet as in their seminary at Port Royal.

Abbe Maurault seems of the opinion that their hospice was established at Pentagoet about 1640. We see no reason why they should not have taken up their residence at this advantageous point immediately on their arrival in Acadia which was surely as early as 1635, for at this period, French traders, fishermen, as well as various other adventurers were here in abundance; there being no question about D'Aulnay's Catholicity and his anxiety to settle the country under his care, it would be only natural that he should wish to have some of the good Capuchin missionaries at this advanced post which in truth offered a most fruitful field for their zealous ministrations.

Among such a numerous French population at such a distance there must have been much sickness and many deaths, on all of which occasions the service of the mission fathers were in demand as in the case of the unfortunate Madame DeLa Tour who died of grief and chagrin shortly after the capture of her husband's fortress at St. John. While it would appear that she like her husband of whom Parkman in his "Old Regime" says: "La Tour was neither a true Catholic or a true Protestant, and would join hands with anybody who could serve his turn" yet when she saw death approaching, her early teachings and real convictions asserted themselves, hence did not hesitate to call for one of the Capuchins through whose kindly aid she died a happy death and obtained Christian burial.

CHAPTER XVII.

GABRIEL DRUILLETES.

Father Druillettes' years of service in the mission fields of Maine were not many; they began in the fall of 1646 and closed in the early spring of 1652, but few as they were, they were so filled with goodly deeds as to naturally call for some little notice on his after career. He came down the valley of the Kennebec as we have seen, only a few years after his arrival from France. His first labors in Canada were among the Algonquins whose wanderings he followed most faithfully during the winter of 1644-45 when he had his first experience in the awful inconveniences and privations of Indian life.

As the various members of his party were all newly elected converts to our holy faith, his journey was not without its consolations. Parkman tells us that they "looked on him as a friend and a father. There were prayers, confessions, masses, and invocations to St. Joseph. They built their bark chapel at every camp, and no festival of the Church passed unobserved. On Good Friday they laid their best robes of beaver skin on the snow, placed on it a crucifix, and knelt around it in prayer."

Morning and evening prayers were always said in common, and so devoted were his neophytes that they would not think of going on the hunt without first obtaining his blessing. His bodily sufferings were however almost past endurance. His bed night after night consisted of but a few bows or pine branches laid over the frozen ground with little or no covering. "It was the sort of an inn where you did not have to settle with the host." Their food for the most part was only dried meat, hard as iron," says Father Druillettes, "and as taste-

less as hemp." Frequently after night-fall, the good priest would have to steal away from the smoke, noise and turmoil of the Indian camp to read his office as best he could with only the glimmering rays of the moon as they softly stole through the towering trees of the virgin forest. His years of probation in the Jesuit novitiate at Toulouse where his heart was steeled in all that was necessary for the formation of the apostle, were not without purpose, but we may well doubt whether he or his faithful teachers had any conception of the rigors and privations of a winter in the American wilds where at best, only a miserable existence could be his daily portion. But the purpose in view knew no limit, or saw no obstacle too great to be encountered. To the humble and heroic missionary, the soul of the American savage was as dear as were any of his friends or fellow countrymen amid the vine-clad hills of sunny France. Consumed with love Divine for the salvation of their immortal souls, it mattered little to him wherever he might be called to follow; the cheerless solitudes of the frozen north, or the health laden, balmy breezes of our own delightful Maine summers were all the same to the Christian soldier of the Cross.

Such is the fact that is borne in upon us with irresistible logic as we read the few letters yet extant written by men like Druillettes from the midst of the great forest wilds to his fond friends at home or his Superior in the little asile at Quebec. The same strain of zeal and hopeful expectation runs through them all, showing us that the main spring of his very existence was the salvation of his fellow creature wherever he might chance to be or the path of duty might call him.

With motives like these in evidence, need we wonder at the anxiety of our Maine Indians to retain their beloved "Patriarch" in their midst; need we wonder at the cordial welcome which always seemed to be his even in the homes of the Pilgrims; need we marvel even at his reception in the very heart of Puritanism on the occasion of his first official visit to Boston. "The three-hilled city of the Puritans," writes Parkman, "lay chill and dreary under a December sky, as the priest crossed from the neighboring peninsula of Charlestown." We have often noticed how aptly chosen are the words of Parkman. The chill and the dreariness seem to affect one perchance even now as they did Father Druillettes when he entered Boston on this winter's day, but feelings of timidity and awe are soon dispelled by the hospitality of our reception. On no occasion during the years of his stay among the New England hills, do we find recorded a single hint either on the part of the Indians or the early pilgrim settlers, that his presence was not agreeable. And when the time came for him to slowly wend his way back to his Canadian home, to return no more among the people

who loved him so well, we find as we briefly follow his after career, on the missions whether at Tadoussac, up along the Saguenay, or in the far west, that his life was but the echo of what it had been along the banks of Imperial Kennebec. At one time we see him among the Ottawas, again among the Algonquins; we meet him at Tadoussac and follow him up the now famed country of the Saguenay; finally in the far west at that charming spot then as now called "Sault Ste. Marie" where the waters of Lake Superior bounding down over the craggy heights come to mingle with those of Huron. Here in the company of Allouez and Marquette we are to witness the closing days of a long and useful life. It was now the month of September, 1670. Though bending beneath the weight of nearly three score and ten years, the apostle of the Kennebec had come to give what little yet remained of his old time vigor to the service of his Master, to the upbuilding of a Christian empire on the shores of the great lakes. Here as of old he gathered the children of the forest about the rude chapel, taught them in brief the arts of civilization, and the mysteries of the Christian religion; here were witnessed again and again the contests between paganism and Christianity; here he tasted both the joys and disappointments of the missionary life, shared the lot of the Indians on their long and toilsome winter hunts. The Chippewas, the Kiskakons, the Missisagas, and even the warlike Dekotas in turn claimed his attention. An event which per chance saddened his latter days now came to pass. For a long time there had been bitter enmity between the Dekotas and the Indians living about the Sault. Father Druillettes had gathered them together in council, and had brought them to realize the blessing of peace, when in an illstarred moment, a Cree brave suddenly rushed into the assembly and stabbed to death one of the Dekota emissaries. Indiscriminate slaughter followed and when the fray had ended not a single Dekotas remained living and the entire settlement including the chapel had been reduced to ashes. Druillettes' promising mission had all disappeared, and for a time the prospects of establishing a Christian village at the Sault seemed doomed to bitter disappointment. But the undaunted Druillettes did not appear to know the meaning of the word failure. The last embers of the smouldering fires had hardly grown cold ere the work of reconstruction was on, the chapel and its surrounding cabins again rebuilt, and the scattered nations again gathered about the Sault. The opportune moment for organizing the western tribes under the domain of France had now arrived; the French commander Saint-Lusson had traveled the forest far and near and had assembled the chiefs for conference. It was the 4th of June, 1671. The Jesuits Druillettes, Allouez, and André were there. Bancroft in one of his early editions thus describes

this noted assemblage: "The day appointed for the unwonted spectacle of the congress of nations arrived; and with Allouez as his interpreter, St. Luson, fresh from an excursion to Southern Canada,—that is the borders of the Kennebec, where the English habitations were already sown broadcast along the coast,—appeared at the Falls of St. Mary as the delegate of Talon. There are assembled the envoys of the wild republicans of the wilderness, and the brilliantly clad officers from the veteran armies of France. It was formally announced to the natives, gathered, as they were, from the head-springs of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Red River, that they were placed under the protection of the French King. A cross of cedar was raised; and, amid the groves of maple and pine, of elm and hemlock, that are strangely intermingled on the beautiful banks of the St. Mary, where the bounding river lashes its waters into snowy whiteness as they hurry past the dark evergreen of the tufted islands in the channel, the whole company of the French, bowing before the emblem of man's redemption, chanted to its glory a hymn of the seventh century:—

*'Vexilla Regis prodeunt;
Fulget crucis mysterium.'*

The banners of heaven's King advance;
The mystery of the cross shines forth.

By the side of the cross a cedar column was planted, and marked with the lilies of the Bourbons. Thus were the authority and the faith of France uplifted, in the presence of the ancient races of America, in the heart of our continent." The vast and varied gathering melted away; and the great Indian chieftains disappeared to their far and distant forest homes; but the work of the zealous missionaries went on with unabated vigor. While their natural sympathies were undoubtedly wrapped up in the destinies of their beloved France, yet the real empire in whose behalf the energies of a long life were spent, was that of the Cross, and the only regret that was perchance theirs, was the fact that the fleeting years of man's earthly career were too few for the zeal which consumed them in the Master's service. And as the knell of departing usefulness sounded for Father Druillettes in 1679, we may well picture the aged white haired missionary, as he enters his baiden canoe to begin the journey of over a thousand miles to their humble home on the rock at Quebec. As he bids farewell to his associates, the yet youthful André, the talented Allouez, and passes down by the place "where the bounding river lashes its waters into snowy whiteness" we imagine that we see the tears of regret silently flowing down his wrinkled cheeks, as the shortness of human usefulness dawns upon him. His life's work is now at an end, and there remains naught on

earth for him, save to patiently await "the knell of parting day." But the voice of duty as it formerly called him to labor and sacrifice, now calls him to prayer and rest; and as his trusty guides slowly paddle their fragile bark down through the great lakes, by Niagara, amid the thousand islands, along the broad, and swiftly flowing waters of the great St. Lawrence, we may well glean, that whilst passing through earthly beauties unsurpassed, Father Druillettes had already turned towards those of the Eternal shores. His stay at Quebec was not long. On the 8th of April, 1681, as the vesper bells were sending forth the call for evening prayer, the soul of the heroic Druillettes went forth to meet its creator. And while his mortal remains rest in their unknown grave within the walls of old Quebec, the memory of his untold labors yet endures, and whether we meet him in the huts of our Indians along the Kennebec or among the noted men of his day, we everywhere recognize the Christian soldier, the Christian nobleman, and as such we bid him a last adieu in our brief account of his missionary labors among the Indians of our State.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PENTAGOET.

Whatever may have been the year in which the Capuchins commenced to reside permanently at Pentagoet, must for the present remain undetermined. We believe however that a careful examination of the many documents on file in the archives of the Propaganda will throw much light on their stay within the borders of our State. While the various reports of the Jesuit fathers were always made to their superior and were carefully guarded and treasured by the Society, the Capuchins appear to have made the report of their missionary labors not so much to their superior as to the Propaganda at Rome, where undoubtedly their interesting letters yet remain.

However this may be, the first real testimony of their presence here is given us by Father Druillettes who visited the station of Pentagoet late in the fall of 1646. The Jesuit father had just arrived to take up missionary work among the Indians of the Kennebec where he had probably heard of the little hospice over on the Penobscot. That he should desire to spend a few days of repose with his countrymen was perfectly natural. In the Jesuit Journal Vol. XXXI, 1646-1647, we have preserved for us a brief account of this visit. Having passed from one to another of the "seven or eight English settlements" then scattered along our coast, "the savage, his guide, seeing himself on the shores of the sea of Acadia in his

little bark canoe, conducted the Father even to Pentagoet where he found a little home of the Capuchin Fathers who embraced him with the love and charity which may be expected of their goodness. The Rev. Father Ignace of Paris, their superior, gave him all possible welcome. After having refreshed himself some time with these good Fathers, he re-enters his bark boat and returns to the English settlements which he had visited on the way."

The Capuchins were consequently at this date, the end of October or the first of November 1646, well established at Pentagoet. We would wish that Father Druillettes had left us a completer account of his call on the Capuchins on the Penobscot, for they doubtless went over in detail the various events of their years of labor, their sacrifices, etc., hence he could easily have given us the complete history of their sojourn up to that time within the borders of our State.

The next well authenticated fact which we find in connection with these early missionaries came to light in the fall of 1863. Pentagoet was again the scene of warlike activity; another fortification, Fort Madison, was being prepared against possible attacks on the part of France and England then anxious to aid the Southern Confederacy; a highway was being built from the fort to the town road, when one of the laborers, Mr. W. H. Weeks, chanced to uncover what appeared to be an ordinary piece of old copper. As it was found just below the surface, a few paces back from the fort, with nothing remarkable about it, Mr. Weeks laid it aside for the moment: Sometime afterwards having to repair his boat he cut off about one-sixth of the copper plate for this purpose. Close observation, however, led to the discovery that there were figures and letters on the larger section, and as the part attached to the boat had not been mutilated, it was easy to carefully examine the find, with the result that little by little the corrosions of past years being removed, the following old time inscription became plainly visible:

1648.8.IVN.F
Leo. PARISIN.
CAPUC. MISS.
POSVI HOC FV*
NDTM IN HNR-
EM NRAE DMAE
SANCTAE SPEI.

1648 June 8, I Friar
Leo of Paris
Capuchin, Missionary,
laid this foundation in honor
Of our Lady
of Holy Hope.

Dr. John Gilmary Shea in the Historical Magazine of America, Vol. VIII., Sept. 1864, makes the following timely observation of this important discovery: "The members of the order in France generally put Capuchin after the name; in Italy and Germany more frequently Ordinis Minorum Capuccinorum, or the initials, O. M. C.

If the Father was on the missions, he added the, Missionaire. The signature is not then Capuchin Missionary; but Capuchin, Missionary. The title of the Chapel has caused some investigation but not in the most likely fields. The poetic element which the Catholic Church drew from the East has never forsaken her and the Litanies, Offices, Festal and Votive Masses of the Virgin abound in poetic titles, many of great beauty, and in most cases drawn from Scripture. The Sapiential Books are a great storehouse for this purpose, and the words spoken of Wisdom are applied to her who bore Him who was Wisdom Increate.

One of the most familiar of these is the passage "*Ego Mater Pulcræ dilectionis et timoris et agnitionis et Sanctæ Spei*—" I am the Mother of fair love and of fear and of knowledge and of Holy Hope! Ecclesiasticus xxiv, 18. "In this the reader will see the source of the title 'Our Lady of Holy Hope' given by the Capuchins in 1648 to their convent and chapel at Castine."

For two hundred and seventeen years had the knowledge of this in all probability the first solemn service of Catholic benediction within our State, lain as it were in the obscurity of the grave.

A day in early June, when everything about Penobscot Bay is but little short of charming, we may easily picture the scene of this happy event in all its simplicity. The Acadian Governor, Charles de Menou d'Aulnay de Charnissy, attended by his captains and military cohorts may have been there. The quaint war ships of the period may have been moored off the fort, whilst among them passing to and fro were the myriads of barken canoes bearing their dusky burdens. The Indian Chiefs of the Penobscots and the Kennebecs, their warriors and maidens, may have been in attendance. There one might have seen the adventurous French trader, or perchance the comely and modest Norman maiden. On that day the Capuchin Fathers in their coarse brown, rope girded habits, with their shaven heads, and sandaled feet, may have broken their wonted silence to chant the beautiful and inspiring verse "*Ego Mater Pulcræ dilectionis et timoris et agnitionis et Sanctæ Spei*" as they placed according the Catholic ceremonial the first stone of their convent or chapel on these lovely shores; the peninsula of old Pentagoet may have witnessed many a scene of Barbaric grandeur in the bye gone years, but it may have this day beheld for the first time, the happy unfolding of the Christian liturgy amid our primeval surroundings.

In this our day, the laying of a corner stone might mean the presence of a large assemblage, and a solemn service; may it not have been the same in the case of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" at ancient Pentagoet?

Looking over the ground at Castine today, one finds little difficulty in associating the spot where this copper plate was found in the autumn of 1863 with the site of one of the many Catholic chapels that were here erected. Fort Pentagoet had not then assumed its proportions of later years, in fact it may have been little else save a palisaded trading post, and what was more natural than to go down the peninsula to near the present ruins of old Fort Madison? Here in the open, in full view of the passer by, whether up or down the bay, was found that quiet not possible in the Indian village, or in the traders' fort; here was that prominence of location always sought by the Church; here we believe without doubt was erected the first substantial chapel in our State dedicated for Catholic worship under the beautiful title of "Our Lady of Holy Hope."

After the visit of Father Druillettes to Pentagoet in 1646, this old copper plate is the only mute reminder of Capuchin labors that we have until we meet the letter of Father Cosme de Mante in the Jesuit Relations of 1650 and 1651.

Father Druillettes had hardly returned to Quebec from his first winter on the Kennebec ere the Abenagois asked for his return. In the Relations July, 1647, we read: "On the third or 4th the Abenagois ask to speak to me in order to thank me for Father Druillettes' journey and to beg me to allow him to return. But the last people who came from the Abenagois having brought letters from the Capuchin Fathers who begged us not to return again, I refused them and gave the answer which will be found in a letter which I wrote to the Capuchins."

The letter of the Jesuit Superior to the Capuchins has not been published, hence we are left to surmise the reasons why they did not desire the presence of the Jesuits on the Kennebec. Civil war was at this time in progress between D'Aulnay and La Tour, who had invoked the aid of the English colonies against the forces of his rival. As a consequence, the Governor of Acadia was not specially favorable to the English, hence the coming of Father Druillettes clothed with their apparent good will and favor, necessarily caused suspicions in the mind of the cautious commander at Pentagoet. We believe that the Capuchins were inspired to send the letter requesting the Jesuit not to return more because of reasons of State than any other, and that their real sentiments were always the same as those expressed in their letter of 1648. Father Ignatius of Paris had now left Pentagoet, and Father Cosmas de Mante his successor yielding perhaps to the importunities of the savages as well as to their inability to cover the vast field, wrote the Jesuit Fathers at Quebec requesting their return.

In the Relations for 1650-51 we read: "About the end of August of last year, 1650, two Abnagois canoes came expressly, on the part of that entire nation to get Father Druil-

lettres who had already instructed them in order that he might continue to render them that charitable service. The Father returned with one of our dominies. To tell the truth this district was not within our jurisdiction, except in so far as zeal compelled us not to abandon people of good will, who were inclined towards the faith but who at that time had no one to instruct them. A letter from a Reverend Capuchin Father, named Father Cosme de Mante, Superior of the Acadian missions of the Reverend Capuchin Fathers dated in the year 1648 greatly encouraged us thereto. The words of the Father were: 'We entreat your Reverences by the sacred love of Jesus and of Mary, for the salvation of these poor souls who beg for you towards the south, etc., to give them that assistance that your courageous and indefatigable charity can give them; and even if in passing to the river Kinebeque, you meet any of ours, you will do us a favor to express your wants; if you do not meet any, you will continue if you please, your holy instructions to these poor Indians and forsaken ones, as far as your charity will permit'."

Fathers Cosmas de Mante and Gabriel de Joinville had visited Quebec this same year, and while there had paid a visit to Sillery where they were witnesses of the great work being done at this mission by the Jesuit Fathers. The success attending their efforts could not but have had an effect on the two Capuchin fathers, which may account for the sending of this urgent letter to the Jesuit Superior shortly after their return to Acadia.

When Father Druillettes finally returned in 1650 to renew his mission labors on the Kennebec, there is however no evidence that he again visited Pentagoet over which the pall of religious silence again settled. Sieur D'Aulnay, the friend and protector of the Capuchins, died in 1651. During his career, "no other place," says Williamson, "was so much of a resort for Catholic Missionaries, as the fortress of D'Aulnay." The marriage between his widow and La Tour took place early in 1653, but as La Tour appears to have been reconciled to the Church prior to his marriage with Madame D'Aulnay there is no evidence that he interfered with the work of the Capuchins either at Pentagoet or Port Royal. Whatever may have been the extent of their labors, their zeal must have been greatly hampered by the long and bitter struggle for mastery in Acadia on the part of D'Aulnay and La Tour, which had hardly terminated ere all the Acadian settlements were captured by the English in 1654. How long the Capuchins remained after this date is uncertain, but the probabilities are that the new masters of Acadia did not look with any great favor on the presence of the Catholic missionaries, and that they consequently soon accelerated their departure. Their stay

had probably extended over a period of 15 or 20 years during which we find that the destinies of the Church were furthered as far as circumstances permitted. We have no means of knowing just how many fathers took part in these early efforts in behalf of religion along our coast; we meet frequently however, the names of Fathers Leonard of Chartres, Leo Ignatius of Paris, Cosmas de Mante, Gariel de Joinville, and Bernardine de Crespy. Elzear de St. Floratin who appears to have remained at Fort Pentagoet for ten years or more, where he was noted for his Christian virtues, and knowledge of the Indian language, was probably not a priest.

There seems to be some doubt as to the lot of Father Leonard of Chartres. Shea in his History of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol 1, p. 237, states that "Father Leonard of Chartres for baptizing a child which, with its mother, was in danger of death, was mortally wounded by an Indian. Before they could reach the hospice with the dying Capuchin, the post was captured by the English, and he was taken to a neighboring island, where he expired. "In Charlevoix's New France Vol. III. p. 134, where speaking of the assault and capture of Port Royal by the English, the author states that, "F. Leonard de Chartres, Vice-Prefect and custos of the Capuchin mission with his fellow religious, were at liberty to remain or to return to France." Father Ignatius of Paris who laid the corner stone of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" at Pentagoet seems to have returned to Paris where he died a few years later.

Thus closed the missionary labors of the Capuchins at Pentagoet. The times were trying, and conditions most unfavorable for the progress of the Church, hence lack of success should be attributed not to the inactivity of the fathers but rather to circumstances over which they had no control.

The spot where Father Leo's Copper Plate was found in 1863 has through the efforts of Mr. Charles W. Noyes, a man deeply interested in the history of Ancient Pentagoet been marked by a simple cross, and while we have no absolute certitude that here stood the chapel or hospice of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" yet as we stand by the cross just back from the ruins of Fort Madison, and view the beautiful scene around about us and look thence into the dim past over two centuries ago, there comes to us as it were in the language of the poet Longfellow "A Gleam of Sunshine."

"This is the place,—stand still, my steed
 Let me review the scene
 And summon from the shadowy past
 The forms that once have been!"

CHAPTER XIX.

PENTAGOET, 1654.

From 1654 until July 31st, 1667, while Acadia remained under English rule we may reasonably presume that little or no opportunity was given the few French families remaining at Pentagoet or at any point along the Acadian coast to enjoy the ministration of their religious teachers, but with the signing of the treaty of Breda, July 31st, 1667, all the country lying east of the Penobscot was again returned to France, yet it was only in 1670 that we have the formal transfer of Pentagoet from the English under Cap. Richard Walker to the French government represented by Hubert d'Andigny, Chevalier de Grandfontaine.

To no one did the signing of this treaty bring greater joy than to the illustrious Bishop of Quebec, Francois de Laval de Montmorency, who at once saw that it was now possible to again take up the work of the Catholic Church along our coast. That the Faith had not grown cold in the hearts of the faithful is evidenced by a letter written by Father Petit to Mgr. de Saint-Vallier, coadjutor Bishop of Quebec. Writing from Port Royal where he had been located by Bishop de Laval, Father Petit states that there were in his Parish "about 600 souls, 80 families or more of well disposed, God fearing people, among whom there was an entire absence of profanity, impurity, and intemperance, and although they are scattered along the river to a distance of several miles, they nevertheless come in crowds to church on Sundays, and feast days, as well as being sufficiently prompt in the frequentation of the sacraments.

"God forbid that I should attribute to my feeble efforts, their good dispositions, for they are just as I found them on my arrival, and yet they had been fifteen or sixteen years without priests, while under English domination; it is indeed a pleasure to me while doing justice to them, to attribute this fact to the protection of Divine Providence."

Port Royal was at this time the mother parish of the entire Acadian coast as it had been since the early days of its foundation. This was the starting point of Biard and Masse for Maine; from this source, came the Capuchin fathers to "Old Pentagoet." Did Father Petit likewise take a journey along our rock bound shores? For nine years had the good priest been at Port Royal when he wrote the letter from which we have taken the above quotation, and we believe that he was in all probability the first priest to visit Pentagoet after the departure of the Capuchins, for we cannot conceive of a man so noted for his zeal allowing so many years to pass by with-

out visiting the distant portions of his extensive parish. In fact this deeply interesting letter would indicate as much, for after calling his Bishop's attention to his lonely life as a missionary as well as his shattered health, he makes a special plea that Father Thury who had been his companion for a few weeks be returned together with another priest, so that "not only the poor families living at a distance of fifteen or sixteen leagues might be visited, but that the consolations of our holy religion may be carried even thirty or forty leagues to those along the river St. John and other neighboring points on the coast where there is no missionary."

We have another reason for supposing that the worthy pastor of Port Royal was no stranger at Pentagoet. Shortly following the signing of the treaty of Breda, there came to Pentagoet, a man whose name was destined to be during many a trying year, a household word throughout the length and breadth of both the English and Acadian colonies. An old soldier and a brother officer in the famous regiment Carignan-Salières, Jean Vincent de St. Castin and Louis Petit had long been united in the bonds of the closest friendship. They had both served together in the wars against the Iroquois and the English colonies. With the coming of peace, Captain Petit had entered the seminary at Quebec where he was in due time advanced to Sacred orders and holy priesthood, while his friend Baron de St. Castin had settled at Pentagoet where he finally succeeded to the command of this important post about the same year that Father Petit was sent to take charge at Port Royal. That Baron Castin was a frequent visitor at Port Royal is evidenced in Father Petit's reports to Bishop Saint-Valier, from which we easily glean that it was no unusual occurrence to have the Baron and a large party of followers present at Sunday services in the church at Port Royal. It is therefore not at all unreasonable to suppose that the Abbé Petit was a frequent visitor during these years at Pentagoet where he ministered to the needs of the faithful who still called for the consolations of our holy faith.

We find however no evidence of any priest residing at Pentagoet from the departure of the Capuchins about 1654 until the coming of Father Thury in 1687. During this period of about thirty-three years the old trading post had often changed masters. It was captured as we have seen by the English in 1654 by whom it was held until its surrender to the French in 1670. In 1674, a Flemish Corsair under the command of John Rhodes appeared off the Post which soon surrendered. The Flemish occupation was followed by the Dutch who assumed control in 1676 only to be driven out shortly afterwards by a New England expedition from Boston, which left the fort in charge of Baron de Saint-Castin.

We have no means of knowing just the condition of Fort Pentagoet when it was first captured by the English in 1654. That the English improved and strengthened during their occupancy from 1654 to 1670 there is little doubt, since the description which was made of it at the time of its surrender to Grandfountaine shows it to have been a work of no mean strength.

We feel that this historic document is deserving of a place in our sketch on the existence of the Church at Pentagoet.

CONDITION OF THE FORT AND POST OF PENTAGOET AS IT WAS
IN THE YEAR 1670, THE SIXTH OF AUGUST, WHEN THE
ENGLISH SURRENDERED IT.

First, a fort with four bastions, well flanked, which bastions, taking them as far as the verge of the terrace inside, are sixteen feet.

The terraces on the inside are eight feet within the curtains. On entering in at said fort there is on the left hand a guard-house that is from twelve to thirteen paces in length and six in breadth.

Upon the same side is a low magazine with another of equal size and length, being thirty-six paces in length and about twelve in breadth, covered with shingles, under which magazines there is a small cellar nearly half as large as the magazines, in which there is a well.

Upon the right hand on entering into said fort there is a house of the same size as the aforesaid guard-house, in which there are three rooms.

Above the passage which is between the guard-house and the house which is on the right, there is a chapel, eight paces in length and six in breadth, built of timber, and with mud walls (bouzillage), upon which is a small steeple, in which is a metallic bell weighing eighteen pounds, the whole covered with shingles.

Upon the right hand is a house, of the like length and breadth as the magazine, of the same character except that it is not all covered, and that it has no cellar.

All of which houses are built of stone from Mayenne, (in the places) where a little repair is necessary.

Sixty paces from the place there is a shed—half covered with plann—twenty-five paces long and twelve wide, which serves to house the cattle.

About one hundred and forty paces from the place there is a garden, which has been found in quite good condition, in which there are seventy or eighty feet of fruit trees.

In regard to the artillery upon the rampart of said fort, the following cannons were found, first:

Six iron guns carrying six-pound balls, two having new carriages and the other four old, and the wheels new, which six pieces weigh, according to their marks,

One	1800 pounds
One	1230 "
Three others	1500 "
One	1350 "

Besides, two pieces carrying two-pound balls, having old carriages and new wheels, weighing

One	1310 pounds
The other	1232 "

Besides, two iron culverns, three-pounders, with their carriages old and wheels new, weighing each 925 pounds.

Besides upon a platform overlooking the sea and outside of the fort, two iron guns carrying an eight-pound ball, having new carriages,

One weighing	3200 pounds
The other	3100 "

In the fort is found 200 bullets from three to eight pounds in size. Lastly, upon the ramparts there are six iron guns without stock, and dismounted, that they judge to weigh 1200 pounds."

Such was Fort Pentagoet, originally erected to stand as a sentinel on the western boundary of Acadia as well as to give protection to the few traders that may have gathered within its walls. What part of the fort as above described owes its existence to D'Aulnay, what part to the English, will probably never be known. Dr. Wheeler in his excellent history of Castine, page 9, voices the not improbable opinion that it was greatly enlarged during its occupation by the English, and in this connection we would remark that the little chapel mentioned as standing over the gateway should be of especial interest to the Catholic reader of today. We note its dimensions as being about 24' x 18', its general descriptions and outlines, and we ask ourselves to whom we may ascribe its origin. Dr. Wheeler, page 11, says, "From the descriptive text accompanying the second plan it appears that the chapel, presumably that of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" was built over the gateway, and was doubtless entered from the rampart."

Dr. John Gilmary Shea in his History of the Catholic Church in the United States is of the same opinion. In Vol. I, p. 336, the learned author writes: "The chapel once served by the Capuchin Fathers was restored to Catholic worship. It is described as 'a chapel of about six paces long and four broad, covered with shingles, and built upon a terrace; it is surmounted by a belfry containing a small bell weighing about eighteen pounds.' This was the only church in the only French post on our soil at that time. When France recovered Acadia

we trace the existence of only one priest in the province, the Franciscan, Laurence Molin who seems to have visited all the stations, and drawn up a census, so that he probably officiated in this chapel for the garrison and the handful of French settlers. But the lone settlement did not grow, though Baron de Saint-Castin, ensign of Grandfontaine, Governor of Acadia, or his successor, Chambly, labored earnestly for years to develop the resources of the post and district soon known as the parish of the Holy Family."

After having often traveled the soil of "Old Pentagoet" and having visited her many historic spots, once the seat of former greatness, and having spent hours in conjecturing back "The forms that once have been," we see no difficulty in voicing the opinion in whose behalf many reasons may be alleged, that Pentagoet has seen the rise and fall of at least three Catholic chapels, namely, "Our Lady of Holy Hope," June 6th, 1648; St. Peter's within the walls of Fort Pentagoet, and the "Holy Family," erected during the pastorate of Father Louis Thury to supply the needs of the many Catholic Indians then living in and about Pentagoet.

CHAPTER XX.

PENTAGOET.

We have no means of knowing the exact date of the erection of the little chapel on the southwestern rampart of Fort Pentagoet, any more than we can assign the year when the fort itself was called into existence by the exigencies of the times. There seems little doubt that the stormy days of D'Aulnay's stay at Pentagoet necessitated his living more or less within the walls of a fortified post, and that he consequently greatly enlarged the old trading house which perchance antedating the coming of the Plymouth colony in 1620 may trace its origin to the efforts of Charles La Tour to establish himself on this point as early as 1614. While there is a possibility that the chapel within the fort may have been one of the English improvements, yet it is more probable that it was erected by D'Aulnay to supply a place where religious services might be held at which the members of the garrison and the few French settlers or tradesmen might assist. The increase of population but most especially the conversion of the Indians a few years later demanded a larger place of worship which was supplied by the erection of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" in 1648.

The long years of English occupation from 1654 to 1670 left few or no opportunities for missionary work among the natives

who perchance ceased to frequent the place as of yore; but the signing of the treaty of Breda and the return of the French authorities restored the old time relations between the occupants of Fort Pentagoet and the surrounding tribes. Starting with 1676, when Baron de Saint Castin found himself practically in supreme command of the post the Church was given a free hand in her labors for the conversion of the Indians of the Penobscot.

The moment now seems opportune to give some few details on the life of the most prominent Catholic layman of his day, in our State, Baron de Saint-Castin.

His family of ancient lineage, took its name from a small section of the Canton of Morlaas in the department of Pau in France. His father, Jean Jacques d'Abbadie, Lord of Saint-Castin, was born at Escourt Nov. 1st, 1620 the same year and month the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. In the month of July, 1654, Louis XIV erected his estates into a barony, and created him the first Baron of Saint-Castin.

Two years previous, his beloved wife, Bernardine de Bearn while yet in her 25th year, had fallen a victim to the pest while at Arette, leaving her husband three little orphan children, John James, Mary and John Vincent, to mourn their mother's early death. In February, 1666, whilst his family was yet in its tender years, the Baron, followed his wife to an early grave. Left to their own resources, the youthful de Saint-Castin made their way in life as best they could; John James d'Abbadie died without posterity; Mary married John de Tarbaig, a noted advisor of his King, and a member of Parliament from Navarre; John Vincent d'Abbadie, born in 1652, the same year his mother died, in all probability at Escourt, a small hamlet near Oleron, emigrated at the age of 15 to Canada as a member of the famous regiment of Carignan-Salières in which he had the rank of ensign.

A year or so after its arrival in Canada, the regiment was disbanded, and young Castin, as Parkman tells us in his 'Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV,' "followed his natural bent, and betook himself to the Acadian woods." This was about the year 1666, and should the date of his birth as given be correct, Saint-Castin would have been at this date only about 15 years of age, truly a very early period for a mere youth to brave the disorders of frontier life. That he should have fallen on evil ways would not be at all surprising, when we consider the many temptations thrown before him, and the small support he might find among his associates to encourage him in the practice of Christian virtues. With the possible exception of the Franciscan Father Laurence Moulin who may have formed his acquaintance, there were no available missionaries to hold out a helping hand to the young man until the coming of his friend and associate, Father Petit to Port Royal in 1676.

We have however no reliable proof that he fell into the dis-solute life attributed to him by many writers biased as they were against him in common with other children of the Church. To them it never seems to be a question as to whether any allowance should be made in the case of a young man, a mere boy, we might say, deprived of his parents in boyhood, condemned to mingle in army life with those much older, and perchance not too religious, then settled where he could not at least for a time enjoy the consoling supports of his holy faith.

There is in truth on the part of many writers of note, as for instance Parkman, no disposition to extenuate, but on the contrary every chance is taken to belittle, blacken, and destroy the character of one who gave no just cause for the harsh accusations brought against him.

Dr. Wheeler, author of "Castine Past and Present," has this to say about Saint-Castin: "The character attributed to Castin differs according to the various prepossessions of those describing him. By nearly all of his contemporaries he is represented as a man of good abilities, very daring and enterprising, of very fascinating address and manners, and as possessing a competent education. He was liberal and kindly in his feelings, and a devout Catholic in his religion. He was held in high esteem by the French in general, by whom he was considered a man of sound understanding, and one desirous of meriting respect.

"His relations, however, with the Governor, Monsieur Perrot, were not very amicable, and at one time, the latter detained him seventy days upon the charge of 'a weakness for some females!' By the Indians, over whom he had great control, he was considered in the light of a tutelar divinity. He was feared as well as hated by the English, who accused him of inciting the savages against them, and of providing them with arms and ammunition. They made several attempts to induce him to desert the French cause, and Mr. Palmer, a judge at New York, at one time offered him a grant of all the lands he claimed as his if he would become a subject of Great Britain. He always, however, refused to recognize the English, and thereby preserved possession of the place to the French until the year 1693, when, seeing the futility of further opposition, he gave his adhesion to the English crown." The same historian justly adds: "His letters, many of which are preserved in the archives of the French Marine, show him to have been a cautious, prudent man, and incidentally, shows something of the trials to which he was subjected, owing to his isolated position and the rival claims of England and France to the control of this portion of Acadia."

"Being a devout Catholic," says Parkman, "he wished to add a resident priest to his establishment for the conversion of his Indian friends, but observes Father Petit of Port Royal, who

knew him well, 'he himself has need of spiritual aid to sustain him in the paths of virtue.' He usually made two visits a year to Port Royal, where he gave liberal gifts to the Church of which he was chief patron, attended mass with exemplary devotion, and then, shriven of his sins, returned to his squaws at Pentagoet."

Quoting from Father Petit's long letter to Bishop Saint-Valliere on the spiritual condition of Acadia, written in 1686, we find the meaning of his words not precisely the same as that given them by Parkman in his "Frontenac and New France," p. 361.

Speaking of the great and crying need of missionaries for the colony of Acadia, Father Petit thus refers to Saint-Castin: "M. de Saint-Castin would like to have one at Pentagoet where he usually resides with the Indians who are anxious to be instructed. That he may remain in the path of virtue, this gentleman has need of the same assistance. He came to this country at the age of 15 years as ensign to M. de Chemblay. On the capture of Pentagoet, he was obliged to flee with the Indians, with whom he remained, conforming himself to their manner of living.

"He is a very good man and deserves to be assisted. Here we are deeply indebted to him for his timely aid to our church which were it not for him and another well disposed man, would be much worse off than it actually is. I always remember him in my prayers when I enter the church, and when he comes here to see me which is usually twice a year, he always edifies us by assisting at Sunday services with all possible piety and devotion."

It is in truth not easy to see how Parkman draws his base and vile conclusions from Vicar General Petit's letter above quoted. Instead of giving the letter the meaning which Father Petit wished to convey, the New England historian takes the one sentence, "*Ce Gentilhomme a besoin lui-meme de ce secours pour se soutenir dans le bien*" and twists the same in order to brand Saint-Castin as a libertine.

That he was held a prisoner 70 days by Perrot because of a "weakness for some females" would prove little against him, when we take into consideration Perrot's past and future standing, and the fact that he wished to control the entire trade of the colony, and was consequently unwilling that Saint-Castin should traffic with the natives. It was therefore to the advantage of the Governor to bring a charge against his competitor so as to destroy his standing and drive him from what was a most lucrative business. It would therefore seem unwise to place too great reliance in the accusations of his enemies, or in those who had something to gain by his downfall.

Saint-Castin may have had his failings; and while we do not find that he posed as a saint, we feel that when his age, his times and surroundings are fairly considered, due justice must be accorded him for having attained a degree of fidelity to the tenets of his holy faith, not common amid similar surroundings in the lives of the men of his day.

The year of his coming to Pentagoet is uncertain. Dr. Wheeler above quoted, in his history of Castine, p. 14, states: "He probably came to this peninsula, it is believed, that same year, 1666, and erected a safe and commodious residence." Although, as we have seen the treaty of Breda was signed July 31st, 1667, yet it was only in February, 1668, that another article specifying Pentagoet was added, and not until 1670 was the fortress of Pentagoet handed over to Chevlrier de Grandfontaine, the French Governor of Acadia, hence we are led to believe that while Saint-Castin may have come to Acadia as early as 1666, it was only after the place had been formally surrendered to the French that he took up his permanent residence at Pentagoet.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BIGOT BROTHERS.

What might have been the results had Father Druillettes been permitted to close his long career as a missionary among the Indians of our State, is hard to imagine, for while his stay would undoubtedly have meant the creation of a large Catholic Indian colony on the Kennebec, yet we fear that those days of peace and quiet which marked his stay, must inevitably have been marred by that struggle for the mastery of this State which soon arose between the followers of France and England.

King Philip's war which broke out in 1675 gradually involved the Indian tribes in Maine who continued to fight with pitiless severity and without mercy until the treaty of Casco which was signed by the Indian chiefs and the English commissioners, April 12th, 1678. While this war did not extend to the Acadian or Canadian colonies yet the French must have been most interested spectators in its result, for they could not have looked on the ever increasing numbers of the English settlers without well grounded feelings of alarm for the future control of these favored lands. They had long considered the Kennebec as theirs. From Quebec up the Chaudière and down its rippling waters had for ages been the favored pathway to the Gulf of Maine. It would be hard to tell how long the beaten carries from the head waters of the Chaudière to those of the Kennebec had been

trodden by the Indian foot. Along the self-same beaten ways, the French forest ranger and trader had learned to roam. It was the natural course from Quebec to the sea.

From the very beginning there had sprung up between the early French settlers and the Aborigines a bond of mutual trust which if anything grew stronger with passing years. The humble child of the forest was never able to point to his French brother and accuse him of betrayal. Repeated acts of deception taught the Indian to mistrust the English; they saw their favorite hunting grounds appropriated; their chosen resting spots by the sea and along the river banks occupied; their boundaries gradually forced back until there remained little else save starvation in store for a race that had long occupied the soil.

What was more natural than that the doomed Indians should have sought assistance from the French authorities at Quebec not only against their English opponents but likewise against the terrible Mohawks and Iroquois whom the Puritans had so successfully turned against them? What more natural than that the French should have welcomed their aid in the unequal struggle for the possession of not only their Acadian provinces, but later on of all that they possessed on the North American continent?

It was perhaps to strengthen their position along the St. Lawrence that led to the establishing of the Abenakis Village of St. Francis de Sales on the Chaudière where in time through the instrumentality of the lowly but devoted Jesuit Fathers they hoped to assemble in its entirety, this the most intelligent branch of the great Algonquin tribe. As at Sillery, so at St. Francis de Sales, the wandering Abenakis always found a welcome. Here year after year, they were taught the mysteries of our holy faith; here they learned to know and love those two Apostolic men, the brothers, Vincent and James Bigot, soon destined to take up the work of the intrepid Druillettes on the Kennebec. Making as they did one or perhaps several visits to the Indian mission settlement on the St. Lawrence, they were witnesses of the same spirit of sacrifice, the same zeal which had animated their former Apostle now soon to close his earthly existence in the humble Jesuit asile at Quebec.

Vincent and James Bigot were born at Bourges where Vincent first saw the light of day, May 15th, 1649, while it was on the 26th of July, 1651, some two years later that his brother James came to gladden the Bigot home. Both practically followed and taught the same courses in the Jesuit Colleges at Bourges, Rouen, Clermont, and Paris,—passed through the same novitiate at Rouen, where Father Vincent completed his course in 1680 and embarked the same year for Canada, to take up his duties at Sillery. On the completion of his studies in 1679, Father

James sailed for Canada where he anxiously awaited the coming of his brother the following year, when both took up their residence at Sillery, in 1681.

The Abenakis were now coming to Quebec in such numbers, that it was found necessary to establish a second mission at St. Francis on the Chaudière to which the few remaining colonists at Sillery were eventually transferred in 1689 at which epoch there were probably something over 1200 exiled Kennebec Indians living at St. Francis de Sales on the Chaudière and at Becancourt both of which missions were under the spiritual care of James and Vincent Bigot.

Pushed back from the sea by the ever increasing number of English Colonists, the head waters of the Chaudière and the Kennebec had become the Indian's favorite hunting and fishing grounds. Here without doubt the Jesuit Fathers James and Vincent Bigot moved about among them and gradually extended their ministrations down the Kennebec as far as Old Narant-souac where they apparently established a permanent mission station about the year 1687. This does not however mean that this section of the mission field had been neglected, for while there are no recorded visits of the missionaries since the departure of Father Druillettes in the spring of 1652, we feel that the intercourse between the missions about Quebec and the Indians of the Kennebec must have necessitated a visit now and then to some few poor Christian Indians unable to take the long and toilsome journey from the Kennebec to Sillery or St. Francis. It is not at all unlikely, that the zeal of the Jesuit oftentimes took him down over these long stretches on his mission of mercy which brought untold consolation to the sick and the dying Christian. Sick calls were so common an occurrence in those days, that no one thought it worth while to record them, and the only mentions we might perchance find, would be in some filial letter from the lone missionary to the loved ones at home, written just to give them an idea as to how their beloved was spending the few passing days of his earthly career.

At this period of our history, we find a great deal of uncertainty as to the missions actually occupied by the Jesuit Fathers Bigot. Father Maurault in his excellent history of the Abenakis, p. 382, states: "Father Vincent Bigot was sent about 1689 to Pentagoet, accompanied by his brother James, who thus left for some time his mission on the river Chaudière. These two missionaries gathered together a large number of Abenakis at Saint-Castin's fort where they built a chapel sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. They also erected a residence for the missionaries. After a short stay at Pentagoet, Father James returned to his post at St. Francis de Sales on the Chaudière. Father Vincent remained at Pentagoet two years, when he returned to replace his brother who was about to leave for France.

The work at Pentagoet was taken up in turn by Fathers de la Chasse, Bineteau, Thury, and others. In 1701, Father Vincent again returned to Acadia."

In his excellent work, "The Jesuits in New France," Vol. III, p. 438, the learned author, Father Camille de Rochemonteix, remarks: "We believe that the above passage contain several inaccuracies: 1st, nowhere in the archives of the Society, have we found any mention of the Father Vincent Bigot's residence during two years at Pentagoet nor any account of his having erected a church at Fort Pentagoet. On the Jesuit registers for 1689 and '90, Father Vincent is listed as Superior at Sillery; in 1691 he is down as being at St. Francis de Sales. In 1689 and 1690, Father James as being in charge of the Acadian mission, *missio Acadiensis*; we therefore believe that it is a question here of the mission of St. Francis de Sales where Father James resided, and whence he used to make year after year several Apostolic journeys to Acadia, that is to say to the home lands of the Abenakis, hence if any church was erected there it must have been by him and not by his brother Vincent. 2nd: Father Vincent Bigot could not have been replaced in 1691 either by Father de la Chasse, or Father Bineteau, for Father de la Chasse did not arrive in Canada until 1700, and Father Bineteau who came in 1692, going to St. Francis de Sales at once where he remained until the end of 1693 when he was sent as missionary to St. Ignatius' mission among the Outaouais tribe. 3rd: It was not in 1691 but in 1694 that Father Vincent Bigot went to take up his residence at Pentagoet. The Jesuit list for 1694 expressly states for the first time; *Versus Acadium*. In the account of his trip at the head of a detachment of soldiers to assist in the war against the English in the summer of 1694, Captain Villieu mentions having met on the 10th of May, 1694, Father Vincent Bigot at Panaoumkil the principal Canabas Village on the Penobscot."

Careful perusal of the various documents available indicate that the Jesuits were anxious to settle at Pentagoet, but the Church authorities seemed to wish to limit their activities to the valley of the Kennebec and its surroundings.

In a letter under date of March 18th, 1687, written by Bishop de Laval, then at Paris, to Fathers de Bernières, Desmaizerets, and Glandelet, the Bishop shows great anxiety for the propagation of the Faith throughout his vast Diocese, especially going into many details regarding Acadia, evidently showing that he wished to divide the missionary work in this vicinity between the Jesuits and the fathers from the Society of the Foreign Missions, and even though the Jesuits appeared anxious to take charge of the entire field, yet his Lordship judged it "Just and reasonable" to leave a portion of this promising land to others.

It is however possible to reconcile some of the many conflicting accounts, by assuming that the Indians had already begun to establish themselves on Indian Island in the Penobscot, opposite the Old Town of today, hence it may have been to this settlement rather than to Pentagoet and its immediate vicinity that reference is now and then made in the short narrations now remaining on the life and labors of the Bigot brothers among the Indians of our State.

An old time history of Norridgewock has this to say of these two illustrious men: "These fathers were of the Barons Bigot, among the Nobility of France. They left all the temporal luxuries of their estate in civilized life, and abode among the Abnakies. 'Their domicile was a rude hut of bark, their bed, bear-skins spread upon the earth, their dishes were taken from the birch tree, and their food, the sagamite and the game which the savages furnished them.' Vincent dwelt usually on the Penobscot, but James was, on the Kennebec."

CHAPTER XXII.

NARANTSOUAC.

That the Jesuit Fathers James and Vincent Bigot extended their missionary labors as far as the Penobscot at this period does not seem probable for it was about this same time that Father Louis Thury was stationed at Pentagoet where he remained for upwards of ten years. The wants of the Indians now gathered in large numbers about Pentagoet were doubtless attended by Father Thury, particularly since the Bishop of Quebec appeared unwilling to permit the entrance of the Jesuits to these promising fields. We find however no data that would justify the assumption that the priests stationed at Saint-Castin's fort did any mission work up the Penobscot during the years now under consideration, so that the Jesuit fathers on the Kennebec may have taken up the care of the Abenakis then perhaps gathered about the upper tide waters of the Penobscot.

We do not however see any reason to doubt their activities on the Kennebec where the gradual encroachments of the English settlers tended to hasten the day when the French Government would be called on to defend its claims to the Kennebec as the western boundary of Acadia. This gave to Narantsouac a National as well as a religious value. The Indians had now gathered here in large numbers. The peninsula on which their village was located offered an admirable site for a thriving Catholic colony. A level plateau rising some fifty

feet above the rapidly descending waters of the Kennebec, formed by the aluvial deposits of many a by-gone age, a soil early and well drained afforded excellent tillage ground for the few vegetables and maize which formed the Indian's daily fare. To the East and North, but a short distance away, the rising hills covered by the lofty evergreen, virgin pines offered due protections against the wintry blasts; to the South and West the rippling waters of the Kennebec came to mingle with those of the Sandy river, both pure and unsullied by the hand of civilization, gushing forth as it were from their forest fastness, lashed to snowy whiteness in their descent over the rock bound falls to bathe the shores of Old Narantsouac. Here in the springtime, came from the far away sea, the Shad, the Alewife, the Salmon to bask and play amid these sparkling waters with that lovely denison of our forest streams, the speckled trout; here on the east bank of the Kennebec, just facing the outlet of the Sandy river stood 'Old Narantsouac' palisaded to the North and East by the forest wild, to the South and West by the bounding river waters. The eye of man perchance had never beheld a more entrancing scene, or gazed on lovelier surroundings, than the little village of Narantsouac here in the very heart of nature blessed by all that the bountiful hand of the Creator had to offer. To this favored spot, the children of the great Abenakis race, pressed and pushed back by the steady march of the conqueror, came to claim a last foot hold in their ancestral soil; here now and then for a time, came the Jesuit fathers, the brothers, James and Vincent Bigot, to encourage them in their unequal conflict to hold out to them their only hope, man's spes unica, the cross; afterwards perchance to dwell a few years in their midst, to prepare the way for that great Catholic Indian parish of the Kennebec whose varying destinies were for so many years presided over by the martyred Rale.

It was probably in 1695 that Sabastian Rale came to take up his residence at Narantsouac. This noted man was born in Franche Comte, Diocese of Besançon, France, Jan. 4, 1657. After the completion of his early studies, he had joined the Society of Jesus in the Province of Lyons, Sept. 25, 1674. About 15 years later, he volunteered for the American missions, and as he tells us in one of his letters, sailed from La-Rochelle July 23, 1689. A voyage of about three months brought him to the shores of America where he landed at Quebec, October 13th of the same year.

To fit himself for his life's work, he went at once to St. Francis de Sales mission on the Chaudiere where with his well disciplined mind and his knowledge of Latin, he has little difficulty in mastering the simple language of the Abenakis.

"After spending two years in this village," says Abbott in his history of Maine, "he received an order from his ecclesiastical superior to go far away into the depths of the savage wilderness, to a mission among the Indians of Illinois. Without a murmur, in August, 1691, he prepared for this journey of two thousand four hundred miles, through the trackless wilds, towards the setting sun.

"Repairing to Quebec, he there with a few companions and Indian guides, set out on his long and perilous journey, in a birch canoe. They ascended the winding and rapid current of the St. Lawrence; carried their canoe and its freight on their shoulders, around the portages by which they passed the rapids. After traversing the whole length of Lake Ontario, and threading the forest around Niagara Falls they again launched their canoe on Lake Erie. Weary days and nights of storm and sunshine passed as they paddled along the shores of this inland sea, through the straits, expanding in their center into Lake Clair, traversed Lakes Huron and Michigan, crossed the portage to the upper waters of the Illinois River, and descended that stream to their destination amidst the thronged villages of the Indians, situated upon its banks.

"Every night they landed, built their camp-fire, cooked their supper, performed their devotions, while the silent forest echoed their vespers; and, commending themselves to God, they enjoyed that sleep which he gives to his beloved. Often, when it rained, the upturned canoe afforded them their only shelter. Frequently they suffered from hunger, and eagerly devoured the lichins which grew upon the rocks. Here Sabastian Rale spent two years in teaching the Indians. He was then recalled by his superior and stationed at Norridgewock on the Kennebec."

In the prime of his days, well seasoned in all the hardships of missionary life, Father Rale was well equipped to meet the storms now gathering about his devoted parishioners at Narantsouac. The days of peace and quiet which had graced the labors of Druillettes were no longer theirs. To the English settlers both their presence and their faith had become a menace. They might perhaps be permitted to yet linger a little while longer, but only at the price of their faith; they must send the hated Jesuit back to Quebec. The long struggle for the possession of the American continent was now on in which little save extinction awaited the aboriginal occupant of the soil.

The French had met the Savage and had made him his brother; the English had turned his proffered friendship to the bitterest mistrust and hatred: the one held out a helping hand; the other sought to dispossess him from the land of his ancestors.

"For fifty years," says Abbott, "the planters and traders of Maine carried on their intercourse with the Indians without any open outbreak. The Indians were often subjected to great wrongs at the hands of individuals, and bitter complaints were not infrequent. As the English grew more powerful, they became more arrogant and domineering; while the natives, crushed and irritated, were ready to embrace any opportunity for direful revenge."

The Indian was susceptible to kind and honest treatment, and those among the English who accorded him a fair deal, was sure to enjoy his trust and friendship. There are fortunately not wanting examples of fairness on the part of the English settlers in their relations with the doomed Indian, which served to soften the animosities of the times. As one of the few, we would mention the chief magistrate at Pemaquid, Abraham Shurte. This was about the beginning of King Philip's war when redress for the grievances of many a year was sought by force of arms. Mr. Shurte, now a very aged man, had always lived in peace and harmony with his Indian neighbors. In the course of a conference with some of their chiefs held at Pemaquid, he is reported to have thus addressed them; "I have urged our committee of war to issue orders forbidding everybody to harm or even threaten a peaceable Indian. I am determined to see all the wrongs you have suffered fully redressed."

"The Indians," writes Abbott, "manifested no disposition for the horrors of battle in which all lost and none gained. They were appeased by these conciliatory words. A treaty of peace between these two parties was the result. The Indians promised to do all in their power to induce others to cease their depredations. This however was but an individual act on the part of Mr. Shurte. In other parts of Massachusetts and Maine, different councils prevailed. In desultory warfare, desperate white men wreaked vengeance upon the Indians, their wives and children, which no savages could exceed."

The death of King Philip in August, 1676, only served to scatter his forces but did not end the war which dragged on witnessing the destruction of Arrowsick and Falmouth with untold cruelties perpetuated by both sides almost constantly notwithstanding there were short periods of peace, yet during the fifteen years preceding 1695, hardly a frontier escaped, and in fact many of the towns supposed to be strongly fortified were laid in ashes by the infuriated Indians.

The Catholic missionaries were accused of inciting the savages to their many deeds of cruelty. "That these selfdenying ecclesiastics," says Abbott, "toiling in the wigwams to elevate and instruct the Indians, were patriotic to their own country, when war was raging between France and England, cannot be

doubted. But no man can read the record of their toils and sufferings without the conviction that they were truly good men, endeavoring, according to the best of their knowledge, to seek and to save the lost."

Such was the situation in 1695 when Sebastian Rale came to take up his residence at Narantsouac.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEBASTIAN RALE—MISSIONARY.

The coming of Sebastian Rale to Narantsouac, marks the opening of a period of missionary labors extending over a span of more than thirty years. Filled with that burning zeal for the salvation of souls, which spurs the missionary on amid all dangers, trials and privations, he had come in the prime of his days to give his very best efforts to the spiritual guidance of the sorely pressed and much tried children of the great Abenakis tribe.

With the struggle that was now on between France and England for the mastery of America, it was quite natural for the French to have encouraged and sought the support of the Indians who had always looked upon them as brothers, and had lived and associated with them as such. Claiming as they did the Kennebec as the Western boundary of Acadia, it is reasonable to suppose that the question was discussed by the French authorities prior to the advent of Father Rale on the Kennebec, that he was cognizant of the purposes of his government, that he had their interests at heart, and that he would give to their claims that support which was justly due them on the part of one of their fellow countrymen. On this point we see no reason for expecting that Sebastian Rale would act otherwise than a dutiful and loyal son of old France, in fact it would seem unjust to consider him in any other light than devoted to the interests of his nation. We have however to remember that his mission to the Indians of the Kennebec had a far loftier end than the serving of mere earthly, national aims, and that we would do the sainted Apostle, the martyred priest, a great injustice, if we for a moment supposed that he even subordinated or considered in the same breath, the claims of an earthly prince to the service of those whom he had been chosen to lead to the loving servitude of the Eternal Father himself. These thirty years of self-denial passed amid the primeval surroundings of his day, were therefore years given first, last and always to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God among the aboriginal

occupants of the State of Maine, and most especially those living along the banks of the beautiful Kennebec, and while we may perhaps be called on to consider his relations, painful to him as they oftentimes must have been, with the English colonists, we prefer to look for the moment on his career as the great, if not the greatest that fell to the lot of any pioneer missionary in this our beloved country.

The daily life of the missionary among the Indians was at its best a trying one, and Father Rale's formed no exception to the general rule. The fact of his being most welcome among his people doubtless served to ameliorate the asperities of a situation which, bereft of laboring for the love of God, would have been well nigh unbearable. For honor and an earthly reward, man might for a time endure it, but to survive it for nearly a third of a century, in peace, good cheer, and contentment demands naught else save the highest and holiest of motives that can possibly actuate the heart and soul of man during his migration here below.

Few more beautiful passages of literature have been written than those that come to us from the pen of non-Catholic historians about the lives and sacrifices of the early Catholic missionaries among our Indian tribes. The spirit which actuated the humble missionary has often been the theme of both prose and poetry on the part of our American authors, but they seem to have seldom grasped the motive which induced this heroic man to leave the home associations of his native land, bid what often proved to be a final farewell to his loved ones, and betake himself to the squalid huts of the savage there to spend years, and not unfrequently a life time amid scenes the most revolting that human ingenuity can paint. But the missionary reckoned not the cost when it was a question of the salvation of souls. Herein we find the key to the life of Sebastian Rale who never faltered in that sublime devotion to duty, from the moment of his coming to Narantsouac to that mid-summer day of 1724 when he laid down his life as a peace offering for the freedom of his people.

In two letters written to his family in France, just before the close of his long career of self-abnegation, the heroic missionary lifts the veil of humility just enough to let us behold the scenes of a busy life among his beloved neophytes on the Kennebec. Many a time perhaps had they written him for details of what appeared to them as his lonely existence, but he seems not to have let them behold the cares or joy of his distant forest home. Feeling perchance the pleadings of filial affection, besides knowing that the sands of his busy existence were rapidly passing into the great hour glass of time, the lone missionary decided that he should write one of his own what

had been his daily duty these many years, since his departure from the family fireside.

Let us endeavor to picture to ourselves, Father Rale now aged and decrepit as he sits at a rough hewed table and writes:

“NANRANTSOUAK, October 15, 1722.

Monsieur My Dear Nephue:

The Peace of our Lord.

During the more than thirty years that I have spent in the midst of the forests with the Savages, I have been so occupied in perfecting and training them in Christian virtues that I have scarcely had leisure to write frequent letters, even to persons who are dearest to me. Nevertheless, I cannot refuse you the little account you ask of my occupations. I owe it in gratitude for the friendship which makes you so interested in what concerns me.

I am in a district of this vast extent of territory which lies between Acadia and New England. Two other missionaries are, like myself, busy among the Abnakis Savages; but we are far distant from one another. The Abnakis Savages, beside the two villages which they have in the midst of the French Colony, have also three other important ones, each situated on the bank of a river. These three rivers empty into the sea south of Canada, between New England and Acadia.

The village in which I dwell is called Nanrantsouak, is situated on the bank of a river, which empties into the sea thirty leagues below. I have built here a Church which is commodious and well adorned. I thought it my duty to spare nothing, either for its decoration or for the beauty of the vestments that are used in our holy ceremonies; altar-cloths, chausubles, copes, sacred vessels, everything suitable, and would be esteemed in the Churches of Europe. I have trained a minor clergy of about forty young Savages, who in cassocks and surplices, assist at Divine Services; each one has his duty, not only in serving at the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but in chanting the divine office at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and in the processions—which are made with a great concourse of Savages who often come from a great distance in order to be present with them. You would be edified with the good order which they observe, and with the reverence which they show.

Two chapels have been built, about three hundred steps from the village; one which is dedicated to the most blessed Virgin, and in which her statue in relief is seen, stands at the head of the river; the other which is dedicated to the Guardian Angel, is below, on the same river. As they both are on the path

which leads either to the woods or the fields, the Savages never pass them without offering prayers therein. There is a holy emulation among the women of the village regarding the best decoration of the chapel, of which they have care, when the procession is to enter it; all they have in the way of trinkets, pieces of silk or chintz, and other things of that sort—all are used for adornment.

The many lights contribute not a little to the decoration of the church and chapels; I have no need to economize in wax, for this country furnishes me in abundance. The islands of the sea are bordered with wild laurel, which in autumn bears berries closely resembling those of the juniper-tree. Large kettles are filled with them and they are boiled in water; as the water boils, the green wax rises, and remains on the surface of the water. From a bushel of these berries can be obtained nearly four pounds of wax; it is very pure and very fine, but is neither soft or pliable. After a few experiments, I have found that by mixing with it equal quantities of tallow,—either beef, mutton, or elk,—the mixture makes beautiful, solid, and very serviceable candles. From twenty-four pounds of wax and as many of tallow, can be made two hundred tapers more than a royal foot in length. Abundance of these laurels are found on the islands, and on the shore of the sea; one person alone can easily gather four bushels of berries daily. The berries hang in clusters from the branches of the shrub. I sent a branch of them to Quebec, with a cake of wax, and it was pronounced excellent.

None of my Neophytes fail to come twice every day to the Church,—in the early morning to hear Mass, and in the evening to be present at the prayer which I offer at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the thoughts of the Savages, which wander only too easily, I have composed some prayers, suited to make them enter into the spirit of the august Sacrifice of our Altar; they chant these—or rather, they recite them aloud—during Mass. Besides the sermons that I preach to them on Sundays and on Feast-days, I seldom pass over a working-day without making them a short exhortation, in order to inspire them with horror for the vices to which they have inclination, or to strengthen them in the practice of some virtue.

After Mass, I catechize the children and the young people; a great number of older persons are present, and answer with docility to the questions which I ask them. The remainder of the morning, until noon, is devoted to all those who have anything to tell me. At that time they come in crowds, to reveal to me their griefs and anxieties, or to tell me the causes of complaint which they have against their tribesmen, or to consult me about their marriages or their other private affairs. I must instruct some, and console others; reestablish peace in

disunited families, and calm troubled consciences; and correct a few others with reprimands, mingled with gentleness and charity,—in fine, send them all away content, as far as I can.

In the afternoon, I visit the sick and go to the cabins of those who have need of special instruction. If they are holding a council which often happens among the Savages, they send one of the chiefs of the meeting, who begs me to be present at their deliberations. I go immediately to the place where the council is in session. If I think that they are taking a wise course, I approve it; if, on the contrary, I find anything amiss in their decision, I declare my own opinion which I support with a few sound reasons and they conform to it. My advice always determines their decisions. I am invited even to their feasts. Each guest brings a dish of wood or bark; I bless the food; then the prepared portion is placed upon each dish. The distribution having been made, I say grace, and each one withdraws, for such is order and the custom of their feasts.

In the midst of these continual occupations you can hardly believe with what rapidity the days pass away. There has been a time when I scarcely had leisure to recite my office, or to take a little rest during the night, for discretion is not a virtue of the Savages. But for some years past I have made it a rule not to speak with anyone from the hour of evening prayer until after Mass the next day; and I have forbidden them to interrupt me during that time, unless it were for some important reason—as, for instance, to aid a dying person, or some other matter that could not be delayed. I use that time for attending to prayer, and resting from the labors of the day.

When the Savages go to the sea to spend some months hunting ducks, bustards and other birds that are found there in great numbers, they build on some island a Church which they cover with bark, near which they set up a little cabin for my dwelling. I take care to transport thither a part of the ornaments; and the sacrifice is performed there with the same propriety and the same throng of people as in the village.

You see, my dear nephew, what my occupations are. As for what concerns me personally I assure you that I see, that I hear, that I speak, only as a Savage. My food is simple and light; I never could relish the meat and smoked fish of the Savages; my only nourishment is pounded Indian corn, of which I make every day a sort of broth that I cook in water. The only improvement that I can supply is to mix with it a little sugar, to relieve its insipidity. There is no lack of sugar in these forests. In the spring the maples contain a fluid somewhat resembling that which the canes of the islands contain. The women busy themselves in receiving it into vessels of bark, when it trickles from these trees; they boil it, and obtain from it a fairly good sugar. The first which is obtained is always best.

The whole Abnakis Nation is Christian and is very zealous of preserving its Religion. This attachment to the Catholic Faith has made it thus far prefer an alliance with us to the advantages that it would have obtained from an alliance with its English neighbors. These advantages are very attractive to our Savages; the readiness with which they can engage in trade with the English, from whom they are distant only two or three day's journey, the convenience of the the route the great bargains which they find in the purchase of goods which suit them,—nothing would be more likely to attract them. Whereas in going to Quebec they must travel more than fifteen days to reach it; they must be supplied with provisions for the journey; there are several rivers to cross and frequent portages to make. They feel these inconveniences, and they are not indifferent to their own interests; but their faith is infinitely dearer to them, and they believe that if they were to break off their connection with us they would soon be without a missionary, without Sacraments, without Sacrifice, almost without any service of Religion, and in manifest danger of being plunged back into their former unbelief. This is the bond which unites them to the French. There have been vain endeavors to break this bond—both by snares that have been laid for their simplicity, and by violence, which could not fail to irritate a Tribe so infinitely jealous as is this of its rights and liberties. These beginnings of misunderstanding continue to alarm me, and make me fear the dispersion of the flock which Providence has confided to my care for so many years, and for which I would willingly sacrifice all that remains to me of life."

—The above narration, in simple language, of his daily life at the far away mission post on the banks of the Kennebec, for the benefit of his nephew and other members of his family in France, shows to us that spirit of sublime devotion to duty which characterized the stay of Sebastian Rale during the long and eventful years of his career at Narantsouac. The morn of his coming to what was perhaps already practically a Catholic Indian village, found him in the full vigor of manhood, ready for any sacrifice necessary for the maintenance of the Faith in the hearts of his people. His one purpose was to hold what the Church through the labors of Druillettes and other zealous Fathers had gained, and to win for her yet still greater victories among the Indian children of Acadia.

Narantsouac was to be his mission center, his point of vantage whence he might journey as circumstances required through the immense territory assigned to his pastoral care. Did the travel worn missionary find here a chapel, and did its bell peal forth a joyous acclaim on the day of his advent? Available data give no ground for assuming that anything more than the usual barken covered, rude unshapely edifice had thus far

borne the sign of man's redemption on the plains of Norridge-wock. The Chapel which Father Rale mentions in the letter above quoted was in all probability the work of his own hands; in fact the letter so states. The village of Narantsouac at this period had not assumed the proportions given to it later on by the guiding hand of its zealous Catholic pastor. It was now only an assemblage of frail huts pitched on the river bank just a few steps back from the time worn path which followed the winding course of the Kennebec. A few years later we shall see it strengthened and palisaded against the gathering storms which eventually wrought its ruin.

A short distance below the village on the rising ground but a few steps back from the east bank of the Kennebec, Father Rale selected the site of his first Church. The snows of two hundred and twenty years or more have since covered this hallowed soil, but it is yet possible for one familiar with the ground to point out the spot on which stood one of the first substantial Catholic Chapels erected within the bounds of our State. Facing the bounding river just as it comes down over its rocky course to steal its way as it were through the many acres of fertile intervale lands, the alluvial deposits of the by-gone ages, one standing in its doorway might have been a witness to all the varied scenes of Indian life of that distant day, as well as to the silent grandeur of the towering forests as far as eye could reach which like ramparts encircled the village on every side.

The gathering of the roughly hewed timbers, the rising walls, the thatched covered roof, artistically adorned interior, deftly arranged as a mute appeal to the Savage natures of the then untutored Indians, the altar service, and the hand made vestments from the ladies of France, all this must have gladdened the heart of the lone missionary as he looked forward to a most abundant harvest in this his chosen vineyard.

Then in the presence of the gathering congregation from far and near for Divine service, may we not be permitted to speak of the joy that must have been Father Rale's portion, as he stood perchance on a Sunday morning in the door of his Church awaiting the coming of his people. The tethering of the barken canoes along the river bank, the noted chiefs of the nation among whom we might name Robinhood, Natawormett, Hopegood, Bomazeen, Moxus, Warracensit, and many others, the dusky mothers and maidens all came within his view. The assembled flock in all the regalia of its barbaric splendor, the added solemnity of the vested choir, the chanting of the old time anthems both in the vernacular of the Savage as well as in the Latin tongue, the ancient language of Mother Church, the Kyrie, the Gloria, the Credo, the Sanctus, the Agnus Dei of the Mass, the O Salutaris, the Tantum Ergo of the Bene-

diction, brought to Sebastian Rale the self same consolations, the same blessings to the people, as would have been his had he chosen to remain a shepherd of his own race among the vine-clad hills of France.

All this and more which we have quoted from his letter of October 22, 1722, shows what were the beginnings of a sublime life of sacrifice devoted from day to day to the religious instruction of those untrained natures over which he had been placed, a work which consumed his time so completely, that he was finally obliged to sequester himself, as it were, in the privacy of his humble cabin for the fulfilment of those religious duties which man owes to himself, even while chosen to hold up before the uninstructed the lamp of Faith and the consolations of our Holy Religion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SEBASTIAN RALE, MISSIONARY.

Continued.

Sebastian Rale's missionary life at Narantsouac was in truth so filled with the faithful performance of his duties towards his Indian parishioners, that little if any time remained for dwelling on thoughts of home. This fact is most beautifully placed before us by Parkman in "A Half Century of Conflict" Vol. I, pp. 218-219. Rale's leisure hours were few. He preached, exhorted, catechised the young converts, counselled their seniors for this world and the next, nursed them in sickness, composed their quarrels, tilled his own garden, cut his own firewood, cooked his own food, which was of Indian corn, or, at a pinch, of roots and achorns, worked at his Abenaki vocabulary, and, being an expert at handicraft, made ornaments for the church, or moulded candles from the fruit of the bayberry, or wax-myrtle."

Busy as was his daily life at the mission, practically the same work was continued when he had occasion to follow his people as they betook themselves either to our great island lakes or to some favored spot by the sea where they might perchance tarry for several months.

In a long letter to his Brother, written from "Narantsouac, this 12th of October, 1723," Father Rale gives in detail, conditions accompanying these journeys.

"At certain seasons," writes the zealous missionary, "our people go to a river not very far distant, where during one month the fish ascend the river in so great numbers that a man could fill fifty thousand barrels with them in a day if he could be equal to the task. These fish are a sort of large herring,

very agreeable to the taste when they are fresh; they crowd upon each other to the depth of a foot, and are drawn up as you would draw water. The Savages put them to dry for eight days or ten days, and they live upon them during the whole time while they are planting their fields.

"They plant corn in the spring, and do their last tilling about Corpus Christi day; after that they consider to which place by the sea they shall go to seek food until the time of the harvest, which generally takes place shortly after the Assumption. After having conferred together, they sent to beg me to come to their assembly. As soon as I arrive, one of the members speaks thus in the name of all the others: 'Our father what I say to thee is what all these whom thou seest here say to thee; thou knowest us, and thou knowest that we are in great need of provisions. We have scarcely been able to give the last work to our fields, and we have no other resource until the harvest, but to go to the shore of the sea in search of food. It would be hard for us to give up our prayer; therefore we hope that thou wilt be disposed to accompany us, so that while seeking for food, we shall not interrupt our prayer. Such and such men are going to take thee in their canoe, and what thou hast to carry shall be distributed among the other canoes. Thou has heard what I have to say to thee. I have no sooner responded *Kekikberba* (this is a savage expression which means, 'I hear you, my children; I grant what you ask')? than all cry out at the same time *Ouriounie*, which is an expression of thanks. Immediately after this they set out from the Village.

"As soon as we have reached the place where we are to spend the night, they set up poles at certain intervals, in the form of a chapel, they surround it with a large tent-cloth, and it is open only in front. The whole is set up in a quarter of an hour. I always have them take for me a smooth cedarboard, four feet long, with something to support it: this serves for an altar, above which is placed a very appropriate canopy. I adorn the interior of the Chapel with the most beautiful silk fabric; a mat of rushes colored and well wrought, or perhaps a large bear skin, serve as a carpet. These are carried all ready for use, and as soon as the Chapel is set up, we need only to arrange them. At night I sleep upon a rug; the Savages sleep uncovered in the open fields, if it do not rain; if it rain or snow, they cover themselves with sheets of bark, which they carry with them, and which are rolled up like cloth. If the journey is to be made in winter, they remove the snow from the place where the Chapel is to be placed, and then set it up as usual. Every day we have evening and morning prayers, and I offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"When the Savages have come to the end of their journey, they busy themselves on the very next day in erecting a Church,

which they cover with their sheets of bark. I carry with me my chapel and every thing that is necessary to adorn the chancel, which I cause to be hung with silks and handsome calicoes. Divine services is performed as it is in the Village; and in truth they, with all their bark cabins, which they erect in less than an hour constitute a sort of a Village.

"After the Assumption they leave the Sea, and return to the Village to gather their harvest. They have from it something to live upon, although in a very wretched way, until after All Saints' day, when they return a second time to the Sea. At that season they have very good food. Besides large fish, shell-fish, and fruit, they find bustards, ducks, and all sorts of game, with which the sea is covered at the place where they encamp which is divided into a large number of small islands. The hunters who go out in the morning to hunt ducks and other kinds of game sometimes kill a score at a single shot. At the purification,—or at the latest, on Ash Wednesday,—they return to the Village; it is only the hunters who separate from the people and go to hunt bears, elks, deer, and beavers."

These journeys in search of food whether at some beautiful spot along our sea coast, or on the deeply wooded shores of some great inland lake, gave to Father Rale an opportunity of keeping in constant touch with his neophytes, as well as enlarging his sphere of usefulness among the neighboring divisions of the great Abenakis tribe, for they all gathered without doubt at their old time trysting places, not only for the attainment of life's necessities, but for the enjoyment of those time honored pastimes so common among the Indian tribes of our State.

Whilst sharing their days of plenty and privation, the Jesuit father never lost sight of the one great object of his stay among them, so that wherever they might chance to be, his rude cabin was ever the center whence they drew their religious consolations. His days were here equally filled with those Christian ministrations so common among their primitive huts on the plains at Narantsouac. For him, we cannot help feeling that summer at the Indian encampments on our beautiful and romantic coast was not without its joys: and while it is not given us to know the exact spot where they were accustomed to tarry, the numerous shell heaps so much in evidence on nearly every beauty spot along our rock bound shores, the sad reminders of the feastings of a departed race, amply prove that God's untutored child, realized perchance as fully as we of to-day, the select spots on which He seems to have exhausted, as it were Himself, in all the adornments bestowed on the many favored vantage points along our sea coast. Many of them to-day sites for the homes of wealth, while here and there, shell heaps bursting through their well groomed lawns, tell us only too plainly the history of a generation that has passed and gone. Prone as we

are to-day to speak of the beauties of nature, and apt to forget the artistic touch of the Creator's hand, we must remember that the humble missionary, never lost an opportunity of using the primeval adornments, to bring before the childlike minds of his Indian parishioners, the glories of the Creator, and the cares which he has lavished on man's destined eternal home.

No one was able to appeal more strongly to the Indian than he who shared his daily life. The fact that the missionary lived among them as one of their own, partook of their oft times scanty food, frequented like a ministering angel their primitive huts at Narantsouac, or their temporary shelters when on their summer or winter excursions, encouraging the love of all that was good and just among them, assuaging the sick, starting the little ones right in life, giving the consolations of our holy religion to those about to depart, raising in their souls all those aspirations of hope, so common in the heart of man, for the possession of the untold joys of the future life, enabled Father Rale to journey on with his people, sharing their fullest confidences, thereby leading them to the complete acceptance of those truths so essential for man's temporal well being while here below, so necessary hereafter for his eternal happiness.

All of us enjoy our summer days in Maine; from far and away beyond our borders the weary tourist comes to recreate and renew life's dying embers, but the autumnal frosts follow too quickly, and we soon find ourselves amid the rigors of our northern winter. Following his people from their sojourn at the sea side, we may well picture Father Rale, after a few months' tarry at the village, again taking up his toilsome journey to accompany them on their winter hunt.

In writing about the heroic Le Jeune's first days among the Indians, the gifted Parkman gives us in detail something of the difficulties of these winter excursions. The scene is placed in northern Maine in "those savage highlands whence issue the springs of the St. John."

"Winter had set in, and already dead Nature was sheeted in funeral white. Lakes and ponds were frozen, rivulets sealed up, torrents encased with stalactites of ice; the black rocks and the black trunks of the pine-trees were beplastered with snow, and heavy masses crushed the dull green boughs into drifts beneath. The forest was silent as the grave."

"Through this desolation the long file of Indians made its way, all on snow-shoes, each man, woman, and child bending under a heavy load, or dragging a sledge, narrow, but of prodigious length. They carried their whole wealth with them, on their backs or on their sledges,—kettles, axes, bales of meat, if such they had, and huge rolls of birch-bark for covering their wigwams. The Jesuit was loaded like the rest. The dogs

floundered through the drifts unburdened. There was neither path nor level ground.

"Descending, climbing, stooping beneath half-fallen trees, clamoring over piles of prostrate trunks, struggling through matter cedar-swamps, threading chill ravines, and crossing streams no longer visible they toiled on till the day began to decline, then stopped to encamp. Burdens were thrown down, and sledges unlaiden. The squaws with knives and hatchets, cut long poles of birch and spruce saplings; while the men, with snow-shoes for shovels, cleared a round or square place in the snow, and formed an upright wall three or four feet high, enclosing the area of the wigwam. On one side a passage was cut for an entrance, and the poles were planted around the top of the wall of snow, sloping and converging. On these poles were spread the sheets of birch-bark; a bear skin was hung in the passage-way for a door; the bare ground within and the surrounding snow was covered with spruce boughs! and the work was done."

"Thus lodged they remained so long as game could be found within a circuit of ten or twelve miles, and then, subsistence failing, removed to another spot. Early in winter they hunted the beaver and the Canada porcupine; and later in the season of the deep snows, chased the moose and the caribou."

"Put aside the bear-skin, and enter the hut. Here in a space of some thirteen feet square, were packed nineteen savages, men women, and children, with their dogs crouched, squatted, coiled like hedgehogs, or lying on their backs, with knees drawn up perpendicularly to keep their feet out of the fire. Le Jeune, always methodical, arranges the grievances inseparable from these rough quarters under four chief heads,—Cold, Heat, Smoke, and Dogs. The bark covering was full of crevices, through which the icy blasts streamed in upon him from all sides; and the hole above, at once window and chimney, was so large, that as he lay, he could watch the stars as well as in the open air. While the fire in the midst, fed on fat pine-knots, scorched him on one side, on the other he had much to do to keep himself from freezing. At times, however, the crowded hut seemed heated to the temperature of an oven. But these evils were light when compared with the intolerable plague of smoke. During a snow-storm, and often at other times, the wigwam was filled with fumes so dense, stifling, and acrid, that its inmates were forced to lie on their faces, breathing through mouths in contact with the cold earth. Their throats and nostrils felt as if on fire;; their scorched eyes streamed with tears; and when Le Jeune tried to read, the letters of his breviary seemed printed in blood.

The dogs were not an unmixed evil, for by sleeping on and around him, they kept him warm at night, but as an offset to this good service, they walked, ran, and jumped over him as he lay, snatched the food from his birchen dish, or in a mad rush

at some bone or discarded morsel, now and then overset both dish and missionary."

"Sometimes of an evening he would leave the filthy den, to read his breviary in peace by the light of the moon. In the forest around sounded the sharp crack of frost-riven trees; and from the horizon to the zenith shot up the silent meteors of the northern lights, in whose fitful flashings the awe-struck Indians beheld the dancing spirits of the dead. The cold gnawed him to the bone; and his devotions over, he turned back shivering. The illuminated hut, from many a chink and crevice, shot forth into the gloom long streams of light athwart the twisted boughs. He stooped and entered. All within glowed red and fiery around the blazing pine-knots where, like brutes in their kennel, were gathered the savage crew. He stepped to his place, over recumbent bodies and legged and moccasined limbs, and seated himself on the carpet of spruce boughs."

The Kennebec Indians were wont to frequent the Moosehead region of our State in winter oftener perchance than in summer. Here in abundance of the deep snows, was it possible for them to slay the large game then so common in our State; here through the long frozen ice of this our greatest inland sea, could they capture the gamy denizens of the deep, the pale hued salmon, and the speckled trout; here about the Kineo of to-day were quarried and fashioned the flint or horn-blend weapons and instruments found in such abundance at Narantsouac as well as in other parts of our State; here Father Rale during his thirty years of missionary career in Maine, was not unfrequently called on to endure the self-same trials and privations of forest life in winter that had been the portion of his brother priest and missionary, the sainted Le Jeune.

Such were the labors of Sebastian Rale, Missionary. The plains of Narantsouac were sanctified by his presence; his sacrifices, his exemplary life ever the echo of his faith; his constant attention to his wandering flock, his care of the young, a ministering angel beside the pallet of the sick and dying, offering day by day in many a long since forgotten place, the clean Oblation, the eternal Sacrifice for the living and the dead, we cannot but feel that his spirit yet abides in the land hallowed by his sainted deeds and that

"On the shadow of death there is flashing
 The glory of noble deeds done;
 On the face of the dead there is glowing
 The light of a holy race run;
 And the smile of the face is reflecting
 The gleam of the crown he has won.
 Still, shadow! sleep on in the vestments
 Unstained by the priest who has gone."

CHAPTER XXV.

SEBASTIAN RALE.

.. HIS RELATIONS WITH THE ENGLISH COLONISTS.

Sebastian Rale's long residence at Narantsouac necessarily brought him in frequent contact with the English colonists who in their ever increasing numbers constantly encroaching on the lands so long the free and unrestricted hunting grounds of his people, soon filled the Indian tribes with alarm.

They had long regarded the vast and trackless forests, the beautiful inland lakes, the bounding streams, the foam laden, the deeply rushing rivers, the sightly headlands by the sea, as theirs. They had roamed the woodland green; they had guided their frail barken canoes down the rapidly descending torrents; the ocean, the forest, the stream, had given them their precarious living; all this had for generations been their undisputed possession. Titles to the soil meant little or nothing to the Indian, for no matter what he received in return, he still claimed the right to go and come at will. If the European sovereigns could by a mere stroke of their pen convey immense tracts of the American continent to their favorites, the Indian knew nothing of this; if a struggling colonist for a few trinkets bought some favored spot, the Indian had yet to learn the meaning of such transfers. But when it was brought home to him that he could no longer use his ancestral haunts, his rude and untamed spirit naturally resented the restrictions imposed on man by the advance of civilization; and when he came to realize the struggle which was on between the various nations of Europe for mastery in America as well as at home, the Indian was not slow in discovering those among the rival claimants who were the more favorable to his interests, on whose honesty he could place the most reliance.

Hence when it came to making a selection between the upholders of the destinies of France and England, the Indians of Maine ranged themselves beneath the lilies of the Galican nation. Long years of association and the few business relations common between the aborigines and the European had taught the primal occupant of our soil in whom he might place his confidence and trust. He had seen that the English had come to occupy his chosen lands and push him still further back into the vast and trackless wilderness; he had come to realize that their increase meant his disappearance and final extinction,—whereas he had learned to know and love the French as his own, as brethren who would fraternize and enjoy with him the few comforts that had heretofore been his. The French he found content to share his lot even to the extent of the cares and joys of family

life. He saw in the sons of France real friends who deigned to mingle with him, to live and let live, to take their places as members of his family, to rear their humble homes beneath the American sun, and ask his daughter to share their meager fare. He was not slow too in realizing that the French brought a message which held up before him the promise of a better world. If his few primitive ideas had in the past centered in a vague sort of a way about a happy hunting ground, the black robed missionary of the French made this a reality, and taught him the means whereby he might hope to attain the goal of his fondest aspirations.

The newly founded Christianity of the New Englander, cold in its intellectual distinctions made little or no impression on the untrained mind of the Savage, whereas the Catholic French missionary bringing Christianity unshorn of any of its ornaments, still resting on all the consoling traditions of a glorious career undimmed by passing years, untarnished by the hand of the despoiler, found a ready and willing subject, a fertile soil in which the seeds of truth might be sown, with every reasonable assurance of an abundant harvest.

With his temporal and spiritual interests thus protected, resting as it were in the hands of his friend already tried and proven, it is not surprising that when the real struggle for mastery of the American Continent extended itself to the soil of Maine, that the Indians of our State with few exceptions invariably ranged themselves on the side of their French brothers; neither should it be surprising that the French and most especially the Catholic missionaries should have welcomed Indian coöperation and made their interests their own in the long and bloody struggle that began with what is commonly know as King Philip's war and continued on with varying fortunes until the standard of France went down to final defeat before Wolf's conquering legions at Quebec.

A century of conflict left many a sad tale of the cruelties practiced by all parties but the impartial historian will hardly find that the children of France or her allies suffer when compared with their adversaries, or that their missionaries did more than their simple duty when they espoused the cause of their people against the encroachments of their New England neighbors. Unhonored in history would be their place today, had they proven unfaithful to the simple forest children who had given them their trust, and ever looked to them for council and guidance in the defense of their ancestral homes.

Coming to Narantsouac about 1695, Father Rale found his people in the midst of what many have termed King William's war while others class it as the 2nd Indian war. The French authorities had determined to hold the English if possible to the west bank of the Kennebec, thus leaving its eastern shore

as the boundary of Acadia. The erection of Fort William Henry at Pemaquid by Governor Phips in the summer of 1692 at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars was a strong evidence that the English had no idea of leaving the French in quiet possession of this favored portion of our State. The French and Indian made a combined land and naval attack on the Fort the same year, but finding the fortress too strong to be carried by storm the attempt was abandoned.

Wearied of the long struggle, greatly impoverished, having little or no visible means of living, 18 of the Indian sagamores knocked on the 12th of August, 1692, at the gates of Fort William Henry. They had come at the representatives of nearly all the tribes from the Saco to the Passamaquoddy to sue for peace. The terms accorded demanded a complete renunciation of French sovereignty, the handing of their destinies over to the English, and the giving of five of their principal chiefs as hostages for their observance of the treaty. The conditions which were hard and left the Indians mere chattels in English hands would seem to have been dictated with a view of terminating all relations between Quebec and the Maine Indians. Matters however did not improve. The colonists treated the Indians as a subjugated people, restricted their trading privileges, and interfered with their religious convictions.

Objections were raised to the continued presence of the Catholic missionaries at the Indian settlements; they were accused of inciting the natives, and every effort possible was made to have them replaced by the Puritan ministers, so that the struggle finally became religious as well as political.

Father Rale on the Kennebec, Father Thury at Pentagoet, and Fathers James and Vincent Bigot at ancient Lett or Old Town Island according to Williamson, "all of whom were ardent and bold enthusiasts, always ready, with tearful eye, to preach from a text in their creed,—that 'it is no sin to break faith with heretics,' were in turn reviled and calumniated as teachers of a distorted Christianity moulded to the advantage of their race and nation.

Speaking in behalf of the Catholic missionaries Abbott in his history of Maine has this to say: "That these self-denying ecclesiastics, toiling in the wigwams to elevate and instruct the Indians, were patriotic to their own country when war was raging between France and England, cannot be doubted. But no man can read the record of their toils and sufferings without the conviction that they were truly good men, endeavoring, according to the best of their knowledge, to seek and save the lost."

The feeling of mistrust and hatred engendered by the repeated acts of violence on the part of the English, French and Indians doubtless caused all parties to overdraw the actual situation.

However this may be, it was no longer possible for Father Rale living as he did in close proximity to the English settlements, to journey about among them as had been the case with his predecessor, the illustrious Druillettes. From the very beginning of his pastorate on the Kennebec he seems hardly ever to have gone beyond the protecting agis of his people. The Indians on their part always manifested the greatest of anxiety for his safety. Gov. Lincoln mentions a certain occasion when Father Rale chanced to be absent for some little time. He had perhaps gone to a neighboring village or perchance had journeyed to visit his brother missionaries at Old Town or Pentagoet. The Indians, however, were at once convinced that he had been captured by the English. The news was at once sent to the neighboring tribes by the usual hieroglyphical characters representing Father Rale in the midst of the English cruelly tortured to death. "A short time after," as Father Rale tells us in a letter to his brother, "some Savages who were paddling by the place in six canoes perceived this sheet of bark. 'Here is some writing,' said they, 'let us see what it says. 'Alas!' exclaimed they on reading it, 'the English have killed the people in our Father's neighborhood; as for him, they have cut off his head.' They immediately loosened the braids of their hair which they left to hang carelessly over their shoulders; and seated themselves around the pole, until the next day without speaking a single word. This ceremony is among them a mark of the greatest affliction. The next day they continued their way to within half a league of the Village, where they stopped; then they sent one of their number through the woods to the Village, in order to ascertain whether the English had come to burn the fort and the cabins. I was reciting my breviary while walking beside the fort and the river, when this Savage came opposite to me on the other shore. As soon as he saw me he exclaimed: 'Ah, my Father, how glad I am to see thee. We saw a writing which said that the English had cut off thy head. How glad I am that it told a lie' When I proposed sending him a conoe that he might cross the river, he responded: 'No, it is enough that I have seen thee; I shall retrace my steps and carry this pleasant news to those who are waiting for me, and we shall very soon come to join thee.' Indeed, they came that very day." The good Father had been with them to the seashore for a few days, and had quietly slipped away to resume his duties at the Village.

While Captain Iberville was assembling his forces at Pentagoet for another attack on Fort William Henry at Pemaquid, Father Rale was preparing the assembled warriors at Narant-souac and instructing them in the accepted rules of Christian warfare. When the courier arrived from Quebec announcing the renewal of hostilities between France and England, the good pastor assembled the 250 young men fresh from their war

dancing and feasting for the reception of the sacraments and a last word or advice ere they set out on their journey to join their brothers from the East before the walls of Fort William Henry. "I exhorted them," so he writes his beloved brother. "to be as devoted to prayer as they were in their own Village; to observe strictly the laws of war, to practice no cruelty, to kill no person except in the heat of conflict, to treat humanely those who should surrender themselves prisoners." Did he accompany them on their march? We think not; but had he done so, we have no doubt his best endeavors would have been in harmony with those of Captain Iberville and St. Castin to save the surviving defenders of the fortress from the ferocity of the Savages, who enraged after the surrender of the Fort on finding one of their chiefs in Irons, fell on the English and massacred several before the French could intervene.

The Indians had in truth many grievances against the defenders of Fort William Henry. Not so long before three of their chiefs had entered the fort as envoys of their tribe. Their sacred character was forgotten; they were seized and still held as prisoners. But a few months previous, February 16, 1696, Captain Chubb, commander of the fort, had enticed two of their warriors, Edgeremet and Abenquid within the fortress and had them put to death. Even the historian Drake justly terms Chubb's act, and it is hard to see how he could do otherwise, "a horrid and cold-blooded act. Few are the instances that we meet in history, where Indian treachery, as it is termed, can go before this."

If the Indian allies of the French with the remembrance of recent grievances before them, forgot in the flush of victory, the rules of Christian warfare, we must remember the animosities of the times and the provocation under which they labored as well as the fact that whatever humanity the Indian might have for his captive was the result of the truths of the Christian Faith placed before him by the Catholic missionary.

Many were the unfortunate prisoners whose lives would have been sacrificed to enhance the joys of an Indian holiday were it not for the interference and merciful teachings of the lone priest at the village. Thanks to his influence the many captives who survived the fatigues of the awful journeys through the untrodden or trackless forest not unfrequently found their stay in the Indian village so agreeable that they were loath to leave it. "It is a remarkable fact," states Abbott in his history of Maine, "but well authenticated, that in many cases young children captured by the Savages, and brought up among them, were often very unwilling to leave the wigwam, and return to civilized life. The attachment between them and the members of the Indian families became very strong. Very affecting were the partings which sometimes took place." In Williamson's his-

tory of Maine at the very close of Volume first we find the same truth recorded; "A few however, who were captured in their childhood, becoming attached to the society of the savages, chose to remain with them, and never would leave the tribes."

Existing conditions, mutual distrust, hatred of his holy Faith, a general desire to surplant him and belittle his work among the Indians of the Kennebec could not but render Sebastian Rale's relations with the English colonists anything but pleasant, but when in March 1700, a legislative act was passed ordering the Catholic missionaries to depart before the tenth day of the coming September, we easily see what must have been his anxiety during the future years of his pastorate on the Kennebec, and how great must be the care exercised on the part of the Indians for the protection of their beloved apostle.

The enacting of the legislative act of March 1700, ordering the departure of all the Catholic missionaries from the colony before September 10th of the same year, rendered Father Rale's continued stay on the Kennebec illegal in the eyes of the New England authorities, made it a matter of grave concern for his safety as well as that of his brother priest, to his superior at Quebec. Proscribed as it were, the heroic apostle, was now obliged to live in constant dread of seizure either by surprise or whenever the necessities of his people brought him in communication with the English authorities.

Every new evidence of hostility on the part of the Indians was laid at his door; and if one were to believe the various allegations recorded in the many colonial documents of his day, yet extant, it would seem that his entire existence was given to formenting discord between the Indians and their New England neighbors by keeping alive that terrible state of murder and rapine which meant ultimate ruin to all parties concerned. No one who reads the sad history of these trying times can have any doubt of Father Rale's loyalty to his Church and to France. This loyalty stood in the way of two purposes equally dear to the heart of the English authorities, the destruction of the Catholic religion, and the absorption of the American continent. Children of apostate parents, if not actual apostates, the English colonists had carried to America all the anti-Catholic prejudices that had for years been drenching England in the blood of her noblest and best citizens. Brought up in a land where the Church had been loaded with opprobrium of every name and nature, where the practice of the Catholic religion was a crime, we must not find it surprising if the colonist was intollerant, and intensely so, toward things Catholic, and if he looked with a jealous even a suspicious eye on the sacrificing lives of the Catholic missionaries, and the marvelous progress of the Church in the western wilderness. The first step in their plan was to discredit the missionary by holding

him up as a sower of discord, a corrupter of morals, then pass a law making his continued residence a crime. Both of these results were attained as far as the people of New England were concerned, for a careful perusal of the literature of the period leaves room for no conclusion, other than that Rôle was a menace to the good order and general tranquility of the country, hence must be gotten out of the colony as soon as possible.

We find this fact voiced in a report of Col. Wolfgang William Romer, dated Boston, April 11, 1700. As His Majesty's chief engineer in America, Col. Romer had made a tour of the country, carefully inspecting its topography, resources, and possibilities. Addressing the same to the Earl of Bellemont, Captain General and Governor of the Provinces of Massachusetts Bay, New York and New Hampshire, touching on the necessity of erecting fortifications simply because of what the Savages had done. Romer states "The Savages have two forts at the head of the river which are called Naridhewack and Comesquantick. They have two Jesuits in each fort which do great harm to the King's interest, and that of the public because they instil into the people an aversion and hatred for His Majesty and His Subjects."

Writing to the General Assembly under date, Boston, Sept. 3rd, 1700, relating to this same question, the Earl of Bellemont says "This province is in present quiet; but the Government are not without just fears and jealousies of an eruption and general insurrection of the Indians; who seem to be fastened to the interests of ill neighbors the French, being debauched by the priests and Jesuits that are sent among them."

In a letter addressed to "Their Excellencies the Lords Justices, by their Commissioner William Stoughton bearing date December ye 20th 1700," we find the following references to the missionaries: "I crave leave further to observe to your Lords the present repose and quiet of this his Majesty's Province after the late alarm of troubles threatened to arise from the Indians by a fresh Insurrection and breaking forth in open hostility, and how necessary it is in order to ye continuance of this quiet that the French Priests and Missionaries be removed from their residence among them, the Indians taking measures from their evil councils and suggestions, and are bigotted in their zeal to their pernicious and damnable principles."

With the purpose of detaching the Indians from the teachings of the Catholic Church, the authorities had subsidised and placed at New Oxford, J. Laborie, a French minister, possibly a pervert. In a letter dated from 'New Oxford ce 17 Juin 1700, "M. Laborie reports a complete failure to the Governor. Writing July 9th of this same year to the home Government, the Earl of Bellemont states: "The Indians about the Towns of

Woodstock and New Oxford (consisting in abt 40 families) have lately deserted their houses and corn and gone to live with the Penicook Indians, which has much alarmed the English thereabout, and some of the English have forsaken their houses and farms and remov'd to town for their better security. That the Jesuits have seduced those forty families of Indians is plain from several accounts I have received; some whereof I now send viz: Monsr Labourie letter to me, which is very plain evidence of the Jesuits debauching these Indians. Monsr. Labourie is a French minister plac'd at New Oxford by Mr. Houghton the Lieut. Governor and myself at a yearly stipend of 30 li. out of Corporation mony, there are 8 or 10 French families there that have farms, and he preaches to them, and at the same time Instructed those Indians having for that purpose learnt the Indian tongue to enable him to preach therein."

The act passed by the General Court of Massachusetts, June 15th, 1700, sets forth clearly in its preamble, the aims and purposes of the colonial authorities as regards the existence of the Catholic religion among the Indians. "Whereas," states this edict, "divers Jesuit priests and Popish missionaries, by their subtle insinuations, industriously labor to debauch, seduce and withdraw the Indians from their obedience to His Majesty and to excite and stir them up to sedition, rebellion and open hostility against His Majesty's government," it was forthwith ordered that "they depart from and out of the same province on or before the tenth day of September 1700, the stated penalty being perpetual imprisonment should they presume to remain after that date.

On the third of June 1701, John Phillips, Penn Townsend, Natha Byfield, and John Nelson, were sent to meet the Indian chiefs at Arrowsic for the purpose of arriving at an understanding as to their mutual interests. Several propositions, 11 in number, were discussed in a friendly manner to the apparent satisfaction of the Indian delegates among whom we find mentioned the famous chief Moxus of Narantsouac. The summer sun was already sinking behind the western hills when the 9th proposition looking to the maintenance and education of a part of the Indian children by the colonists was placed before the assembly. This move on the part of the English surprised the Indian chiefs who since evening was now approaching asked that the consideration of this important question be postponed until the morrow. We have been unable to find any data to justify the assertion that Father R  le was nearby on this occasion, but we feel quite certain that the chances greatly favor his presence, and that his council was sought by the Indian chiefs in a matter which so intimately concerned the well being of their families.

The assembly opened again on the morning of June 4th, and a negative answer based largely on past experience was returned to the proposition regarding the education of the Indian child.

The colonial commissioners was careful not to press the question, but after giving some assurances as to the whereabouts of some Indian children already in their possession, passed to the 11th article which had to do with the necessity of having a common flag or standard a fact which did not offer any difficulties to the Indian mind which apparently knew little of the niceties of flag law.

The 12th and last proposition however revealed the real purpose of the conference, the rest being merely preliminaries to the great question now dear to the heart of the New England colonists. Let us picture if we may the gathering looks of surprise on the countenances of the dusky yet sturdy forest chiefs as the secretary read: "12 Prop: That we are in an especial manner directed to invite you unto an Union with us in the true Christian Religion, separated from those foolish superstitions and plain Idolatries with which the Roman Catholics and especially the Jesuits and Missionaries have corrupted it to which intent we are to offer you the assistance of Teachers for your Instruction in like manner as is practised amongst those Indians who live amongst us, of whom great numbers have happily received, and live in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, in which great undertaking we shall expect nothing more on your part than your good treatment of those Ministers whom we shall at any time send amongst you." A matter very dear to the Indian heart had now been touched on. It was proposed to eliminate from his existence something for which he long sighed, and in whose possession he had learned to rejoice. The question was a familiar one, and the delegates apparently did not ask for time to consider their response but in clear language admitting of no doubt or hesitation gave what the documentary history of our State has preserved as the "Ind:Ans.r 'It much surpriseth us that you should propose any thing of Religion to us, for we did not think any thing of that nature would have been mentioned.' 'Furthermore nothing of that nature was mentioned when the peace was concluded between all Nations, Furthermore the English neglected to instruct us in religion which, if they had then offered it to us, we should have embraced it and detested the Religion which we now profess, but now being instructed by the French we have promised to be true to God in our Religion, and it is this we profess to stand by.'"

Evidently arranged for the purpose of testing the Indian pulse on what was discovered to be for him a vital question, the usual formalities was gone through and the assembly dis-

solved each to return to his respective haunts, the Indian determined to retain what had been his, the Puritan to consider ways and means of relieving the colony of the presence of the much hated and unwelcome Jesuits, Sebastian R  le at Narant-souac, and James Bigot at Pentagoet.

Two years now pass by leaving in their trail practically the same sad story. Another great gathering has been called, this time at Casco now Portland. A new governor had recently arrived from England. Queen Anne now on the English throne, had selected Joseph Dudley, a native of Massachusetts, to rule her New England provinces. Gov. Dudley's first thought was to hold a conference with the Indian Sagamores. For this purpose he came in regal state to Casco, accompanied by a numerous well armed retinue, hoping to thereby make a lasting impression on the Savage subjects of the English Queen. "But," as Abbott tells us, "the Indians, in the splendor of the occasion, quite eclipsed their white brethren. The Sagamores entered the fine harbor of Portland in the balmy sunshine of a June day, with a fleet of sixty-five canoes, containing two hundred and fifty plumed and painted warriors, in their richest display of embroidered and fringed and gorgeously-colored habilments. They were all well armed; and the beholders were much impressed by their martial appearance." Each wished to surprise the other, but the greater was perchance that of Gov. Dudley who looked for nothing of the kind on the part of the Indian children of what was then the far eastern section of our country. Penhallow's Indian Wars tell us that Adiwando and Hegen were there for the Penacooks, Wattanummo for the Sokokis, Mesambomett and Wexar for the Androscoggins, Moxus, Hopegood, Bomaseen, Cap. Samuel for the Kennebecs, Warrungunt and Wanadugunbeunt from far away Penobscot. One known perchance to all the assembled Indian tribes, to the best of all their race, one whose very name was held in abhorrence in every New England home, as it was in loving reverence at every Indian fireside was also there, Sebastian R  le from Narantsouac. He had come to mingle with his devoted flock on this strange occasion, to advise and direct them in the momentous questions of the age.

It is the pen of this remarkable man that has given us a picture of this eventful gathering, at Casco, June 20th 1703. In the story of his missionary career as traced by his own hand for his beloved brother bearing date, "Narantsouak, this 12th of October, 1723," we find these words: "At the time when war was on the point of breaking out between the European Powers, the English Governor, who had recently arrived at Boston, asked our Savages to give him an interview on an island in the sea, which he designated. They consented and begged me to accompany them, that they might consult me about the crafty propo-

sitions that would be made to them—so as to be sure that their answers should contain nothing contrary to Religion, or to the interest of the Royal service. I followed them and my intention was to keep wholly within their quarters, in order to aid them by my counsel without appearing before the Governor.

“As we—numbering more than two hundred canoes—were approaching the island, the English saluted us by a discharge of all the guns of their vessels; and the Savages responded to this salute by a like discharge of all their guns. Then the Governor appearing on the island, the Savages landed in haste; thus I found myself where I did not wish to be, and where the Governor did not wish I should be. As soon as he perceived me, he came forwards a few steps to meet me; and, after the usual compliments, he returned to the midst of his people, and I to the Savages.

“It is by the command of the Queen,” he said to them, “that I come to see you: she desires that we should live in peace. If any Englishman should be imprudent enough to do you wrong, do not think of avenging yourselves upon him, but immediately address yourselves to me, and I will render you prompt justice. If we should happen to have war with the French, remain neutral, and do not take part in our differences; the French are as strong as we, therefore leave us to settle our quarrels with each other. We will supply all your wants, we will take your peltries and we will give you our goods at a reasonable price.”

My presence prevented his saying all that he intended; for it was not without design that he had brought a Minister with him.

When he had finished speaking, the Savages withdrew for the purpose of deliberating together upon the answer they should make. During that time the Governor taking me aside, said to me: “Monsieur, I beg you, do not influence your Indians to make war upon us.” I answered him that my religion and my office of Priest were a security that I would give them only exhortations to peace. I was still speaking, when I suddenly found myself surrounded by about twenty young warriors who fearing that the Governor intended to carry me off. In the mean time the Savages advanced, and one of them made the following reply to the Governor: “Great Captain, thou tellest us not to join ourselves with the Frenchman, in case thou declare war upon him; know thou that the Frenchman is my brother. We have the same prayer, he and I; and we are in the same cabin with two fires; and he has one fire and I have the other. I see thee enter the cabin on the side of the fire where my brother the Frenchman is seated, I watch thee from my mat, where I am seated at the other fire. If in watching thee, I perceive that thou carriest a hatchet, I shall think What

does the Englishman intend to do with that hatchet? Then I stand up upon my mat to behold what he will do. If he raise the hatchet to strike my brother the Frenchman, I take my own, and I run towards the Englishman to strike him. Could I see my brother struck in my cabin, and I remain quiet on my mat? No, no, I love my brother too well not to defend him. Therefore, I say to thee, Great Captain, do nothing to my brother, and I shall do nothing to thee; remain quiet on thy mat, and I shall remain at rest on mine."

The Casco conference terminating in the usual exchange of presents and protestations of everlasting friendship was devoid of results, or if it had any, it only served to attach the Savages more closely to their French brethren, for when only a few months later, a body of five hundred French and Indians came into Maine, they found the Indians ready to take up their cause, and war known as the third Indian, or Queen Anne's was again on, with each side endeavoring to out do the other in all the barbarous practices of the day. Rival expeditions cruised along the coast or ranged the forests, preying upon the poor unprotected settler whether French or English, every where blackening the land with their merciless ravages. Even Casco was besieged by the French who when driven off were in turn attacked in their stronghold at Port Royal, by a large expedition under Col. Church but as the garrison had the day before been reinforced by the timely arrival of a body of Canadian soldiers under Castin the younger, the place was able to defy the efforts of the English marauders.

It was during the winter of 1705 that the first expedition to Narantsouac was organized. The season was one of unusual severity, and snow to the depth of four feet had already fallen when a body of two hundred and seventy men under the command of Col. Hilton set out on their toilsome march through the deeply frozen wilderness, to the little Indian village at Norridgewock, the home station of Sebastian Rale. In their forest fastness, with the mid-winter snows about them the Indians doubtless felt secure, and as they gathered about camp fires night after night, they perhaps little dreamed of the enemy that was quietly working its way through the snow laden wilderness to the unsuspecting habitat at the confluence of the Kennebec and Sandy rivers. Was the place already palisaded, perhaps so, but we prefer to think otherwise, for up to this moment, no hostile foe had as yet visited Narantsouac. The journey was in truth a toilsome one, but the hardy New England soldiers accustomed as they were to all the rigors of frontier life, soon arrived within striking distance. Whether Father Rale and his Indians were warned of their approach

or not, we are uncertain. Perhaps their long march across the wilderness had from day to day been shadowed by the watchful Indian sentinel and their approach daily heralded at The Point, or what may also be probable, the entire colony was on its annual winter hunt at Moosehead. However this may be, on peering through the towering hemlocks and lofty pines of the virgin forest, a deserted village met their gaze, the inhabitants of Narantsouac were either on one of their yearly pilgrimages, or had sought safety in flight.

Before the astonished eyes of the colonial troops, on a lovely intervale, whose rocky shores were bathed by the rapidly descending waters of the Kennebec, in full view of the river, were a few simply constructed barken Indian huts, while just a shore distance to the south and a few paces back from the river bank, facing the blending waters of the Kennebec and Sandy rivers overlooking what might well have been termed the Bay of Narantsouac stood the "large chapel with a vestry at the end of it."

For years the lone missionary had toiled in the construction of this the religious home of his people. In one of his letters, Father Ral  tells us that he built the "church which is commodious and well adorned." "I thought it my duty," writes the good father in this letter to his nephew, "to spare nothing, either for its decoration or for the beauty of the vestments that are used in our holy ceremonies; altar cloths, chasables, copes, sacred vessels, everything is suitable, and would be esteemed in the churches of Europe."

His life of sacrifice, this primitive chapel, in the heart of the forest, its ornamented walls, and faith inspiring interior decorations, its shrines, and votive altars which gave that warmth to religion which alone the Catholic knows, were all without effect on the Puritan soldier who looked on all this as part and parcel of those "pernicious and damnable principles" imposed by the Catholic church on her simple but devoted chil'ren. The destroying hand of the Pilgrim fell without mercy on the deserted village, and his departure left nothing save a mass of blackened ruins or dying embers to mark the site of the former Catholic Indian village of Narantsouac.

Whether Sebastian Ral  and his devoted parishioners had fled on the approach of Col. Hilton's destroying expedition, or were simply absent on one of their annual hunting parties, we know not, but we may be permitted to picture the returning missionary and behold him as he stands overlooking the havoc wrought through Puritan hatred of him and his holy faith.

A residence of ten years or more, had enabled him to accumulate here as it were in the very heart of the forest wild, some few comforts, permitted by the severity of his monastic rule, as a solace to the weary, perchance oftentimes lonely priest. His

barken hut apart from the village, its well ordered interior, with here and there some little keepsakes, mementoes of the loved ones at home, the rudely fashioned furniture, the primitive study table on which he had left his bayberry candle, a few papers and finger worn books, the little poorly constructed bed where he sought his well earned repose, in a word, his cabin home, the small room which answered all his needs, which was to him both a living and sleeping asile had been pillaged and destroyed, leaving on the scene of his few home joys and comforts only a spot of blackened embers amid the winter snows.

Then his church just back from the river, the religious home of his people. How often had he there stood before them, perchance on the eve of battle and spoke of the mercies of God, His goodness, His justice; how often had he not reminded them of their duties towards their Creator, and their fellow man, of the mercy due their fallen adversary; how often had he not lingered before the shrines or stood in admiration before the works of art wrought by kind and loving hands, or perchance most of all knelt in silent, prayerful adoration in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament, his sole consolation in the hour of trial;—but this too was gone, hence we may easily imagine the feeling that welled up in the heart of Sebastian Râle as he stood amid the ruins of his church, his home, and his beloved village.

The destruction of Narantsouac inflamed more than ever the spirit of revenge in the hearts of the Savage, and the terrible cruelties practiced by the New Englanders on the unsuspecting Indians show us only too plainly the provocations under which Father Râle sought to restrain the savage instincts of his parishioners. But in vain, the season of Mather's Decenium Luctuosum was now on, and it seems useless to look for mercy or moderation at the hand of either party in the great contest for mastery in America.

Bitter in truth was the warfare now carried on between the French and their Indian allies on the one hand and the New England colonists on the other.

Each infant settlement in turn felt its ravages. Kittery, Wells, Berwick, Casco, and other small hamlets in Maine beheld the flames of devastation at their very doors: New Hampshire saw the painted red-men in all their fury at Dover, Exeter, Dunstable: Massachusetts felt their ravages at Groton, Chelmsford, Sudbury, as well as in the destruction of the flourishing town of Haverhill.

On their part the Colonists were not slow in the work of retaliation. Their operations were extended against the various French posts, and isolated half breed families, spreading in every direction even to the walls of Quebec itself, relentless warfare on the French and their Indian allies.

Their one great obstacle in Acadia was Port Royal. The storms of war had frequently raged about the Nova Scotian fortress, but the French clung to their old time foothold with a tenacity which seemed to defy all their efforts.

The spring of 1710, however, saw only an increased determination on the part of the New Englanders to drive the French from their Acadian fastness. The summer season was given to this their supreme attempt to extend their boundaries to the very limits of Acadia itself. The great expedition sailed from Boston on the 18th of September to take up its positions before Port Royal on the 24th of the month. To oppose the overwhelming force of thirty-six sail, and the formidable army of twelve hundred men under the skilful Nicholson, the energetic French governor, Subercase had only two hundred and sixty men. The Puritan commander could therefore in comparative safety erect his batteries at every point of vantage, in open defiance to the feeble garrison whose defenses soon began to crumble before the well trained guns of the Colonial army. With no hope of succor, a prolonged defense seemed useless, hence to avoid needless shedding of blood, Governor Subercase decided to surrender. Thus passed on the 2nd day of October, 1710, the dominion of France from not only the ancient settlement of Port Royal, but from the entire Acadian peninsula leaving the power of England and her American colonies supreme from Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Port Royal ceased to exist, or rather its name was changed in honor of the English queen to Annapolis Royal.

This act of surrender thus brought the Catholic Indians, along the St. John, the St. Croix, the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers under the immediate domain of the English laws, and encouraged the Colonists to attempt the following summer the conquest of Canada itself. For this purpose a powerful fleet of war vessels and transports left Boston on the 30th of July, 1711, only to meet with defeat at the hand of the elements off the mouth of the St. Lawrence where eight of their transports were wrecked and one thousand men drowned. Appalled by this unexpected catastrophe, the expedition returned to Boston. Though tired of the war, and with little or no hope of success, the Indians continued their fruitless contest during the summer of 1712, with varying fortunes until the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, March 30, 1713, when their chiefs abandoned by France were forced to seek the best terms possible at the hand of their English conquerors. With one-third of their warriors gone, with as many more of their women and children dead from the bullet, exposure, and famine, they were compelled by their very poverty, suffering, and helplessness, as the Maine historian Abbott well says, to accept the abasing and harsh terms imposed on them at Casco in the early spring of 1713.

That a fourth part of the inhabitants of Maine had either been killed or captured; that the families had been scattered among the tribes or held in prison at Quebec; that trade was ruined, the fields uncultivated, the log cabins in ruins, the fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, all separated, one here and another there as a result of the ten years of relentless war waged by the savages, was held up before the Indian envoys assembled at Casco as a justification for the severity of the terms of peace. Responsibility for the log cabin homes crumbling to decay, for the murdered colonists, for the widely scattered families, for the universal desolation then so general in Maine, was laid at the door of one man, Sebastian R  le of Narantsouac.

The peace parleys began with Captain Moody, the English commander at Casco in the spring of 1713, were ratified in the conference held at Portsmouth, July 11, 1713. Here the representative Sagamores from the St. John, the Penobscot, the Kennebec rivers, met Governor Shute and his councilors in conference with the result that, "Eight Sagamores," as Williamson tells us, "then casting themselves upon her Majestic mercy, prayed for her pardon and favor, and signed the treaty, July 13th, in solemn form; each making connected marks, descriptive of the fish, bird or animal, claimed as the insignia of their respective families."

All their territorial settlements, possessions and rights in the eastern country, free of every claim, were surrendered to the English.

Truck houses under English were to be established with the proviso that the Indians should never traffic elsewhere. Nothing was reserved save the "liberty of hunting, fishing and fowling, and all other lawful liberties and privileges, as enjoyed on the 11th of August, 1693," according to the treaty then enacted with Gov. Phipps. Thus passed the freedom of our Indian tribes; thus passed the dominion of France just one hundred years after the first clash of arms between France and England, on the shores of Mount Desert for the mastery of our State.

"On the whole," remarks Williamson, "The Indians were the principal sufferers by the war. . . . hunted from their native country by foes, and allured away by pretended friends, they might justly bewail their cruel destiny. To the humiliating terms of the late treaty they would never have submitted, had they not, through a consciousness of their poverty and distress, been ready to perish. Their strength and importance were broken, never to be repaired. In this war the Indians manifested less malice, and were guilty of less cruelty, than in the two which preceded," a fact which certainly speaks volumes in favor of the softening influences of the Catholic missionaries,

and the effect of the Christian doctrine upon their untamed natures.

So hard and humiliating did the Indians find the terms of peace, that many decided to bid farewell to their ancestral haunts, and betake themselves to the more congenial surroundings of the mission stations at St. Francis and Becancourt.

The majority however elected to remain at Narantsouac where the scattered remnants of the once powerful Abenakis tribe now gathered. To desert his faithful neophytes was the last thought in the mind of Sebastian Râle: to remain and share their sad but evident destiny, was the wish nearest his heroic heart.

But how to repair the shattered fortunes of his devoted people! Their ruined homes might in truth easily be restored, but their broken family circles, the lost manhood of their nation could never be replaced: and their chapel, the first but not the last to be destroyed in our State by the flames of prejudice, who should again rear its walls and hang its bell which like the voice of God, would call His children to prayer and sacrifice!

From far away Quebec, had come the workmen for the building of the one destroyed by Col. Hilton in the winter of 1705. Down through the trackless wilderness they had carried their tools and supplies to labor in a field which seemed so bright and promising; but Father Râle now seems to have turned the thoughts of his few remaining Christians towards the great Puritan center, and to have asked them to rebuild the edifice which their ruthless hand had destroyed. To Boston therefore, came the Kennebec Sagamores, shortly following the dawning days of peace, bearing a petition humbly asking that skilled workmen be sent to aid in the restoration of God's temple at Narantsouac.

The moment appeared an opportune one to the Puritan. Once before he had asked the Kennebec Indians to send away their missionary, and to replace their faith so filled with inspiration, with the cheerless, the forlorn worship of the Pilgrim. In diplomatic yet positive language, the rude child of forest had refused: but now in the hour of his adversity, when as a suppliant he was knocking at their door, what was simpler, or more to the point for the Protestant Governor than to respond: "I wish to restore your church, and I will treat you better than the French Governor has done, whom you call your father. It belongs to him to rebuild it, since he caused its destruction by inducing you to strike me. For me I defend myself as I can, but he makes use of you to protect him, and then abandons you. I will deal better with you, for I will not only furnish you workmen, I am willing to pay them and be at the expense of building the edifice you are so desirous to have constructed; but as it is not reasonable that I, who am an Englishman, should build you

a church without providing a minister to take care of it, and to teach you prayer. I will give you one with whom you will be satisfied, and you must send to Quebec the French minister who is in your village." It was in Boston, the heart of Puritanism, that this proposition was made to the Catholic Indian chiefs. Their beloved apostle, Sebastian Râle was not there to inspire their answer. It is perhaps well he was not, for he would then have been given credit for the noble and spirited reply of the Indian Sagamore who in all the dignity of his unconquered nature said: "Your words astonish me, and I admire you in the proposition which you make. When you came here you saw me a long time before the French Governors knew me. Neither your predecessors, nor their servants ever spoke to me of prayer, or of the Great Spirit. They have seen my peltries, my skins of the beaver and the deer, and of these only have they taken thought: those they have sought with eagerness. I could not furnish them enough, and when I brought them many I was their great friend; that was all. On the contrary, my canoe being one day lost, I mistook my course and wandered a long time by chance, until I stopped near Quebec, at a great village of the Algonquins, where the black coats lived. Scarcely had I arrived when a black coat came to see me. I was loaded with peltries. The French black coat did not even deign to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, or paradise, of hell, and of prayer, by which is the only path to heaven. I listened to him with pleasure, and relished so well his conversation that I stayed a long time in that village to hear him. Finally prayer was agreeable to me; I engaged him to teach me; I demanded baptism and received it. Afterwards I returned into my country and related what had happened to me. My people emulous of my happiness, sought to partake of it, and they also went to find the black robe and demand baptism.

Thus have the French conducted towards me. If when you saw me you had spoken to me of prayer, I should have had the misfortune of praying as you do; for I was not capable of distinguishing whether your prayer was good. Thus I tell you that I hold fast to the prayer of the French. I like it and will preserve it until the earth shall burn up and perish. Keep then your workmen, your money, and your minister. I will mention them to you no more. I will tell the French Governor, my father, to send them to me."

CHAPTER XXV.

SEBASTIAN RALE.

While history has not preserved the name of the Indian sagamore who addressed to Gov. Dudley this spirited response, we may yet presume that he was none other than Wiwurna who so eloquently pleaded the cause of his people before Gov. Shute, a few years later on the occasion of the famous Arrowsick conference, for if we may believe the documentary evidence relative to these trying times, which has been preserved, many of the Indian chiefs were not on all occasions loyal to the teachings of the Catholic Church so constantly kept before them by the heroic Râle, some of them even going so far in their efforts to please the Puritan authorities, as to misrepresent the doctrines actually taught; but in the case of Wiwurna nowhere does it appear that he was unfaithful or devoid of courage in the defense of his holy faith.

We are also at a loss to explain just why Father Râle applied to the New England authorities for assistance in rebuilding his church at Narantsouac. He may perhaps have wished to show his confidence in their professions of friendship and willingness to assist the Indians, so clearly expressed in the Portsmouth conference, and at the same time prove to them that in material matters, he was ready to meet them in a business way and thus live up to the letter of their treaty of peace. The Catholic missionary doubtless knew that the New England Governor would name conditions which the Indians as Catholics could not accept, but he nevertheless deemed it his duty to give the people of New England an opportunity of proving that their oft repeated expressions of good will were more than mere empty promises; he certainly had every reason to expect that Gov. Dudley would not demand of his neophytes the sending away of their tried and zealous missionary, the much loved "black robe," the surplanting the Catholic faith by the cheerless tenets of New England Puritanism.

The return of the delegates from their fruitless Boston mission to Narantsouac while dissipating any hopes that Father Râle might have based on Pilgrim assistance, did not dampen his ardor or cause a loss of interest in the religious welfare of his devoted people among whom he had long since determined to close his earthly career. The barken chapel could still serve their purposes, and they might await beneath its protecting branches the dawn of better days.

Did Gov. Dudley relent and finally send workmen to reconstruct the ruined Catholic chapel on the banks of the upper Kennebec? Some historians hold that he did. In this, they base their opinion on the fact that Col. Westbrook on the occa-

sion of his visit to the Indian village in the winter of 1722, found a notice pinned to the church door, which would seem to reflect on the English builders. This however would appear to be at variance with what Father Râle wrote his brother under date of Oct. 12, 1723 when after narrating the failure of their mission to Boston, the letter expressly states, "En effet, M. le Gouverneur n'eut pas plutôt appris la ruine de notre Eglise, qu'il nous envoya des Ouvriers pour la rebatir. Elle est d'une beauté qui la ferait estimer en Europe, et je n'ai rien épargné pour la decorer; truly our Governor sent men to rebuild our church as soon as he heard of its destruction. Its appearances are such that you might well be proud of it even in Europe, and as for myself, I have done my best in decorating it." To his Nephew, Father Râle had written just a year before, "J'y ai bati une Eglise qui est très propre et très-ornée. J'ai cru ne devoir rien epargner, ni pour sa décoration, ni pour la beauté des ornemens qui serve a nos saintes Cérémonies: paremens, chaubles, chapes, vases sacrés, tout y est propre, et serait estimé dans nos Eglises d'Europe. I have built here a church which is commodious and well adorned, I have thought it my duty to spare nothing, either for its decoration or for the beauty of the vestments that are used in our holy ceremonies: altar cloths, chaubles, copes, sacred vessels, everything suitable, and would be esteemed in the Churches of Europe."

But how explain the note said to have been found by Col. Westbrook on the church door at Narantsouac in 1722 stating in Father Râle's hand writing, "It (the church) is ill built, because the English don't work well. It is not finished, although five of six Englishmen have wrought here during four years, and the Undertaker (contractor), who is a great cheat, hath been paid in advance for to finish it." There were however at this time two minor chapels at Narantsouac, each situated about three hundred steps from the village: just above on the rising ground stood one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, while below the settlement nearly facing the outlet of the Sandy River, was the second under the patronage of L'Ange-Gardien. The parish church was situated outside the ramparts about twenty paces from the eastern gate.

Coming directly upon the village, Col. Westbrook's expedition would naturally have first come upon the Guardian Angel chapel which may perchance have been erected by New England workmen.

In his "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," Vol. I, p. 599, Dr. Shea makes the following statement regarding the rebuilding of the church at Narantsouac: "When peace was restored the Indians prepared to rebuild their church, and as the English were nearer to them the Abnakis sent a

delegation to Boston to solicit carpenters, promising to pay them well. The Governor of Massachusetts offered to rebuild the church at his own expense if they would dismiss Father Râle and accept a Protestant minister. The Abnakis declined, and again contrasted the indifference of the English to their salvation with the zeal shown by the French. A temporary chapel was then built, and the Governor-General of Canada, on hearing of their loss, sent mechanics who erected the new church."

In his work, "History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes," p. 147, the same author states: "The church was accordingly rebuilt by the French, though the little chapels were subsequently raised by English workmen in 1721."

Father Râle's first church at Narantsouac was destroyed as we have seen by the expedition under Col. Moulton in the winter of 1705. From this date on to 1718 when the new church was completed, the humble missionary had to improvise as best he could to supply the needs of his ever growing congregation. From 1705 to the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, March 30, 1713, but little could be accomplished, so varying were the fortunes of war. Conditions at the mission were far from encouraging. More than a third of the Indian braves had been slain; as many if not more of their women and children had perished. There remained at the mission but few besides the aged, the maimed, and the needy. "Hunted from their native country by foes," says Williamson, "and allured away by pretended friends, they might well bewail their cruel destiny. To the humiliating terms of the late treaty, they would never have submitted, had they not through a consciousness of their poverty and distress been ready to perish. Their strength and importance were broken, never to be repaired. In this war, the Indians manifested less malice, and were guilty of less cruelty, than in the two which preceded," a fact which the distinguished historian of our State might well have attributed to the chastening influences of the Catholic missionary who if he could not have peace, ever tried to soften the rigors of war and to hold in subjection to Christian teachings, the savage natures of his devoted neophytes.

Long before the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, Sebastian Râle was alert to catch the first tidings of the blessing of peace, and spread the same among his afflicted people. As early as the fall of 1712, he addressed the following letter to Captain Moody, the English commander:

NARANTSOUAC, Nov. 18, 1812.

MONSIEUR: . . .

Le gouverneur general du Canada me mande par sa lettre qui m'a été apportée depuis quelques jours, que le dernier vaisseau du Roi arrivé à Quebec le 30 Sept. rapporte que la paix

n'est pas encore conclue entre les deux courounnes de France & d'Angleterre quoi qu'il est vrai qu'on en parle fort. Voila ce qu'il m'en dit.

"Et d'autres lettres que j'ai reçues m'apprennent que Monsieur L'Intendant qui est arrivé dans ce vaisseau, dit qu'étant sur le point de s'Embarquer a la Rochelle on y a reçu une lettre de Monsieur de Tallard, qui assurait que la paix etait faite, & qu'elle serait publiée sur la fin d'Octobre.

Or on ne peut pas savoir en Canada, mais on le peut savoir a Boston où les vaisseau peuvent arriver en toute saison; si vous en savez quelque chose je vous prie de me le fair savoir, afin que j'envoie incessamment à Quebec sur les glaces, pour en informer le gouvernor general pour qu'il empêche les sauvages de faire aucun act d'hostilité.

Je suis très parfaitement

Monsieur

Votre très humble & très

obeissant serviteur,

Seb. Râle, S. J.

Or as we would say in English:

SIR:

The Governor-General of Canada, gives me to understand in a letter which I received a few days ago, that the last Royal vessel which arrived at Quebec September 30, reported that while peace had not as yet been concluded between France and England, the question was however being very generally discussed.

Other letters tell me that the Intendant who came on this same vessel says that, just as he was about to sail from La Rochelle, a message from M. de Tallard gave assurances that peace had already been made and that it would be proclaimed by the end of October.

While we cannot at this date look for any further intelligence at Quebec, you may at Boston where vessels may enter at all seasons of the year. Should you therefore have anything definite, I wish that you would let me know so that I may send an express up the frozen rivers to Quebec with word to the Governor-General who would at once endeavor to prevent any further hostilities on the part of the Indians.

Believe me, Sir,

Your most humble and devoted servant,

Seb. Râle, S. J.

The conclusion of peace, did not however bring to Father Râle and his decimated Indian congregation that quiet and tranquility which they had every reason to expect. The great influx of colonists immediately following the close of the war, and the occupancy of the lands along the eastern bank of the

Kennebec which the Indians had always claimed as theirs, gave rise to feeling of grave alarm among the chiefs at Narantsouac. They had long since yielded all claims to the west shores of the river, but they still clung to their long trodden path along the eastern banks as being essential to their very existence.

Protests were at once lodged with the colonial authorities, but to no effect, for it had become the settled policy of the English government to occupy the wild lands and develop their resources as rapidly as possible. The restoration of Fort William Henry at Pemaquid, the erection of a strong fortress at Cushman followed by the building of other block houses at points of vantage along the Kennebec, served to fan still more the latent animosities of the Indians, and to bring home to the clear sighted missionary at Narantsouac the unwelcomed conviction that his struggling mission on the Kennebec was doomed.

The rapid influx of colonists along the lower Kennebec, the tendency to gradually encroach on the tribal hunting grounds, the multiplication of fortified posts, led Father Rale to make a last effort to hold the ancestral lands of his people. Up to the destruction of Narantsouac in the winter of 1705 by Col. Westbrook, we have no evidence of any effort being made to fortify this little Indian village on the upper waters of the Kennebec, but it may be safely assumed the rebuilding of the ruined huts was accompanied by the erection of the palisaded defenses found by the New Englanders on their later visits.

One of the best descriptions of Indian Old Point is that given by Parkman in his work entitled "A Half Century of Conflict," Vol. I, p. 218. This picture is founded on a manuscript map made in 1716 by Joseph Heath, one of the prominent English settlers on the Kennebec, afterwards commander of Fort George at Brunswick. With this hand traced plan before him, Parkman thus portrays Narantsouac: "Near where the town of Norridgewock now stands, the Kennebec curved round a broad tongue of meadow land, in the midst of a picturesque wilderness of hills and forests. On this tongue of land, on ground a few feet above the general level stood the village of the Norridgewocks, fenced with a stockade of round logs nine feet high. The enclosure was square; each of its sides measured one hundred and sixty feet, and each had its gate. From the four gates ran two streets, or lanes, which crossed each other in the middle of the village. There were twenty-six Indian houses or cabins within the stockade, described as 'built much after the English manner,' though probably of logs. The church was outside the enclosure, about twenty paces from the east gate."

The village which Parkman thus describes stood just north of the spot on which the monument marking the grave of

Sebastian Râle, now stands. From the stockade to the river, a covered way afforded due protection for the water supply so essential to the life of the little settlement. The feeble band now gathered at Narantsouac, the shadow only of its former greatness, could give little or no assurance of any successful defense against the overwhelming odds that could be assembled against them by the New England colonies now rapidly increasing in population.

Fiske in his work, "New France and New England," has very aptly summed up the situation during the years immediately following the signing of the treaty of Utrecht. "But after 1713," writes the above named author, page 216, "a new wave of settlement advanced northeasterly, old villages were rebuilt and new ones founded, and in all directions might be seen clearings in the forest, where the smoke curled up from the log cabins of English pioneers. Now this advance of the white frontier incensed and alarmed the Indians, as it was natural that it should. They maintained that the English were encroaching on their lands. The English retorted that these lands were theirs, inasmuch as they had been formerly bought from Indian sachems, and prices had been paid for them which the Indians had deemed liberal and satisfactory. But the red man's notion of ownership and transfer of real estate were in a hopelessly different stage of evolution from those of the white man. To an Indian the selling of territory meant little more than granting permission to catch fish and game upon it, or to pass through it unhindered for whatever purpose. The Indian had not arrived at the point where the sale of an estate conveys to the vendee the right to exclude the vendor; but his mind was open to a suggestion of Father Râle that no sale of land by a sachem could be other than void because the land was the property of the clan, and must be kept in trust for the children born to the clan. This was exactly in accordance with the Indian ways of thinking, and it is not strange that Father Râle's doctrine suited the red men's temper better than the English notion that after once buying the land they had a right to fence the Indian out.

"As the English farmhouse came nearer and an occasional blockhouse was erected, the disgust of the Abenakis increased beyond all bounds, but they entertained a wholesome dread of attacking the English without assistance from the French, and this was difficult to obtain in time of peace." The New England historian Fiske, seems however, to have overlooked the fact that there was a large measure of justice in the claim of Father Râle and his people, that many injustices had been committed towards them. The story of the wronged Indian is a long one, and has been often retold. The Indian had in truth, little reason for trusting his English neighbor who as William-

son says "looked upon their Sagamores and their tribes with a distrustful eye, and considered them as an inferior order of beings; while they themselves believed the Great Spirit, who gave them existence, had also given them absolute rights in the country of their birth, and the land of their fathers. Many traditional stories of injuries they had received, were recollected, (for Indians never forget) and often rehearsed in a manner calculated to arouse and inflame their resentments."

"In the gradual encroachments of the white people," remarks the same author, "the Indians foresaw the danger of being totally excluded from their native country." Williamson Vol. 1, pp. 517, 518.

It matters little in what part of our country we look for light on the relations existing between the Aborigines and the English settlers; with few exceptions, we find the same tale to record; the generous treatment and welcome accorded by the natives, repaid by kidnapping and the gradual absorption of the tribal hunting grounds. "The Indians were often subjected to great wrongs at the hands of individuals, and bitter complaints were not infrequent. As the English grew more powerful, they became more arrogant and domineering; while the natives crushed and irritated, were ready to embrace any opportunity for direful revenge." Abbott's History of Maine, p. 174. Discussing the cause which led to what proved to be lasting hostility between the English and the Indians, Sylvester in Vol. 11, p. 204, "Indian Wars in New England," says it "began with the abuses of the earliest voyagers, to be augmented by the disregard of the latter settler for the rights of the aborigines; and it soon became apparent that the Indian had no rights the English felt bound to respect. Had these encroachments been reversed the English would at once have regarded them as a *casus belli*."

"New England writers," says Sprague in his life of Sebastian Rale, pp. 19 and 20, "have generally conceded that the English made many promises to the Indians which were ruthlessly broken, and when news came to the red men that the Governor of New France had, by treaty with the English, surrendered his right to protection over them, the Indians of Norridgewock having heard of these rumors and also beholding the English building forts and encroaching upon their lands dispatched deputies to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor of Canada, to ascertain from him whether it was true that the King of France had disposed in favor of the Queen of England of a country of which they claimed to be the sole masters. The Governor-General's reply was that the treaty of Utrecht did not mention their country, and this seemed to satisfy them. "The Indians often claimed," continues the same author, "that they were cheated and defrauded by the English who secured some of

their alleged holding from their chiefs when they were in a state of intoxication caused by the purchasers themselves; that they frequently acquired these titles for mere trifles, such as a bottle of brandy, etc."

Were other evidence needed to show that Father Rale and his beloved Indians had well grounded fears for the future, we might cite the testimony of other reliable authorities which would only prove that the erection of Fort William Henry at Pemaquid, Fort George at Brunswick, Fort Weston at Augusta, together with the encroachments of the incoming settlers on lands long held by the Indians to be theirs, left no hope of justice for the aborigines at the hand of the English conqueror. The authors quoted show that Sebastian Râle could not but realize that the bonds of slavery were being day by day drawn more closely about his devoted people, that each additional conference forged new shackles and curtailed more and more the ancient privileges of the primal occupants of our soil. But where seek redress? Years of experience had taught him that no reliance could be placed in the plighted word of the New Englander, and that he could look for little or no assistance from far away Quebec.

With one chief purpose in view, the salvation of his people, with the lowering clouds of doom hovering over his inland forest parish, is it any wonder that he raised a few feeble defenses, and urged the slender remnant of this once flourishing Abenakis village to make a last supreme effort for the freedom of their altar and their homes?

The moment had now come when an unjustifiable attack would be made on both or rather we might say when some faint assurance would be given the Narantsouac Braves that they might preserve yet a little while longer their family lodges at the expense of their faith.

It is a summer day 1717; the Indian of Maine have again been invited to meet in council the New England Governor. "Again," says Abbott, "there were rumors of another war between France and England. It is said that the French endeavored to fan the flames of Indian jealousy, by pointing to the encroachment of the English, as evidence that the English claimed their lands, and intended to take possession of the whole country. The Catholic missionaries, by identifying themselves with the Indians, and becoming incorporated into their tribes, had ceased to regard them as foreigners, and looked upon them as the wisest and best of their own people. The English authorities had tried in vain to drive the French missionaries from Norridgewock. They now decided to make the endeavor to supplant their influence by establishing English missions among the tribes."

Colonel Samuel Shute, who had succeeded Governor Dudley, anxious to forestall French influences, had asked the Indian chiefs to meet him at Georgetown on Arrowsic Island, near the outlet of the Kennebec, where he hoped to overawe them and arrange for the departure of their beloved missionary, the heroic Rôle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ARROWSIC CONFERENCE.

The early days of August, 1717, were therefore to witness a motley gathering on the lower waters of the Kennebec. Several days prior to the arrival of Governor Shute and his suite at Arrowsic Island, the Indian clans had pitched their huts on a neighboring shore where they were anxiously awaiting the coming of the colonial authorities at whose hand they expected some relief from the constant encroachments of the white settlers on their tribal lands.

With the history of the past fifty years or so before them, they might well have remained at their far inland lodges subsisting as best they could, as to have come to a conference which only served to place more clearly before the assembled delegates the inevitable day of doom; for the methods already in vogue, would surely be continued, treaties and promises notwithstanding, until the last Indian had been dispossessed of his ancestral estates.

For some reason not altogether clear, Governor Shute had just a short time previous cancelled his engagement with the Indians in a letter addressed to them under date of June 22, 1717, in which he said:
 "My good Friends:

I sent you word last winter that I designed to visit the Frontiers of my Government about the middle of this Summer & at the same time to meet with you, being in hopes I should have had nothing to hinder my doing so, but now I find that the affairs of my Government will not allow me to make a progress to the Eastern parts where you dwell till next Spring when I hope (God willing) I shall be able to see you; As I shall always expect you will be true & faithful to your promises to the English so I am careful to keep my word to you, & therefore I thought it proper to give you Notice in Season, that so I might prevent your attendance in expectation of my coming.

You will find the benefit of carrying it well to the English, & I shall order them to carry it well to you, & if you receive injury from any of my people at any time, you must not quarrel with them but make complaint to me that I may punish them. While

you are true to your engagements you may expect my favor on all Occasions, being

Yr Loving Friend

To the chiefs of the Indians
about Kennebec & Ambrascoggen Rivers."

As the Governor's letter was passed from village to village, his assurances might have brought some ray of hope, had not experience taught that while the Indians were expected to abide their engagements in peace and contentment, there was no evidence of any fidelity on the part of the English who continued to absorb the Indian lands, treaties and promises notwithstanding.

While Governor Shute may have believed in the improbability of his being able to visit the Eastern provinces during the Summer of 1717, he may at the same time have written the letter above quoted to prepare the Indians of the Kennebec for the radical propositions which he meant to place before them; so that while sending them this seemingly consoling message, he was still hopeful of carrying out his previous arrangements. This would seem evident from the fact that word must have soon followed asking the Indians to meet the Governor, as already arranged, at Arrowsic.

Thither then they came from the upper waters of the Kennebec and the bounding falls of the Androscoggin, the noted chiefs Moxus, Bomaseen, Captain Sam, Nagucawen, Summehawis, Wegwaumenet, Terramuggus, Nudggumboit, Abissanehraw, Umguinnawas, Awohaway, Paquaharet, and Caesar of Narantsouac; Sabatus and Sam Humphries from Androscoggin; from distant Penobscot Segunki, Lerebenuit, and Ohanumbames; to represent the Pequakets, Scawesco and Adewando, one and all accompanied by their numerous followers to plead for justice and peace in the homes of their kindred. It was the summer season and they had long been accustomed to roam about these shores which were even now beginning to team with English life. Father Räle had also come, not alone we may well reason, to continue his missionary labors during summer days at the Seagirt Isles, but to act as counsel of his devoted people in the defense of their rights.

It was on the morning of August 9th, 1717, that the Squirrel, one of the royal ships, bearing Governor Shute and his party, cast anchor off the shore of Arrowsic settlement now known as Georgetown, a rather pretentious village which had but recently been incorporated. The most notable home was perhaps that of John Watts, one of the early settlers who had come here in 1714 and had erected a fortified house of more than modest dimensions. This spacious mansion became the headquarters of the Colonial authorities during their stay at Arrowsic. Haughty in manner as well as overbearing, Governor

Shute was little calculated to inspire any degree of confidence in the minds of the Indian delegates who had at once sought to learn his pleasure. A large tent had been erected a short distance from the Watts residence for the conference. Here the stately Shute told the Indian that he would meet them the same day late in the afternoon, and that they should come as soon as they saw the English flag displayed on the tent; he at the same time gave them a British flag which they were to display as an evidence of their subjection to the King of England.

The setting had in truth been well planned: it would afford a twofold purpose: it would give the aristocratic Governor of the New England Colonies an opportunity of displaying that stately grandeur he loved so well; it would also assist in over-awing the simple children of the forest, at a moment when he designed to remove from them the last vestiges of that liberty which they had long enjoyed. It was the 9th of August, 1717, at 3 P. M., when the hour of deliberation was announced. It was a great event in the little town, for which the entire population had assembled; it was also a supreme moment for the Indians who doubtless hoped that their determination and numbers would obtain a redress of those wrongs they had so long endured. It was an occasion where display met display, but the Indians were hardly prepared to accept either of the two propositions placed before them by the haughty Governor. Their one great grievance had been the occupation of their lands; this they were prepared to discuss with a view to an equitable adjustment, but to acknowledge a complete servitude to their English masters in both mind and body was the last thought of the Indian Chiefs who stood there in all the grandeur of their Savage estate: and yet such was the very situation which Governor Shute was about to propose.

The opening of the conference was marked by all the solemnity possible. The interpreters, John Gyles and Samuel Jordan, were duly sworn by the aged Judge Sewall to faithfully convey the sayings of both parties. The Governor welcomed the Indian delegates in a speech which was at once presumptuous and audacious. He reminded them that they were now the subjects of the "great, good, and wise King George; that as both people were under the same King, he would gladly see them also of the same religion, since it was the only true one; and to this end he gave them a Bible and a minister to teach them,—pointing to Rev. Joseph Baxter, who stood near by." "This book," continued the Governor, "contains the true religion; Mr. Baxter who has accompanied us, will remain with you, and teach you its principles."

It is safe to assume that the Indian Sagamores had not anticipated the Governor's proposition; and who in truth would? Surely not the Indians of Maine who had wandered overland

to far away Quebec where they had learned the beauties of the Catholic faith, had made the acquaintance of the Black Robe whom they had led to come and dwell among them; surely not the Indians of Maine, who held to the "Old Faith" through sunshine and storm, and whose descendants glory in the self-same belief today after the lapse of nearly two hundred years. Search our Colonial history page after page, and you will hardly find a more audacious, a cooler proposition than that placed by Governor Shute before the Maine Indians in the closing hours of this beautiful summer day, August 9th, 1717. Haughty Shute had perchance not yet realized that a change of faith meant more than a change of government!

In the presence of this great insult on the part of a royal governor, whom the New England historian Fiske characterizes as "an arrogant person utterly destitute of tact," the Indian chiefs were surprisingly calm and collected, asking leave, after the usual compliments, to reserve their answer until the following day.

Were it permitted us to follow them at the close of this eventful day to the seclusion of their encampment on Patter-shall's island, just over against the English settlement, we would doubtless witness the unfolding of those heartfelt sentiments aroused by Governor Shute's shameless proposition which after all may not have been entirely unexpected by the vigilant Râle who had wisely chosen to accompany his faithful parishioners on this trying occasion. We would doubtless witness the fact that while he aided them in the preparation of their answer for the morrow, he found it in no way necessary to fortify their faith against this unbidden assault. "Faithful to it until the world is burned up," as the Indian spokesman had well remarked, Father Râle had only to teach in outline to his devoted neophytes the proper reply to such a base proposition.

Among those deeply interesting documents known as "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses écrites des Missions Etrangères*" we find the spirited reply of the Norridgewock chief, Wiwurna, chosen to speak the following day in behalf of his people. "You astonish me," began the eloquent Indian chief, "by the proposition you make. When you first came here you saw me a long time before I saw the French; but neither you nor your ministers spoke to me of prayer, or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs, my skins of beaver and elk. Of these only they thought. These they sought with the greatest eagerness. I was not able to furnish them enough. When I carried them a large quantity, I was their great friend, but no farther.

One day, my canoe having missed its route, I lost my way. After wandering a long time I landed near Quebec. Scarcely had I arrived when one of the Black Robes came to see me. I was loaded with furs; but the French Black Robe scarcely

deigned to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, of heaven, of hell, and of prayer which was the only way to reach heaven.

I heard him with pleasure, and remained a long time in the village to listen to him. I demanded baptism, and received it. At last I returned to my country, and related what had happened to me. My friends envied my happiness, wished to participate. They departed to find the Black Robe, and demand of him baptism. It is thus the French have acted towards me. Thus I tell you that I hold to the prayer of the French. I shall be faithful to it until the world is burned up.

"All people have their own religious teachers. Your Bible we do not care to keep. God has given us teachers. Should we abandon them, we should offend God."

There were no stenographers or shorthand writers to take down the burning words of the Indian chief in the defense of his faith and his ancestral rights: were such the case, we are certain that the words placed by the humble missionary on the tongue of his child, loyal to the last in the faith, would pale in the presence of the burning retort drawn from the Indian heart at the mere mention of taking from him all that he held nearest and dearest, amid his fast changing fortunes, his holy faith. However this may be, Parkman tells us that during Wiwurna's speech, Governor Shute, "In defiance of every Indian idea of propriety, began to interrupt him with questions and remarks. "Wiwurna remonstrated civilly; but Shute continued his interruption, and the speech turned to a dialogue, which may be abridged thus, Shute always addressing himself, not to the Indian orator, but to the interpreter.

The orator expressed satisfaction at the arrival of the governor, and hoped that peace and friendship would prevail.

Governor (to the interpreter) Tell them that if they behave themselves, I shall use them kindly.

Orator (as rendered by the interpreter). Your Excellency was pleased to say that we must obey King George. We will if we like his way of treating us.

Governor. They must obey him.

Orator. We will if we are not disturbed on our lands.

Governor. Nor must they disturbe the English on theirs.

Orator. We are pleased your Excellency is ready to hear our complaints when wrong is done us.

Governor. They must not pretend to lands that belong to the English.

Orator. We beg leave to go on in order with our answer.

Governor. Tell him to go on.

Orator. If there be any quarrel and bloodshed, we will not avenge ourselves, but apply to your Excellency. We will embrace in our bosoms the English that have come to settle our land.

Governor. They must not call it their land for the English have bought it of them and their ancestors.

Orator. We pray leave to proceed with our answer, and talk about the land afterwards.

"Wiwurna, then, with much civility, begged to be excused from receiving the Bible and the minister, and ended by wishing the governor good wind and weather for his homeward voyage."

Thus closed the conference on the question of replacing Father Râle by the Rev. Joseph Baxter,—of changing from Catholicism to Protestantism. The Governor saw that it was useless to argue this point, so he decided for the present not to press the matter, but to quietly leave Mr. Baxter to win his way to the Indian hearts.

In the afternoon, the question of the occupancy of the lands was taken up, but with little satisfaction. Wiwurna did not raise any objections to English settlers occupying the west bank of the Kennebec, provided they did not go too far up river. "'Tell him' rejoined Shute, 'we want nothing but our own, and that we will have;'" and he ordered an old deed of sale, signed by six of their chiefs to be shown and explained to them. Wiwurna returned that though his tribe were uneasy about their lands, they were willing that the English should keep what they had got, excepting the forts. On this point there was a sharpe dialogue, and Shute said bluntly that if he saw fit, he should build a fort at every new settlement. At this the Indians rose abruptly and went back to their camp, leaving behind the English flag that had been given them. "Parkman, *Half Century of Conflict*, Vol. 1, pp. 226-227.

While the Governor had left in abeyance, the question of religious instruction for the Indians, he seemed determined to settle once for all, that of the lands so long a bone of contention between the English colonist and the Indian tribes, and to settle it in a way, that might, and not right, would be the order of the day.

Understanding that the English claimed the lands to the East of the Kennebec in virtue of the Treaty of Utrecht in which the King of France had surrendered their rights, the Indians returned to their island to consult with Father Râle who told them that the King of France simply withdrew the French flag from their country, and that he had never in any way compromised their claims. Bearing a letter from Father Râle to this effect, the Chiefs appeared at the English headquarters the following day, but this only seemed to irritate Shute still more, who well knowing the helpless conditions of the Savages, began to rave about what he termed "the insolent interference of the Jesuit," and to threaten them with a renewal of the war to which he well knew they were adverse.

Fearing that Shute would carry out his threat, the Indians waived for the present their claims, saying: "It is our desire to live in peace. We wish to open friendly trade at fair prices. And we are willing to relinquish for the present, all talk about boundary lines; and we give our consent that the English should settle unmolested wherever their fathers had settlements. But we are very much disturbed in seeing so many forts going up."

"The governor had conquered," remarks Abbott. "New articles of agreement were entered into, such as he dictated. The humiliated sagamores returned to their homes, feeling that the English were their enemies, and the French their friends."

The Arrowsic conference thus closed with a treaty signed by the totemic marks of the assembled chiefs, giving the English the right to enjoy, as an American writer has well remarked, "both the lands which they had formerly possessed, and all others which they had obtained a right unto—leaving the English to decide that they were entitled to all territory that was ever included in pretended sale by debauched and tribeless sagamores."

CHAPTER XXVII.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT PROSELYTISM.

Sebastian Râle would have been surely doomed to bitter disappointment, had he placed any reliance in the few promises held out to the Indians by Governor Shute in the closing hours of the Arrowsick Conference, if such it may be called, for the more one examines the minutes of this historic gathering, the more one is led to consider it as an occasion on which the Indians of our State were assembled to listen as it were to the reading of a riot act by an English governor who knew little or cared still less for their oft stated grievances, but who had come to tell them in plain language that they must accept existing conditions, and prepare for still greater sacrifices.

The promise to establish trading-houses, to give them favorable interpreters, and the advantages of skilled mechanics, if faithfully observed, might have proven of some material value to the already sorely tried natives, but when we remember that trading-house advantages were as one sided, as were all other arrangements offered by the Colonial authorities, and that the intoxicants there sold in abundance to the untutored Savage simply proved his undoing, we easily see how infinitely superior was his condition when he had to depend on the few bare necessities afforded by his forest life, to the so called blessings placed

at his disposal by the questionable favor of our New England authorities.

At his best, the Indian was but the product of rude nature; whatever may have been his initial status, passing generations had left only the survival of the fittest, a being strong in body, but weak in mind, and fickle as the zepthers of a summer day. His confidence once gained, easily led along the paths of righteousness, but like his more favored European brother, never immune to evil, yet more prone simply from lack of experience and long time training. What little stability of character the Maine Indian now possessed was the result of Christian teachings instilled into their heretofore untrained natures by the sublime lives and heroic efforts of the self-sacrificing missionaries. For upwards of a quarter of a century, the sands of the life of Sebasian Râle had been spent in uplifting the destinies of the primal occupants of our soil; for nearly 25 years he had now been teaching them the beauties of the Catholic faith and we in truth search in vain for any evidence that his life among them had been for any other purpose. Catholicity in all its purity, has never denied to man the right to defend his country, his home, his ancestral estates. Christianity has ever permitted man to defend his fireside against the unjust aggressor, and the Sainted Râle would have been unfaithful to the duties of his sublime calling, had he acted otherwise than he did in this great hour of trial for his devoted people.

Such was the outcome of the Arrowsick conference, a determination to gradually occupy the Indian hunting grounds, and that this might be more easily accomplished, to destroy the influences of the missionary among the shattered remnants of the once powerful Indian tribes of our State. To attain the first result, it was only necessary to await the ever advancing tide of emigration; to bring about the second, the Rev. Joseph Baxter whom the Massachusetts Assembly had subsidized at £150 a year, at once began his work among the Kennebec Indians. Notwithstanding the chiefs had already politely declined his services at the Arrowsick conference, "Baxter," as Parkman well says, "with the confidence of a novice, got an interpreter and began to preach, exhort, and launch sarcasms against the doctrines and practices of the Roman Church." "With no experience of Indian life or knowledge of any Indian language," as the same illustrious author remarks, Baxter "entered the lists against an adversary who had spent his days among savages, had gained the love and admiration of the Norridgewocks, and spoke their language fluently." That Gov. Shute should inaugurate such a scheme shows only too clearly how lightly he held religious convictions; that he should have chosen an instrument so inadequately equipped, proves that he believed the plan of easy accomplishment. But the Colonial governor perhaps

realized that while it required a master hand to construct and upbuild, the destroying angel need only sow the seeds of discord in order to pull down and destroy the picture so beautifully painted by our famed New England historian. "At Norridgewock, on the banks of the Kennebec," wrote the illustrious Bancroft in the first editions of the "History of the Colonization of the United States," Vol. III, p. 333-334, "the venerable Sebastian Rasles, for more than a quarter of a century the companion and instructor of the savages, had gathered a flourishing village round a church which, rising in the desert, made some pretensions to magnificence. Severely ascetic,—using no wine, and little food except pounded maize,—a rigorous observer of the days of Lent,—he built his own cabin, tilled his own garden, drew for himself wood and water, prepared his own hominy, and, distributing all that he received, gave an example of religious poverty.

"And yet he was laborious in garnishing his forest sanctuary, believing the faith of the savage must be quickened by striking appeals to the senses. Himself a painter, he adorned the humble walls of his church with pictures. There he gave instructions almost daily. Following his people to their wigwams, he tempered the spirit of devotion with familiar conversation and innocent gayety, winning the mastery over their souls by his powers of persuasion. He had trained a little band of forty young savages, arrayed in cassock and surplice, to assist in the services and chant the hymns of the church; and their public processions attracted a great concourse of red men.

"The government of Massachusetts attempted in turn to establish a mission, and its minister made a mocking of purgatory and the invocation of saints, of the cross and the rosary. 'My Christians,' retorted Rasles, 'believe in the truths of the Catholic faith, but are not skilful disputants;' and he himself prepared a defense of the Roman church. Thus Calvin and Loyola met in the woods of Maine. But the protestant minister, unable to compete with the Jesuit for the affections of the Indians, returned to Boston, while 'the friar remained the incendiary of mischief.'"

We think that Father Rôle made a mistake in taking Baxter or his work seriously. Entering a controversy with the protestant missionary only served to cloud the real issue by calling attention to what after all was only an experiment of small importance. The correspondence which took place between the Jesuit missionary and the Rev. Mr. Baxter, while clearly showing the superiority of the disciple of Loyola to the follower of the cheerless Calvin soon degenerated to one of personalities in which again the educational merits of Father Rôle easily outrank those of Mr. Baxter. However like all similar attempts, the move was well supported and represented the well expressed

sentiment of the English colonists, hence it is not surprising that Father Râle gave it a prominence which it little deserved.

The scene of Mr. Baxter's evangelical activities was probably confined to the lower waters of the Kennebec. We have seen no evidence, and we know of no reason for supposing that he ever visited the settlement at Narantsouac, so beautifully described by the historian Bancroft. The life of privation at the Indian village could have few attractions for one to whom the dogmas of religion meant so little, so that Mr. Baxter undoubtedly found it far more congenial to remain in the vicinity of the English habitations near the mouth of the Kennebec where he hoped to have "a small praying-house" erected according to a petition signed by three of his supposed followers, which was duly sent to the English Governor. His success however does not seem to have warranted the Governor in acceding to his request, so that tiring of a hopeless task, Mr. Baxter soon bade farewell to the mission fields of our State.

The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., in his work "Pioneer priests of North America," Vol. III, p. 290, thus touches on Father Râle's controversy with Mr. Baxter: "Having thus arranged the land question, Shute now set himself to adjust the religious difficulty. He commissioned the Reverend Joseph Baxter, 'who is said to be of the family of the famous Richard Baxter, as well as a man of distinction in the ministry and in the Colony' to establish an Indian school at Old Town, a village on an island of the Penobscot above Bangor.

"The school was indeed begun and a number of letters were exchanged between the minister and the missionary. In these letters not a little of the 'odium theologicum' is displayed on both sides, particularly by Baxter, who found after a while, that he could do nothing with his little copper colored scholars. So he went back to Boston and the incident was closed."

Parkman in his work entitled "A Half Century of Conflict," Vol. I, 230, after having dwelt at some length on the correspondence between the Catholic and the Puritan missionary, states: "Râle says that Baxter gave up his mission after receiving the treatise on the infallible supremacy of the true Church; but this is a mistake, as the minister made three successive visits to the Eastern country before he tired of the hopeless mission."

In that deeply interesting work "Letters edifiantes," p. 137, Father Râle offers an explanation for having begun the useless epistolary controversy with Baxter. "I thought," writes Father Râle, "that I should oppose these first steps towards the seduction of my people. I frankly wrote to the minister, that while my people believed the truths of our holy Faith as taught by the Catholic Church, they were not sufficiently well versed in them to carry on a controversy, and that it consequently ap-

peared that his objections required an answer on my part, and that it would therefore be a pleasure for me to discuss the matter with him either personally or by letter."

In the same volume of edifying letters, we find it stated that Baxter actually opened his school on the Kennebec, that he sought the Indian encampments, caressed their children, loaded them with presents, and urged them to come and see him.

He kept up this work for two months without being able to get a single child to attend his school. Not knowing which way to turn, he now began to question their parents on their belief, to ridicule the practices of the Catholic religion, the sacraments, the belief in purgatory, the invocation of the saints, the use of the sacramentals, such as the rosary beads, crucifixes, images, etc.

We confess our inability to find any authority for placing this first attempt at proseletism of the Catholic Indians at Old Town on the Penobscot as stated by Father Campbell in his excellent work. Careful examination of documentary evidence at hand in our opinion seems to favor the summer season for this educational move on the part of Governor Shute, and that the lower regions of the Kennebec was the scene of the Rev. Joseph Baxter's "hopeless mission" for the perversion of the Catholic Indians of our State.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAINE'S FIRST CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

It is not we think generally understood, that one of our earliest Catholic schools, if not indeed one of the first, was the mission school established by Sebastian Râle at Narantsouac, or Norridgewock on the Kennebec, and continued by this illustrious man during the trying years of his pastorate in Maine.

The abortive attempt of Governor Shute, following the Arrowsick Conference in the Summer of 1717, to open a school under the supervision of the Rev. Joseph Baxter would naturally lead one to believe, that thus far little or nothing had been done for the young Indian children of the Abenakis tribe,—but such is not the case, for long before Mr. Baxter opened his school under the protecting aegis of the New England authorities, Sebtsian Râle had already been a resident of our present State for over twenty-five years, and was then established as well as the exigencies of this stormy epoch in our history permitted, at the Indian settlement on the beautiful plains of Narantsouac on the Kennebec about seven miles above the present village of Norridgewock.

If we read the Colonial authors of the period, men for the most part hostile to his faith and presence among the Indians, we are given to understand that the chief occupation of this noted man consisted in constantly stirring the Indians to war, or as an "incendiary of mischief," setting them on the defenseless New England colonists. The mere perusal of the literature of his day places Father Râle before us as a sower of discord, the emissary of the French king and his Canadian governor, whose sole purpose was to hold the Indian tribes as loyal allies for the French and have them in readiness to ravage and destroy the unprotected settler. That this portrait founded largely on bias and prejudice, is most untrue, is amply evidenced by the treatment accorded Sebastian Râle in the fair minded histories of our times, as well as by the impartial historians of his day.

We are cognizant of the present day work of the Catholic missionaries and sisters among the remnants of the once numerous American Indian tribes; how with the slender means at their disposal, all their energies are devoted to the great work of training the Indian children not only along moral lines, but also in those secular sciences which would at least enable them to pass the literacy test soon to be exacted from all seeking admission to our country.

That Sebastian Râle's people were accustomed to wander from our inland lakes to the seashores, that their lives were given to the pleasures of the stream and the forest, that they fished and hunted, we do not deny, but what we do question is that the days spent by the great Jesuit missionary were in any way given over to the idleness or indolence of Indian life. Father Râle's first thought was to teach the simple child of the forest something about his Creator, give him some idea of God, His sovereign domain over the Indian as well as the other people of the world. With their nomadic habits, we easily see what a task was his from the very beginning of his pastorate on the Kennebec. He was however, in time able to gradually assemble them in greater numbers at Narantsouac which became their favorite camping grounds, and from whose fertile plains, he taught them to raise more abundant harvests.

Here took place the chief exercises of this early Catholic school. In speaking of a school, we do not wish to be understood as meaning anything after the line of our modern Catholic school as far as equipment might go in a place of moderate means, but would ask our readers to picture a missionary priest training the boys of his congregation to serve in cassock and surplice at high mass, to sing with decorum the chant of the Church; to listen to the same man as he assembles the junior members of his parish, about him, teaches them the mysteries of the Faith, its pious practices, the official prayers of the Church; again to hear him unfolding the beauties of

their language, the parts of speech, showing them in script the sounds which heretofore they had only known by ear, teaching them by the use of our well known Arabic characters to write and read their own tongue. Such a man, kind reader, was Sebastian Râle; such were his daily occupations during the trying years of his stay on the Kennebec.

That he taught his people the Catholic religion, we have no doubt. He had them both old and young assist at the almost daily instructions which he gave in the mission chapel largely erected and adorned by his apostolic hand. But to take as Bancroft tells us, "a little band of forty young savages," and teach them the ceremonies of the church, the language of Her liturgy, and have them "arrayed in cassock and surplice," assist at the services and chant Her hymns in the Latin language as well as in their own, and perhaps in French, must have required the most painstaking efforts. With a perfect knowledge of their language, it was easy for him to translate the beautiful anthems of the Church into the Algonquin or Abenakis tongue and teach them to his pupils; it was easy for him to observe their spoken language, catch its sounds, transcribe the same, thus rendering it possible for his young Indian scholars to acquire some facility in reading and writing their mother tongue. The Indians were experts in handicraft. Their calumets, their bows, their arrows, their canoes gave ample evidence of much skill in the carver's art; their sign language written on the forest trees, or on their home tanned beaver, elk, or deer skins, or perhaps tattooed on their persons are proofs of their ability to learn to read and write, particularly under the tutelage of a teacher possessing the ability and patience of the Catholic missionary.

Such was the school of Sebastian Râle; such were his labors during his stay of more than thirty years at Narantsouac. His little chapel answered the purpose of a school room in stormy weather or when the winter snows hung heavy over the frost bound village. In the spring time, or when the summer sun was high, or when the leaves of many and varied hues were rustled by the autumn winds, it was no uncommon sight to see Father Râle in the midst of his dusky pupils, now beneath the shade of the lofty towering, deep murmuring pines, or seated along the river bank all gazing at the busy scene before them, the rippling waters of the Kennebec and Sandy rivers at their confluence, the bounding canoes, the skilled fishermen, in his battle with the salmon, or the speckled trout, while the good Father with his accustomed patience taught them their daily lessons.

Such is in brief the portrait which we glean from a careful study of the letters of this extraordinary man, of this the first Catholic school or perhaps the first of all schools held within

the borders of our State, a school where the religious and secular studies went hand in hand, a school where the sound of the bell called the pupils to drink at that true source of knowledge which gives due recognition to both God and man, a school which continued the hours of its usefulness until that fateful summer day, August 24, 1724 when the rude hand of the New England marauder laid low the heroic Rôle, and forever extinguished the hopes and aspirations of his devoted people.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RALE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GOV. SHUTE.

The Rev. Joseph Baxter, Sebastian Rôle's rival in the mission fields of Maine, did not as we have seen remain long at his post. His task at the best was a cheerless one for try as he would, he could not succeed in winning the hearts of the Indians from their old time attachments to the Catholic faith, and while his presents were received and accepted with thanks, the Indian children failed to frequent his school. Among the various reasons alleged for his failure, we notice with pleasure that given by the honorable president of the Maine Historical Society, James P. Baxter in his learned work, "The pioneers of New France in New England," pages 87 and 88 where Mr. Baxter says: "That Protestant missionary's effort was productive of little result at this period is not strange. The difference between the two forms of worship, Roman Catholic and Protestant, is sufficient to account for this. The Roman ritual with its pomp and glitter, preserved in some degree even in the wilderness, was attractive to the savages, and they regarded with contempt the simplicity so dear to New England Protestantism." That the solemn and stately services organized by Father Rôle for his people at Narantsovac, were duly effective on the savage natures of his devoted parishioners, is not surprising, for such is and always has been the result of the Catholic ceremonial on the most highly civilized as well as on the most untutored child of the forest. But the Indian saw something more in the Catholic faith as taught him by the sublime efforts of the missionary, than mere "pomp and glitter." He had gone deeper than the shell of Christian doctrine, farther than the observer of dignified ceremonial, and had accepted the doctrine which had given birth to such an expressive and beautiful ritual. If therefore the effect of this doctrine on the loyal followers of the self-sacrificing Rôle, was not such as we or even he would wish, we have to remember that most favored nations,

the most highly cultivated, have yet to attain that degree of Christian fidelity which will justify us in holding them as a class, all things considered, so much superior to the simple children of the Abenakis tribe who were wont to daily gather about the heroic Rôle during the years of his long pastorate on the Kennebec. On the contrary had "the simplicity so dear to New England Protestantism," supplanted the well defined doctrines of the Catholic Church in the hearts of our Maine Indians, would we be justified in supposing that the lot of the Indian would have been otherwise than that recorded by history of his race?

Had Joseph Baxter succeeded in detaching the Indians from their allegiance to their Catholic faith, and Sebastian Rôle in their affections, may we for a moment suppose that the outcome would have been any different, or that they would have remained in quiet possession of their ancestral estates?

From a human standpoint, we do not believe that the Indians could have long endured against the constantly increasing influx of settlers eager to possess the land, and had they sacrificed their faith they must have eventually lost both their earthly and their eternal inheritance.

The Arrowsick conference did not even postpone the inevitable day of doom for the poor red man. There was in its deliberations no clause on which he could pin his hopes and return in security to his forest home. The consent wrung from him that his "English Friends shall possess, Enjoy & Improve all the lands, which they formerly possessed, and all which they have obtained a Right & Title unto," left the Indian chief no assurance that what today was his, might not on the morrow be claimed by his English friend. We may in fact say that the ink with which the Sagamores signed their totems had hardly dried ere the advanced posts began to be pushed farther and farther from the already acknowledged English settlements. To the eastward and to the north, along the ocean shore, and farther up the Kennebec began to appear the stone fort or fortified post against which the Indian had long since realized that his most heroic efforts were in vain. Starting with the summer of 1717 to 1720 we record in the brief space of a few years, the erection of a chain of forts extending from Kittery to the banks of the Penobscot, including St. George's on the east bank of St. George's river near our present Thomaston, Fort George on the lower Androscoggin, Fort Richmond on the Kennebec at the head of Swan's island, Noyes' stone fort at Cushnoc, Fort William Henry at Pemaquid together with many minor fortified so called trading posts which show us how thoroughly the Indian fishing and hunting grounds were being occupied and how just were the complaints of the oppressed race which little by little saw the lands through which they had long roamed at will, passing under the hand of the pale face.

Placing ourselves in the position of the vanquished, we cannot but realize the justness of their claims, we cannot but admire the courage and devotion of Sebastian Râle in his unaided struggle for the faith and the homes of his people. His letters to the New England authorities were the objects of derision; his appeals to the French governor of Canada brought little save empty promises. An acknowledged leader of his flock, he realized only too clearly the twofold purpose of his English adversaries, or rather he knew that the Indians' lands were the goal of the New England colonists, and that the faith of his children in Christ was hated and detested by the Colonial authorities. To him both were dear, and we must give him all credit for the long but hopeless contest, which he waged in behalf of his people's fireside and altar.

His long letters to Baxter, his treatise of over one hundred pages written in the Latin language, his *Apologia pro Vita sua*, but bespeak the zeal of the shepherd against the one who would sap the foundations of the faith of his flock. It is just what we should expect from one in the presence of an enemy seeking to destroy his life work, and while as we said before, we think Father Râle made a mistake in taking Mr. Baxter seriously, we are nevertheless not surprised at the fearless manner in which he met and vanquished his adversary.

His strong epistle to Governor Shute shortly following the close of the conference at Arrowsic, has apparently been lost, but with Gov. Shute's reply at hand under date of Feb. 21, 1718, "to the jesuit at Norigwalk," we may fairly reproduce the sense of Father Râle's plea in behalf of his people. While the Governor's letter is ironical and sarcastic in the extreme, as we might expect from the pompous author whose scholarship should have taught him the propriety of writing the word Jesuit with a capital, it is nevertheless apparent that he considers the letter before him very attentively section after section.

We glean from Gov. Shute's lengthy letter that Father Râle had briefly touched on his controversy with Mr. Baxter, that he had expressed himself as a lover of peace, that he outlines what the Indians might do in case they did not get justice; that he complained bitterly of the sale of Rhum by the New England traders among the Indians; that he reproached the English with having broken the Treaty of Arrowsic in their encroachments on the Tribal lands; that while Father Râle had no fault to find as far as liberty of fishing and hunting were concerned, he nevertheless closes by strongly portraying the danger of pushing the Indians too far, and the possibility of them again declaring war on their English oppressors.

The English governor very naturally questions Father Râle's love of peace, takes the Jesuit severely to task for the treatment which he accorded Mr. Baxter, and blames him for not

accepting the Protestant minister as a brother or "Fellow Labourer in the Work of the Lord, & instead of Excommunicating and Unchristian Treatment of the Poor Indians for only attending on Mr. Baxter's Instructions, when the harvest was so plenteous, and the Labourers so few; And if you had recommended him and his Labours to those poor People; This had been not only for the Glory of God, the promoting the Common Cause of Religion, but your own honour & Comfort."

Just how the "common cause" was going to succeed along the lines laid down by Gov. Shute is not apparent, especially since doctrines radically opposed one to the other were to be served to the "poor People." Possibly Father R  le and Mr. Baxter were expected to get together and agree on some certain doctrines which were to be presented to the Indians, just the same as we frequently see it advocated by the various warring sects of our day when about to enter on a new field, in a mutual agreement to teach only that on which they agree, or take over spheres of influence; but we do not remember of meeting anywhere in the history of these trying times, the practice of this modern method of laboring for the conversion of the unbelievers.

That Father R  le's outspoken opposition to the use of strong drink among the Indians was pleasing to Gov. Shute is evidenced by the cordial manner in which this the only portion of the Missionary's long letter is received. "As to the Business of Rhum, of Strong Drink," writes the Governor, "I am perfectly of your Opinion, Concerning the Mischievous Consequences of Supplying the Indians therewithall, that it is destructive to Soul and Body; and that it has all along had a great hand in private Murthers, as well as the Open & Cruell Warrs, we and they have in times past been Engaged in, but how to prevent it Hic Labor, Hoc Opus.

"The Clergy of this Country have from the Pulpit bore a very Affectionate and Solemn Testimony against this Wickedness.

"And the Government have made very wholesome and Severe Laws with Penaltys against it; and as often as the Transgressors are Convicted, they are Punished; But helas! it is almost impossible to prevent it, the Countrey and Sea Coast being so large. However you may be assured this Government have nothing more at heart than this very thing, to prevent the Indians to the Eastward from having any Rum sent them, and every session of the General Assembly, we are projecting new and more Effectual methods for that purpose; and I shall take it kindly if you can suggest anything of that sort, either of your self or of the Indians.

"Besides the Laws of the Land against this Iniquity; I have given strict orders to the Officers of the Government and principal persons of the Eastern parts to take special care that the

Indians have no Rum sold or given them on any pretence whatsoever; I am in hope we shall in time attain a good reformation in that article. However you must Assure the Indians that nothing of this sort has ever been transacted, by Order, or so much as with the knowledge of the Government, for they utterly renounce & Abhor it But transacted secretly by Villains; for which reason the Iniquity or Ill Consequences thereof, cannot with Justice be Imputed to the Government, nor more than a plunder, or Robbery Committed by Pyrates."

In writing the history of this early day, we have no reason for suspecting the connivance of the Colonial authorities with the liquor interests any more than we have today, but we cannot help observing that it was apparently as easy for our Indian population to procure intoxicants in abundance, as it is even in our times, stringent legislation notwithstanding. However, this may be, we cannot but admire the missionaries in all parts of our country for their energetic protests against the introduction of rum among their people. In this great work, Father R  le was a leader. None knew better than he, the frightful ravages of liquor; none could more eloquently portray its terrible effects on the already savage natures of his people; strictly temperate, none could speak with greater weight, or experience, than the illustrious apostle of the Christian Indians of the Kennebec.

It would seem that Gov. Shute's letter was carried to Norridgewock by Joseph Heath and John Minot, for we find in Vol. IX, 2nd Series of that valuable collection of documents bearing on our early history, published by the Maine Historical Society, ably edited by the scholarly president of the Society, the Hon. James P. Baxter, a letter addressed from Merry-meeting Bay May 1, 1719, in which these two gentlemen report the result of their trip to Narantsovac. It would appear that they read the Governor's letter to Father R  le who in turn outlined to them the reply he purposed sending later on to Gov. Shute. Two reasons are alleged by the good Father in explanation of the greater part of the trouble then existing between the Indians and the New England colonists, the abundance of Rum and the usurpation of the Tribal lands contrary to the treaty of Arrowsick. We have only to remember that in those days, rum was a common article in the Colonial homes, was sold at the trading posts, and believed one of the necessities of life. The Indian had no difficulty in finding it in abundance, and the settler perhaps not unfrequently relieved his household of an unwelcome guest by giving him a supply of rum thus creating a menace among the colonists and a source of disorder at the mission. Father R  le preached temperance to his people, and illustrated his instructions by his personal example; the New England colonist legislated against the use of liquor among the Indians, but gave them no practical

illustration of this wholesome doctrine among themselves. The simple Indian could therefore well retort "*Cura teipsum*, Show the way, give me the example, and I will try to follow."

Father Rôle then proceeded to develop the facts above stated, the multiplication of forts, the occupation of new lands, the erection of new homes, all of which was not in harmony with their interpretation of existing treaties. He enlarged on the assurances just received from Vaudreuil, the Canadian governor voicing the instruction of the King of France that the Indians should be supported and protected against their unjust aggressors.

Messrs. Heath and Minot evidently remained some little time at Narantsouac, for taking advantage of their opportunity to interview the Indians, and perhaps go about among the cabins, their missive to Gov. Shute shows that there was not a little diversity of opinion as to the best course to pursue,—in a word some were for peace at any price, others on the contrary favored a renewal of war. There were consequently two factions, one favoring the interests of the French, and the other placing their trust in the sincerity of the English would seek justice at their hand. As Father Rôle naturally upheld the claims of the French government and stood for the rights of his people, the English sympathizers gave the Colonial delegates the impression that he did not represent the real sentiments of the Indian tribes. Heath and Minot consequently closed their report to the Governor, saying: "It is our humble Oppinnion that the fryer is an Incendiary of mischief amongst these Indians and that were it not for his pernicious suggestions your Excellency would not meet with any trouble from them." "Yet these very Indians," remarks Converse Francis, in his life of Rôle, "who thus disclaimed all sympathy with Rôle, would, the next week perhaps, be foremost to listen to his suggestions and defend his statements. So fickle and impulsive was the character of these wild men."

The position of Sebastian Rôle was now becoming most trying. A lone missionary, far from his native land, and his kindred, he might well look about for support, for advice, for encouragement. But to whom apply? Surely not to the New England Colonists who hated his race, and above all detested his faith. Might he not apply to his own dear country, to France, to his King? How vain! France had already surrendered her beautiful Acadian provinces to England, and Vaudreuil, her Canadian governor, could only promise the assistance of a neutral, to furnish the Indians with powder and balls, or to stimulate the Canadian tribes to go and succor their American brethren in their unequal struggle against their oppressor. Finally might he not take council of the people among whom he had lived so long, in whose behalf the best years of

his life had been given? Here again was he doomed to disappointment, and had to complain, as Francis tells us, "of their utter unsteadiness." To Father Râle's mind there remained just one alternative, just one source of consolation, the Divine master hence to continue from day to day the faithful performance of his duties as a Catholic pastor, leading his flock as far as possible along the ways of peace, trusting not in the frailties of earth, but in Him Who has said "Come to me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

CHAPTER XXX.

A PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATION.

The English authorities had now determined to drive Sebastian Râle from the scene of his labors on the Kennebec, for they had long since come to realize that the Catholic missionary would uphold to the last extremity, the civil and religious liberties of his devoted people. They had discovered that it was useless to try to supplant him in the affections of the Savages through the ministrations of Protestant ministers, for as we have seen the Indians did not take kindly to the cheerless tenets of Protestantism. It remained therefore to lay at the door of the heroic Râle the awful responsibility for all the crimes committed by the Natives during these trying times. The fact that the Indians might have any rights seems to have been overlooked, and the mere fact of their presuming to defend what they considered theirs, was deemed little short of an act of war, the result of the machinations of the Catholic priest who in their estimation was simply "An incendiary of mischief" among the Indian people. Apart from whatever rights that may have been extorted from the Natives by the treaty of Arrowsick, or other pacts of older date, the English laid claim to all the lands in question, in virtue of the grant that had been made to the Plymouth Company in 1620 now about one hundred years ago, but it seems to have been the settled purpose of the colonists to gradually dispossess the primal occupant of the soil, as peacefully as possible, and to use force only in case he refused to gracefully vacate his ancestral estates. To the fair minded historian, it seems to have been a case where the end only was kept in view, with little or no scruple as to the means used in its attainment. The long struggles that had already taken place, appear to have convinced the Indians that their chances of ultimate victory were small, and if we may judge even from English reports, the majority of those now living at Norridgewock was for peace at any cost.

With the Indians the great question of peace or war seems to have been settled in the election of a chief to take the place of the aged Toxus recently deceased. Each of the two factions had their candidates, and while we have every reason for believing that Father Râle favored the selection of Wiwurna, the choice of the electorate fell on Wissememet, to whom the Jesuit refers in one of his letters as "Ketermogus, a cipher in the Village," simply because of his well known advocacy of peace at any price.

That Father Râle could have egged the Indians on to war, had he so wished, is doubted even by Parkman who alleges many other reasons besides the assured intrigues of the Catholic missionary, for the great unrest then in evidence among the Indian tribes of our State. In his work "A Half Century of Conflict," Vol. I, p. 232, the learned historian says: "Yet afraid as the Indians were of another war, even Râle could scarcely have stirred them to violence but for the indignities put upon them by Indian-hating ruffians of the border, vicious rum-selling traders, and hungry land thieves. They had still another cause of complaint.

"Shute had promised to build trading houses where their wants should be supplied without fraud and extortion; but he had not kept his word, and could not keep it for reasons that will soon appear." Whatever excuses may be alleged for Gov. Shute's failure to comply with the articles of the Arrowsick treaty, the seeming useless delay on these important matters did not tend towards pacifying the turbulent spirits over whom Sebastian Râle exercised a measure of spiritual supremacy at Narantsouac. The missionary had long since seen that English promises were not to be trusted, and that the simple Savages were being constantly duped by the pretended benefactions of their English neighbors, and none was now more strongly convinced, than he, that the hour of the final struggle for mastery was about to strike, the hour that must inevitably be supreme in the destinies of his people, when he must of necessity stand forth as their fearless champion in the defense of those rights which had long been theirs. Nowhere in the life of the great Catholic missionary to the Indian tribes of Maine, do we find that he faltered in this desperate yet hopeless task. His letters show that he was most energetic in persuing those means which he believed suited for the maintenance of his peoples' old time liberties, and we do not see wherein his methods suffer in comparison with the measures of those who had now determined to drive him and his neophytes from the scenes so long sanctified by the council fires of their departed kindred.

"The Indians," says Abbott, "had pledged themselves not to purchase any goods excepting at the established trading-

houses. But no trading-houses had been established; consequently they could have no trade. The Indians had been dependent upon the French for the repairing of their arms and their tools. The English depriving them of this, had promised to send smiths and armorers among them; but none had been sent. Private adventurers, prowling around, had grossly defrauded them; and there was no redress." Failure on the part of the English to keep their promises, naturally provoked resentment, and even individual acts of outrage which while deplored by Father Râle and the responsible portion of the community, could not be prevented. The peace party however made an effort to placate the Colonial authorities, going for this purpose, to the extent of sending an envoy to Boston as the bearer of two hundred beaver-skins together with an offer to deliver four hostages into their hands as a pledge of their future good conduct, and their purpose to repair the damages already committed. Had the Indians no grievances demanding redress, this move might have passed unnoticed, but with all the wrongs that had recently been heaped upon them, in keen remembrance, much discussion was occasioned at the mission as to why they should go to such extremes to satisfy those whom they considered, in every sense of the word, unjust aggressors. Voicing this sentiment, Father Râle wrote Vaudreuil, the Canadian governor, giving a full account of the situation at Narantsouac, probably asking at the same time support in his contest with the encroaching English. As France and England were now at peace, the governor could not well do more than give Father Râle the benefit of his advice in a matter which deeply concerned the temporal and spiritual well being of the Indians. Knowing something of their wrongs at the hand of the New England colonists, and feeling that the chiefs had without reason humiliated themselves and their race, Vaudreuil determined to arrange a peaceful Indian demonstration which would show their aggressors that they were not yet helpless. He accordingly replied to Father Râle: "The faint hearts of your Indians, in giving hostages for damages done those who would drive them from their native country, have convinced me that the present is a crisis in which a moment is not to be lost. Therefore I have applied to the villages of St. Francis and Becancourt, and prevailed on them to support with vigor their brethren at Norridgewock, and to send a deputation to the place appointed, for negotiating the proposed treaty, who dare let the English know that they will have to deal with other tribes than the one at Norridgewock, if they continue their encroachments." "I give this important letter," remarks Abbott, "upon the authority of Mr. Williamson, though he does not state the source from which he derives it. He is generally very accurate, though perhaps not ready

to make full acknowledgment of that British intolerance which goaded the Savges into war."

The demonstration planned by Vaudreuil to overawe the British intruders on the Indian lands, was perhaps the last great assembly that took place at Narantsouac. Couriers had been dispatched to proclaim the wrongs heaped on their brethren of Acadia, by their English oppressors. Passing from village to village, they had rallied the braves to the support of their kindred on the far away Kennebec. Thither they came in the early summer of 1721 to gladden the hearts of the despondent Abenakis. Passing up the Chaudière through Lake Megantic, thence across the Carry ponds, then down the bounding Kennebec to Narantsouac, one might have seen the men of Becancourt, St. Francis, Lorette, and even of distant Caughnawaga, Hurons, Iroquois, one and all anxious to unite forces with their sorely tried friends of the Kennebec against the hated English. With them came the Superior of the Jesuit missions, Father De la Chasse and Croisel a French officer who had accompanied the expedition at the special request of the United tribes. New life was at once infused among the despondent inhabitants of the little Kennebec village, and their enthusiasm became unbounded. Father De la Chasse was no stranger among them: he had already spent several years on the Acadian missions, and had doubtless been a frequent visitor at Father Râle's humble home.

Leaving the Canadian Indians to fraternize with their brethren of the Kennebec, the Superior visited Panaouamske on the Penobscot where he had arranged to meet the chiefs from Medocteh and Penondaky among all of whom he had labored some twenty years as a missionary. As a result of his visit, the Indians agreed to make common cause and return with De la Chasse to take part in the great council at Narantsouac where we see assembled on the eve of this important undertaking, the chiefs and braves of the United Indian tribes. From Panouamske 100 warriors had accompanied the Jesuit father on his return to the Kennebec: from St. Francis and Becancourt there were 6 canoes, three from each village, and one from the Hurons of Lorette. Others there were who had come to encourage by their presence, the deliberations of the Indian sagamores. It was therefore a noted gathering that sat about the council board at Narantsouac on this historic occasion. Let us behold them at length, for not again shall we see so many here.

Were we privileged to follow their deliberations, we should doubtless have heard recounted the wrongs, real or fancied, of many a year. Stolid and silent, the Sagamores listened to the discussion of the momentous questions at issue, the cause of the Aborigine, by the heroes of many a hard fought battle in

defense of what they perhaps justly considered their injured rights. Among the deeply interested listeners, we see our old friends the chiefs of the Kennebecs; we see the Canadian delegates, the French officer Croisel, and that sion of American royalty, Castin the younger. There are the aged missionaries whose tattered garments and toilworn features tell us only too plainly of the years of toil and hardship given to the cause of Christianity, De la Chasse, Lauverjat, and Rôle, all three now well on towards the evening of their days. It is the last effort of a vanquished race, and it is well their final appearance had some few vestiges of their departed greatness. Such in truth was the case as they glided down the Kennebec towards Arrowsick, the seat of English power. Ninety canoes bearing 250 war-painted warriors, plumed and feathered in all the splendor of a barbaric race, must have seemed a formidable array to Penhallow as he beheld them passing Georgetown fort, to land at their old time camping ground on Padeshal's Island just opposite ancient Arrowsic. With his small garrison Captain Penhallow could hardly hope to contend successfully with the formidable host now arrayed against him. Prudence now took the place of valor, for he tells us in his rather one-sided account of the Indian wars, "some time in July, they came with ninety canoes on Padishal's island which lies opposite Arrowsick, and sent to speak with Capt. Penhallow who fearing an intrigue, refused. Upon which, one hundred and fifty of them went over to him, with whom he held a conference; especially with Monsieur Delachase, and Sebastian Ralle, who were Jesuits; Monsieur Crozen from Canada, and St. Casteen from Penobscot, came along with them, who brought a letter for Governor Shute, in behalf of the several tribes, importing that if the English did not remove and quit their land in three weeks, they would burn their houses and kill them, as also their cattle." Outside of their numbers and imposing appearances, the only result of this meeting was the handing of a letter to Capt. Penhallow, addressed to Gov. Shute. The best of order prevailed on the part of the Indian host which evidently had no other purpose than to serve notice on the English authorities, that the measure of Savage endurance had now been reached, and that they should without further argument, quietly withdraw within the lines already established by treaty. With the delivery of the letter referred to by Penhallow, the great Indian expedition so carefully planned, so successfully carried into execution turned its course up the winding river towards its forest fastness, and we see it no more. Like all rulers, when the day of endurance was past, when their long tried patience had become exhausted, they had delivered their ultimatum, their last word, and had with becoming dignity, withdrawn to await results.

The document signed with the totems of the assembled chiefs, nineteen in number, which was handed Capt. Penhallow on this momentous occasion, reads as follows :

"Great Captain of the English:

Thou seest by the treaty of peace of which I send thee a copy that thou shouldst live peaceably with me. Is it to live in peace with me to take my land despite me? My land that I received from God alone, my land of which no kind or strange power has been able, or can dispose of despite me, that thou nevertheless has done for several years, by establishing and fortifying thyself therein against my will, as thou hast done on my river of Ammoukangan, of Kenibekki, in that of Mat-sidouanoussis, and elsewhere and recently in my River of An-moukangan where I have been surprised to see a fort which they tell me is built by thy orders.

Consider: Great Captain: that I have frequently told thee to retire from off my lands, and I repeat it to thee now for the last time, my land belongs to thee neither by right of conquest, nor by gift, nor by purchase. It is not thine by right of conquest.

When hast thou driven me from it? and have I not always driven thee from it, every time that we have had war together, which proves that it is mine by many titles.

It is not thine by gift.

The King of France thou sayest has given it to me: but has he power to give it to thee? am I his subject? The Indians have given it to thee. Some Indians that thou hast overreached by making them drink, have they the power to give to thee to the prejudice of all their nation, who very far from ratifying this gift, which would be necessary to give thee some right, declares it to be vain and illusory? Some have lent thee some places, but know that all the nation revokes these loans, because of the abuse of which thou has made of them. When have they permitted thee to build forts and to advance thyself as much as thou has done in their River?

It is not thine by right of purchase.

And thou tellest me a thing that my grandfathers and my fathers have never told me. That they had sold my land when some of them would have sold certain places, which is not so, since thou canst not say that thou hast fully paid for the least of the islands which thou wishest to possess. I have the right of recovering the property which has not been alienated to my prejudice, and that I have so many times reconquered.

I await then thy reply within three sabbath days; if within this time thou dost not write me, that thou has retired from my land, I will not tell thee again to withdraw, and I shall believe that thou wishest to make thyself master of it in spite of me.

Furthermore this is not the word of four or five savages, whom by thy presents, thy lies and thy tricks thou canst easily make fall into thy opinions, this is the word of all the Abnaki nation spread over this continent and Canada, and of all the other Christian Indians and their allies who are expressly assembled at Pemster in order to speak to thee thus about my land, and who, after having awaited thee more than fifty days and my people, that I am surprised that thou hast not sent back to me, contrary to thy word, summon thee altogether to withdraw thyself from off the land of the Abnakis, that thou wishest to unjustly usurp, and which has for bounds the River Kenibequi, the River which separates it from the land of the Iroquois. I should have the right to reclaim from thee all the space which is between that River and me, since thou possessest nothing of it only by deceit, but I am willing to leave thee in this place on condition that absolutely no more English shall dwell within a league of my River Pegonaki, nor within this bound along the border of the sea which corresponds to all the extent of my land, nor at the mouth of my Rivers, nor in any of the islands which correspond to my land, which are adjacent and where my canoe can go. If some individual savages addicted to drink tell thou to dwell where thou didst formerly dwell, know that all the nation disavows this permission and that I will go to burn the houses after having pillaged them.

"By my people who are in Boston, I await thy reply in my village of Narantsouak, in French as I have written thee. If thou writest me in English, I shall believe that thou dost not wish to be understood and that thou wishest to retain my land, and my people in spite of me which I then tell thee to restore to me, because the land is mine, and that for my four men I have given ransom for which we are assembled to acquit myself of my word although I owe thee nothing. This is the word of all the Abnaki nation, spread over this continent and Canada and of all the Catholic Indians, Hurons, Iroquois, Micmaks and other allies of the Abnakis of which the old men and deputies have appeared and spoken at the place called Menaskek, at the river, July 28, 1721.

"Know further Great Captain that all the Abnaki nation pronounces void all the deeds which thou has passed heretofore with the Indians because they have not been avowed nor received from all the nations and because they have only been the effect of thy impositions, as is the case of Peskadoe, upon which thou establish thyself so strongly, where thou didst so falsely make the savages understand that thou wast sole master of the land, that the King of France had given thee their country as if a king could give what was not his.

"Mark the effect of the drink which thou has given in plenty to the Indians after they promise thee all that thou wishest.

"Mark the effect of the violence which thou has exercised against them on several occasions, and quite recently last winter, when after having called six to speak with thee, on the subject of the cattle which they had killed for thee and which they had a right to kill for thee in order to oblige thee by that to withdraw from the land which is not thine, thou madest them enter into a house and immediately surrounded it with near two hundred Englishmen armed with pistols and swords and compelled four of them to remain for the cattle killed. Thou has conducted these four men to Boston. Thou has promised to restore these four men by giving thee 200 beavers. The beavers have been given and now thou retainest these men. By what right?

"Signatures of the Abnaki Nation and of the Indians, its allies."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ENGLISH DETERMINED TO FORCE HOSTILITIES.

The author of this historic document was the Jesuit superior, Father de la Chasse, who took pains to write it in three languages, Abenakis, Latin and English, so that there might be no doubt as to its import. "It seemed needless," remarks Father Râle in a long letter to his nephew, written under date of October 15, 1722, "to use any other language than the English tongue, but the Father was very glad that, on the one hand, the Savages should know for themselves that the letter contained only what they had dictated; and that, on the other, the Englishmen could not doubt that the English translation was faithful."

"It was in the month of July of the year 1721," continues Father Râle to his nephew, "that this letter was carried to Boston, by some Englishmen who had been present at the conference. As two months passed by without receiving an answer from Boston, and as, besides, the English had ceased to sell the Abenakis powder, lead, and provisions, as they had been doing before this contention, our Savages were disposed to retaliate; all the influence which Monsieur the Marquis de Vaudreuil had over their minds was needed to make them put off for some time longer violent proceedings."

The receipt of this unexpected ultimatum by the English governor only served to hasten the impending conflict which all saw, was now inevitable. Gov. Shute at once proceeded to call Vaudreuil to account for the encouragement he had given to this Indian gathering which had been emphasized by the presence of the French officers, Croisel, and St. Castin; but

no measures were taken for the relief of the Indians or the redressing of their grievances. In fact, Father de la Chasse's letter had hardly arrived in Boston, ere the General Court was assembled, and a move inaugurated declaring the Indians rebels, and authorizing the raising of an army for their suppression. Many were for proceeding at once against the Catholic Indians of Maine with force capable of obliging them to surrender Father Râle together with every Jesuit then among them. It would however be most unfair to suppose that all the good people of Boston approved these severe and hasty measures, for even Gov. Shute was apparently loath to give his entire approval to these arbitrary proceedings.

Our Maine historian, Williamson tells us, Vol. II, p. 107, that "Some supposed this procedure rash; and many good people remembered with pain, how many of the government's stipulations, made or renewed in the treaty of Arrowsick and at other times, had never been performed. No trading houses had been erected; no smiths or armorers had been provided at the public charge for the accommodation of the Indians; no places had been established where in fair barter they could exchange their furs and skins for provisions, ammunitions, clothing and other articles. Perhaps traders had defrauded them, and hunters had provoked them; and the veins of war when once opened, could not be easily closed."

The escape of the five Indians held in quasi captivity on one of the islands in Boston harbor, which happened about this time, seems to have rather hastened matters, but why this should have been considered of great importance is hard to understand, especially since the hostages who were perhaps not even justly held, were soon taken and returned to the place of their detention.

The fact that the Indians permitted the time limit named in their letter of protest to pass by without taking any positive measures to carry out their threat, is an indication that they were anxious to avoid trouble, especially since they were now beginning to realize that they could not count on Vaudreuil for any active support in their unequal struggle with their unjust oppressors.

Already suspicious, they had asked the French governor what he would do in case matters came to a crisis. The governor solemnly promised that he would not fail them in their hour of need. But looking for something more specific, the Abenakis emisaries demanded: "But what assistance will our Father give us?" They were now beginning to justly question the honesty of their French friends and to ask themselves what they had received in return for their fidelity to the cause of France. "My children," replied Vaudreuil, "I will send you tomahawks, powder, and lead." The insincerity of their so called friends

was now dawning on the surprised but yet trusting Indian delegates. "Is this the way a father should help his beloved children who have been as faithful as we have been to you" was the Savage's rejoinder; "such is not our idea; we believe that the very moment a father beholds his child beset by an enemy likely to overcome him, he should at once take his place at his side and declare to his opponent that he must reckon with the father as well as with the child."

"Should what I have promised not suffice," continued Vaudreuil, "I will induce the other Indian tribes to go to your assistance." That a French governor should presume to hold control over the resources of their fellow countrymen seemed little short of ridiculous to the Abenakis chiefs; that he should dare to promise them the aid of their brother tribes in a struggle against a common enemy was more than they could stand; hence their spirited reply: "Please remember, Governor, that we do not need your help on this point; whenever we wish, we the inhabitants of these broad lands, can unite against all comers, no matter who or wherever they may be."

Governor Vaudreuil was not prepared for this positive declaration of Indian independence, but wishing to use them and still remain ostensibly their sincere supporter, he solemnly promised that, "rather than see them overcome by the English, he would himself go to their relief." Not over enthusiastic, the Abenakis delegates returned to report that the probabilities of French aid in their struggle with the English aggressor were very remote, and that they must consequently rely on their own resources for the defense of their ancestral lands.

Notwithstanding the apparent purpose of the Maine Indians to avoid an open rupture with the Colonial authorities, and to confine their sense of wrongs committed against their rights, to vigorous protests, it seems evident that the English authorities were determined to provoke the already sorely tried natives to acts which would eventually lead to the renewal of a war of extermination in which the tribes must inevitably be the losers. None realized this better than Father R  le and his devoted people who now more than ever looked to him for guidance. His removal from their midst had long been sought by the New England settlers who recognized in the fearless Apostle a staunch defender of his oppressed parishioners' most sacred interests. Unable to supplant him in the affections of his people, it was now determined to resort to extreme measures which must eventually drive the Jesuit father and his Catholic Indians to destruction.

An act of great annoyance was the arrest or abduction of Castin, the younger, which took place in the fall of 1721. The son of Baron de St. Castin and the daughter of an Abenakis chief, the young man's standing among his people was unques-

tioned, and there is small doubt but that they would have been ready to defend him to the last man. Entirely unsuspecting any treachery, he had been induced to board a small English vessel then lying off Pentagoet; thus ambushed this illustrious young man was brought to Boston, where he was detained in captivity during five months on the ground that he had taken part in the great Indian demonstration at Arrowsick. "The English blamed him for this" states Father Râle who gives us at length an account of this the first evidence of a determination on the part of the Puritan authorities to proceed against the Indians. "They sent a small vessel to the place of his abode. The Captain took care to have his men concealed, with the exception of two or three whom he left on deck. He sent to invite Monsieur de Saint Casteins, with whom he was acquainted to come on board and take some refreshment. Monsieur de Saint Casteins who had no reason to be suspicious went there alone and unattended; but hardly had he appeared before they set sail, and carried him to Boston. There he was placed in the prisoner's dock, and questioned as if a criminal. He was asked among other things, wherefore and in what capacity he had been present at the conference that was held with the Savages; what the regimental coat with which he was clothed signified; and if he had been sent to the assembly by the Governor of Canada. Monsieur de Saint Casteins answered that he was an Abenakis on the side of his mother, and had spent his life among the Savages; that his tribe men having established him as Chief of their Tribe, he was obliged to participate in their meetings, in order to sustain their interests; that it was in this capacity alone that he had been present at the late conference; as for the rest, the coat that he wore was not a regimental coat, as they imagined; that it was in truth handsome and very well decorated, but it was not above his condition—even independently of the honor he had of being an officer in our army. Castin's detention of five months was considered by many even among the English, as entirely unjustifiable. It would have been difficult, in fact, even to describe his offense, and it was unjust to detain him. His influence was great among the Sagamores; his representations were plausible and apparently sincere; and at last he was discharged. The arrest of him was cruel; and any punishment inflicted on him would have been a disgrace to the government." Williamson, Vol. II, p. 108. If the arrest of Castin was cruel, and his detention unjust, it should not have been difficult for our noted Maine historian to qualify the 2nd hostile act of the New Englanders inaugurated about the same time, for there had been up to this date, not a single outbreak of any kind or the semblance of an attack on the settlers by the primal inhabitants of our

State, and yet we are told by the same authority that, "Early in the November session, the General Court resolved that there were reasons still existing, sufficient to prosecute 'the Eastern Indians for their many breaches of covenant;' and in December, a party was ordered to Norridgewock, under Col. Thomas Westbrook, to seize the notorious Râle. They arrived at the Village undiscovered, but before they could surround his house, he escaped to the woods, leaving his books and papers, in his chest or 'strong box,' which they brought off without doing any damage. Among his papers were his letters of correspondence with the Governor of Canada, by which it appeared, he was deeply engaged in exciting the Indians to a rupture, and had promised to assist them."

Father Râle fortunately has left us his own story of this unbidden visit to his humble home at Narantsouac. In a letter addressed a few months later to his nephew in France, the humble missionary thus records and characterizes an expedition which reflects little credit on our early New England authorities. "The attempt of the English against myself was the second act of hostility which brought to a climax the excessive irritation of the Abenakis tribe. A Missionary can scarcely fail to be an object of hate to these Gentlemen. Love for the Religion which he endeavors to impress upon the hearts of these Savages holds these Neophytes firmly in union with us, and separates them from the English. The latter therefore regard me as an invincible obstacle to their plan of spreading themselves over the territory of the Abenakis, and of gradually seizing the mainland which is between New England and Acadia. They have often attempted to remove me from my flock and more than once a price has been set on my head. It was about the end of January in the year 1722 when they made a new attempt which had no other success than to manifest their ill will towards me.

"I had remained alone in the village with a small number of old men and feeble folks, while the rest of the Savages were at the hunt. That time appeared favorable to the enemy for surprising me; and, with this in view, they sent out a detachment of two hundred men. Two Young Abenakis, who were hunting on the seashore, heard that the English had entered the river; they immediately turned their steps to that quarter, so as to observe the movements of the English. Having perceived them about ten leagues from the village, these Savages outran them by crossing the country, that they might inform me, and help the old men, women, and children to retire in haste. I had only time to consume the hosts, to enclose in a small box the sacred vessels, and to escape into the woods.

Towards evening, the English reached the village; and not having found me there, they came the next day to look for me in the very place of our retreat. They were within only a gunshot when we descried them; all that I could do was to plunge with haste into the forest. But I had no time to take my snowshoes, and as, besides, I still experienced great weakness caused by a fall,—in which some years ago, my thigh and my leg were broken,—it was not possible for me to run very far. The only resource that remained for me was to hide behind a tree. They immediately searched the various paths worn by the Savages when they go for wood, and came within eight steps of the tree that was sheltering me, where they must naturally have perceived me, for the trees had shed their leaves; nevertheless, as if they had been driven away by an invisible hand, they suddenly retraced their steps and again took the way to the village.

“Thus it was by special protection of God that I escaped from their pursuit. They pillaged my church and my little house, thereby almost reducing me to a death from starvation in the midst of the woods. It is true that when my adventure was known in Quebec, provisions were sent to me immediately; but they could not arrive for some time, and during that period I was deprived of all aid, and in extreme need.”

It was now the season of the annual winter hunt, and all the able bodied braves were undoubtedly in the deep forests bordering on our great inland lakes where their days were given up to the chase of the Caribou, Deer, Moose and other game, then so abundant in our State. Like the other missionaries, Father Râle had been accustomed to take part in these rigorous outings more for the sake of being with his people than for any pleasure that might be his. But he was now advancing in age, and an accident which had happened to him some time previous made it impossible for the good priest to follow the wanderings of his parishioners. Writing in 1724, Father de la Chasse tells us that it was then some nineteen years since this misfortune occurred, to which Father Râle simply refers in the letter from which we have quoted the above extract. The means of transportation were so limited, and medical attendance so rare, that it was only after the long and tedious journey to Quebec, that the good father was able to procure the necessary treatment. Unable to walk, he was carried by his faithful Indians as soon and as tenderly as possible to far away Quebec where it was found that the broken parts of his thigh and leg had already knitted and that it would consequently be necessary to break them again in order to give them the proper setting. Amazed at the firmness and tranquility shown by Father Râle during the violence of this operation, the surgeon, Dr. Sarrazin, exclaimed,

"Ah, my father, suffer at least a few groans to escape; you have occasion enough for them!" But the medical knowledge of that day did not suffice for the complete restoration of the shattered limbs, so that Father Râle for the remainder of his days, a cripple, could only through the greatest difficulty attend to the necessities of his people. Just a few years previous to Westbrook's visits to Narantsovac in January, 1722, the humble Jesuit had sought the kindly ministrations of the Rev. Hugh Adams stationed at Arrowsic in 1717. Having some knowledge of medicine, Adams was able to ameliorate to a certain degree the almost constant sufferings endured by Râle since his unfortunate fall.

It seems almost incredible that Col. Westbrook and his party should not have captured Father Râle on the occasion of this unwelcome visit, for though, as it would appear from the letter of the Jesuit to his nephew, he was aware of the approach of Westbrook's band, yet, owing to the deep snows and his infirmities, he was unable to flee to any great distance from the village. A firm believer in the direct intervention of Divine Providence, Father Râle felt that the protection of God was accorded him and that he was thus enabled to escape the hands of his enemies. Who shall say that such was not the case? Westbrook had made this toilsome journey amid winter rigors for the express purpose of bringing the hated Râle "to Boston a prisoner or a corpse, without delay," and we cannot for a moment suppose that the doughty Colonel retraced his footsteps down the frozen Kennebec without having made a great effort to seize his prey.

Frustrated in their evil designs, we may easily imagine the ransacking which the English leader and his soldiers gave to the Church and cabin home of the humble missionary. With no love for things Catholic, with their minds filled with the wicked stories of the age, against the Church and her consecrated ministers, curious to see their life at close range, every nook and corner were carefully explored.

The only voice of protest to apparently greet the unwelcome guests was a note attached to the door of the church said to have been written by the hand of Sebastian Râle, which conveyed the following message:

"Englishmen"

"I, that am of Norridgwock, have had thoughts that thou wilt Come and Burn our Church & Our Father's House to Revenge thyself without Cause for the Houses I have Burnt of thine. It was thou that didst force me to it, why didst thou build them upon my land without my Consent.

"I have not yet burnt any, but what was upon my own land; Thou mayst burn it, because thou knowest that I am not there; such is thy Generosity, for if I were there, Assuredly thou wouldst not burn it, altho thou shouldst Come with the number of many hundred men.

"It is ill built because the English don't work well; it is not finished, altho five or six Englishmen have wrought there during the space of four years, and the Undertaker who is a great Cheat, hath been paid in advance for to finish it. I tell thee, nevertheless, that, if thou dost burn it in Revenge upon my land, thou mayst depend upon it, that I will Revenge myself also and that upon thy land in such a manner as will be more sensible and more disadvantageous to thee, for one of thy Meeting houses, or Temples is of more value beyond Compare than our Church. And I will not be satisfied with burning only one or two of thine, but many; I know where they are, and the Effect shall make thee know that I have been as good as my word.

This shall Certainly be done sooner or later, for the War is only just beginning. And if thou wouldst know where it will end I will tell thee it will not end before the world. If thou Canst not be driven out before I die, Our Children and Nephews will Continue it till that time, without they being able to Enjoy it peaceably.

"This is what I say to thee, who am of Norridgwock in the Name of all the Nation."

Baxter's New France in New England.

During these trying years that marked the close of his life and labors at Narantsouac, Father Râle, without doubt often had good and sufficient reasons to write many a letter similar in tone to that just quoted, but did he give thus expression to his righteous indignation? This is the question we must leave unanswered, for it is not easy after the lapse of several hundred years to sift the genuine from the false. We feel however that the authenticity of several compositions ascribed to his hand may well be doubted, especially when we take into consideration the unjust campaign waged against him, the narrow spirit of his day, the misunderstanding of his motives, and the possibility of so many misconstructions being placed upon, or eventually incorporated in his letters. Besides many of the letters published over his signature are so unlike the spirit and tone of his acknowledged writings, that we may frequently question their authorship and assign their origin to any one of the many who unhappily sought to blacken and defame the life and character of Sebastian Râle.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FATHER RALE'S LAST YEARS AT NARANTSOUAC.

The treaty of Utrecht had been signed by the plenipotentiaries of France and England on the 30th of March, 1713; the provisions of this peace pact had been ratified by the Indian allies of France in a conference held at Portsmouth, July 11, of this same year, and again a few days later at Casco. Seven years had now passed by, and the Indians on the whole had abided the conditions of a treaty which while it had ostensibly transferred them from the suzerainty of France to that of England, had nevertheless assured them the "liberty of hunting, fishing and fowling, and all other lawful liberties and privileges, as enjoyed on the 11th of August, 1693," "according to their solemnly ratified agreement with Gov. Pips. During this time they had in no way seriously transgressed the provisions of their treaty of peace with their English neighbors, and while they were conscious that the English colonists had not lived up to their sacred promises, the Indian authorities, urged by Father Râle and other missionaries then in Maine, had as we have seen confined their protests to peaceful demonstrations. With dismay they beheld their lands occupied by new settlers, their streams dammed, additional forts erected, their very necessities of life withheld, a price placed on the head of their devoted father in Christ, and a demand made that they drive him from their midst, that they give their affections, and yield up their faith to the strange teachings of another.

Though the ensign of France no longer waved over their villages, the affections of the Indians for their old time friends remained unshaken. "Why are you so strongly attached to the French from whom you can never receive so much benefit as from the English?" was a question one day put to them in conference. "Because," replied an aged sachem, "the French have taught us to pray unto God, which the English never did." Though sorely pressed, the Indians were not prepared to give up the faith taught them by the zealous French missionary, a faith which they have since treasured as a part of their very existence.

Need we therefore be surprised at their feelings of resentment, as they returned amid the drifting snows of a winter day, to their cabins, and chapel which had just been ransacked by a band of New England marauders; for we must remember

that notwithstanding repeated acts of provocation had been hurled against them by the English, no authorized attack has as yet been made on a single English settler. The Westbrook expedition to Narantsouac was therefore unwarranted, and the plundering of Father Râle's humble home, an act in every respect worthy of thieves and vandals. We see no way in which we may justify Col. Westbrook's visit to Norridgewock, any more than we can justify his going to the cabin home of Sebastian Râle to ransack his private papers, to carry away all that should have been sacred between honorable men, to confiscate the work of many a toilsome weary year, the missionary's Indian dictionary. Most unreasonable would it be to suppose that the savages remained unresentful at the provocations thus heaped upon them, at the acts of vandalism directed against the person of their much loved missionary. "They left him," remarks Charlevoix, "without provisions, and he suffered much from the want of all things, till the Jesuits at Quebec, informed of the extremity to which he had been reduced, had an opportunity to supply his wants." In other words, if they could not capture the hated Jesuit missionary dead or alive, thus to win the price of five hundred pounds which had been placed on his head, they did the next best which was to plunder the few bare necessities of life allotted the heroic Râle, thus to leave him to starve and perish amid the winter rigors of a Maine forest.

Our historian Williamson does not mention the author from whom he quotes an excellent summary of the feeling of the Indians at the ugly situation now forced upon them. Both French and English had come to them from across the sea; both had been kindly received, and the simple forest children could not consequently help contrasting the treatment which they had received at the hand of the two nationalities. "Frenchmen," said the Indians, "speak and act in our behalf. They feed us with the good things we need and they make us presents. They never take away our lands. No, but their kind missionaries come and tell us how to pray, and how to worship the Great Spirit. When the day is darkened by clouds, our French brother gives us counsel. In trade with them we have good articles, full weight, and free measure. Indians and white men have one great Father." Looking on the magnificent rivers that wash the soil of Maine, that gave them food and a passage way from the inland lakes to the mighty ocean shore, the Indian well exclaimed: "He has given every tribe of us a goodly river which yields us fine salmon, and other fish. Their borders are wide and pleasant. Here the Indian from the oldest time, have hunted the bear, the moose, the beaver." Amid the association of the generations past and gone, he could well say: "It is our own country, where our

fathers died, where ourselves and our children were born;—we can never leave it. The Indian has rights and loves good as well as the Englishman;—yes, and we have sense, too, of what is kind and great. When you first came from the morning waters, we took you into our open arms;—we thought you children of the sun;—we fed you with our best meat. Never went a white man cold and starving from the cabin of an Indian. Do we not speak the truth?

“But you have returned us evil for good.” The untutored savage could well recall his former condition even amid the ruins of his manhood, wrecked by the evil associations of his white brother. “You put the flaming cup to our lips; it filled our veins with poison; it wasted the pride of our strength. Ay, and when the fit was on us, you took advantage—you made gains of us.” How well he then remembered the admonitions of the missionary, his ceaseless war against the deadly ‘fire water’ brought by civilized man for the corruption, and the undoing of a race noted for its sobriety, a race which now saw naught of its former virtue of temperance save here and there a bright shining example of one who had learned from his Catholic missionary, to know, love, and practice the Christian virtues. While on the other hand, the result of English intrigue was only too apparent. “You have made,” continues the same summing up of existing conditions, “our beaver cheap; then you paid us in watered rum and trifles,—we shed your blood,—we avenged your affronts. Then you promised us equal trade and good commodities. Have Christian Englishmen lived up to their engagements? Never,—for they asked leave of our father to dwell in the land, as brothers. It was freely granted. The earth is for the life and range of man.” The Indian could never understand transfers of ownership in vogue among his white brethren, hence, “we are now told the country spreading far from the sea, is passed away to you forever,—perhaps for nothing—because the names and seals of our Sagamores. Such deeds be far from them. They never turned their children from their homes to suffer. Their hearts were too full of love and kindness—their souls too great. Whither should we go? There is no land so much our own—none so dear to us. Why flee before our destroyers? We fear them not—sooner far, we’ll sing the war song—and again light up the council fires; so shall the great spirit of our fathers own their sons.

“To take our lands from us, the English lawmakers and rulers themselves as some folks tell us, have long ago forbidden you. All the forts and mills built again, are contrary to the treaty, and must be laid low. The white man shall give more place to the Indians,—so shall the lines and extent, we require to see established, be where we please to have them.”

From the Indian's standpoint, the injustices heaped upon him were many, and while Father Râle together with many of the fair minded New Englanders did their best to quench the fires of war now breaking out, there appeared to be no alternative save an appeal to the sword, for the colonists would not cease their encroachments on what had long been the undisputed rights of the Indian who had now determined to defend to the last the homes of his kindred, or let his ashes sleep in honor amid their ruins.

The council fires were again lit, and the war songs sung through the Huron and Abenakis villages, and to Narantsouac as of yore came the braves from Lorette, from Pannawamské, from the lodges on the Androscoggin, from far away Quebec for the great council which was to inspire the children of a down trodden race to make a last effort for the redemption of their ancestral homes. Though responsible for the crisis, the New England authorities seemed to dread another clash with the Indian of Maine, hence early in the year 1722 an invitation was sent the tribes to attend another conference, but the die was now cast, an appeal to arms was to be taken, and the message was consequently treated with derision. "The attempt to seize their holy Father," says Williamson, "had opened a deep and bleeding wound," or as another author states, "the repeated wrongs committed by the English were too great to be borne."

The long gathering storm soon broke, but for a time until goaded to extremes, the Indians were disposed to follow the humane counsels of their great missionary, in avoiding the shedding of human blood. Their first act of violence took place on the Kennebec on or near the northern head of Merrymeeting bay. On June 13, 1722, a war party from the upper Kennebec met another body of warriors from the Androscoggin, twenty canoes in all carrying about sixty braves, fell upon a little Irish settlement of nine families, destroyed their homes and dispersed their stock. No injury however was done to the inhabitants who with the exception of five to be held as hostages, were allowed to proceed on their way to the neighboring settlements. Damariscove was next visited. Here a small party boarded a fishing vessel then at anchor in the offing. Their design seemed to have been to punish but not to kill, but the sailors, whom the Indians were castigating, suddenly broke away from their bonds and fired upon the attacking savages, mortally wounding two, and throwing another overboard. The Indians next appeared before the walls of Fort George which they endeavored to carry by storm, but the works proved too strong for the resources of the assailants, who even though reinforced by a larger party, were obliged after a siege of twelve days to abandon the enterprise.

In the meantime, Aug. 8th, 1722, war had been proclaimed by the governor and council, and preparations were being made to prosecute the contest with vigor, but as Williamson tells us: "Both in and out of the legislature, there were men, who doubted whether a war upon the natives would be right or even justifiable. For said they: 'Not to mention the waste of blood and treasure always incident to this arbitrament in the last resort,—we have been derelict, both as to moral and stipulated duties. We have not performed our engagements towards the Indians in the establishment of trading houses, and the preventions of frauds and extortions, according to our treaty promises. The measures of strong drink dealt to them are a scandal to our religion, and a reproach to our country.'" However the resolution of July 25th, declaring the eastern Indians traitors and robbers passed by the Governor and Council was confirmed by the General Court and war duly proclaimed.

Expeditions were at once organized against the Indian posts on the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers; pensions were promised to all who might be wounded and as Abbott says, "we blush to add that a bounty of fifteen pounds was offered for the scalp of every Indian boy of twelve years and upwards." The bounty for an Indian scalp was according to Bancroft afterwards raised to one hundred pounds. We have at the same time to remember that a princely offer had already been made to any one who would bring Father Râle dead or alive to Boston.

The zealous missionary, now decrepit with years of privation had no thought of leaving his post. The salvation of his people was dearer to him than life itself, but well knowing the resources that would be organized against his feeble hamlet, he deemed it prudent to counsel the greater part of his faithful parishioners to seek the peace and tranquility of the Catholic villages of St. Francis and Becancourt, for he well knew that there could be but one result once the war had broken out in earnest. "We are willing to leave our homes on the Kennebec," replied his devoted children, "but only on condition that you come with us." "That would be impossible," replied the aged priest; "I must remain for the sake of the old and the infirm; they all need the consolations of my holy office; I care not for life, and will gladly lay it down here in the faithful fulfillment of those duties which God has imposed on me. For a long time this has been the goal of my heartfelt wishes; but for you, there is no reason why you should remain, especially when such a course means almost certain death." Many followed the prudent advice of their noble pastor, and left in the summer of 1722 to seek the more promising security of the Indian villages on the Chaudiere and the great St. Lawrence. The day of their departure was in truth a sorry one for

Narantsouac. A gloomy foreboding seemed to pervade the minds of all that their adieus were final, and we should easily realize that these feelings came home to none with greater force than to the great Christian heart of Sebastian Râle. As he shrived his faithful children in Christ for the last time, and gave them the ever adorable Sacrament of the altar, he doubtlessly addressed to them words of cheer and love supreme. He spoke to them of the sacrifices essential for the preservation of their holy faith; the necessity of final perseverance, that they might again meet on the Eternal shores. The whole assembly was moved to tears, and who shall presume to describe or measure the feelings that welled up in the soul of this truly devoted pastor, as he saw his own in the Lord start on their journey up the Kennebec towards the homes of their Canadian kindred.

Time and again, the Jesuit superior, Father de la Chasse had counseled his devoted priest to exercise the greatest care for his personal safety, and not on any account to jeopardize a life so essential to the spiritual well being of his flocks; he had even strongly urged him to withdraw for a while until the approaching storm had spent its force, but the great chieftain of the rights of the Indian people could not think of deserting them in their hour of supreme distress. Permitted by Father de la Chasse to follow his own judgment and the promptings of a heart overflowing with zeal for the salvation of souls, the words of St. Paul, "I count not my life dear unto myself, so I may finish with joy the ministry which I have received," came to him with all the force of their utterance by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, giving all the strength necessary for carrying out a determination long since taken. Like the soldier who has chosen to conquer or die on the firing line, Sebastian Râle thus replied to his superior: "My precautions have long since been taken; God has confided this little flock to my unworthy pastoral care; I must share their lot, only too happy if in so doing, I may be permitted to lay down my life for their salvation."

Father Râle realized only too clearly that his people could not hope to win in their unequal contest with the English, unless they received some assistance from their French friends on the St. Lawrence, and with the doom of his little flock already impending, we can hardly blame the heroic missionary, if he sought aid from his fellow countrymen at Quebec; but this was hardly possible, since France and England were now at peace, and the French, while always eager for an alliance with the Indians of Maine, whenever they chanced to be at war with England, were not so anxious to hold out a helping hand to their former allies in this their supreme hour of trial.

In open warfare, or in the field, the Indians were fairly equal to the task of holding their own with their English adversaries, but they were powerless against any of the many forts that had been erected on their lands, as was indicated by their futile attacks on Fort George at Thomastown and on the fort at Arrowsick, where they appeared in battle array early in September, 1722, only to be driven off by the forces of Capt. Penhallow then in command at Georgetown.

Two large expeditions were planned by the English authorities, to carry the war into the very heart of the Indian tribes, one against the settlements on the Penobscot, and the other against Norridgewock, both being under the command of Col. Westbrook, now in chief command of the eastern forces.

Setting out from the Kennebec, February 11, 1723, Westbrook led his forces along the coast as far as Mount Desert, returning thence, he ascended the Penobscot, to anchor on March 4th, it is supposed in Marsh Bay. It does not appear that they were very certain as to where they might find the Indian encampment, for we are given to understand that they went ashore from their place of anchorage, and marched through the woods for five days, arriving finally opposite the islands where they expected to surprise their adversaries. This would indicate that the settlement at Pentagoet or Castine had been abandoned for the safer site farther up the river, then known as Pannawamské, which according to Westbroke's report was reached on the evening of March 9th, 1723. Finding this village which was a substantial one, deserted, the commander ordered the torch to be applied, and the whole settlement, including the spacious Chapel, "handsomely and well finished both within and without," was soon reduced to ashes. With them went the dwelling house of Father Lajuverjat, then pastor of the Catholic Indians on the Penobscot. "We set fire to them all," remarks Westbrooke in his report, "and by sunrise next morning, they were in ashes."

The expedition for the capture of Father Râle at Narantsouac was not so successful. Knowing that the Indians kept a close watch on the movements of their English neighbors on the lower Kennebec, it was decided to send the attacking force up the Androscoggin so that they might cross over and come down the valley of the Sandy river which would bring them directly opposite the Indian village of Narantsouac.

Starting from Brunswick, under the command of Captain Harmon, February 10th, 1723, the soldiers, to the number of 120, enthused doubtless by the prospective harvest of Indian scalps, "proceeded up the Androscoggin," as Williamson tells us, "to the curve nearest the sources of the Sandy River; and here they came to a halt. January had been very mild and rainy, the rivers were open and icy, and the lands full of water;

therefore it was concluded, that it would be impossible to reach the place of destination, either by land or water, and the soldiers, dividing into scouts, returned without seeing an Indian," thus came to naught the second winter expedition planned for the capture of Sebastian Râle.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SACK OF NARANTSOUAC.

THE DEATH OF SEBASTIAN RALE.

The spring of 1724 saw no diminution of the ravages committed by the Indians on the border settlements from the Penobscot to the Connecticut river. There seemed to be no limit to their warlike activities. Kennebunk, Berwick, Arrowsick, and St. George in turn witnessed the dusky legions marshalled before them in battle array. Frustrated in their purposes, and unable to make little or no impression of the Colonial fortresses, the Savages seized a large number of vessels here and there along the coast, forcing their captains and crews to cruise off our seaside towns raiding the unprotected places leaving thereby little security either on land or sea to the sorely tried English colonists who had thus far made little impression on their Indian enemies.

Considering Narantsouac the center of Savage activities, and Father Râle the prime mover in the terrible warfare that was being waged against them, the New England authorities determined on making one more assault on their opponents, and this at the very seat of their power on the Kennebec. Fort Richmond was the chosen place of rendezvous. Within the walls of this fortress, at whose erection the Indians of the Kennebec felt that their doom was sealed, in early summer, the veterans of many a hard fought field were gathered. Here were tethered their boats, here were amassed their supplies, here were prepared their weapons and everything essential for the grand attack on Narantsouac.

With their braves scattered through the forests from the banks of the Penobscot to the far away borders of New Hampshire, the Indians do not appear to have sensed the gathering of the oncoming storm. In the presence of their wonted alertness, their constant vigilance over the ever advancing English settlements, we are at a loss to explain their seeming lack of watchfulness over the approaches to their village, especially the long trodden way up the Kennebec. That the English should have hoped to take by surprise an enemy that never slept

would seem incredible, yet the fact is only too apparent that Narantsouac and its devoted inhabitants slept the sleep of peace and tranquility on the very eve of its impending doom. The death dealing legions gathered on the river but a few miles below, mustered their forces, embarked their supplies, paddled up the rapidly descending waters to Taconnet, the head of possible navigation, thence to traverse the virgin forest on their way to the little Indian village on the plains above, without encountering until it was too late, a single watchful eye, a single friendly messenger who might bring tidings of the approaching storm to the heroic R  le and his faithful flock.

Two hundred and eight men and three Mohawks under the command of Captains Moulton, Harmon, Bourn, and Bane, left Fort Richmond on their errand of wrath, August 19, 1724. The following day found the expedition at Taconnet where preparations were made for the march overland to the Norridgewock settlement. Leaving a guard of 40 men in charge of the boats and supplies, the balance of the troop together with the Mohawks took up the trails for Narantsouac. Little or no data bearing directly on their journey seems to have been preserved, so that we are left in doubt as to their chosen path, with the probabilities in favor of their taking the direct way from Taconnet across country to the bend of the Kennebec where the present village of Norridgewock now stands. Thus they would be less liable to give the alarm, or encounter any Indians who might chance to be gliding along the river (in their barken canoes.) It was well towards the evening of the 21st when they again came to the river a few miles below the now doomed village. Here the noted chief Bomaseen had erected his lodge, here amid beauties of nature, surpassed only by those of Narantsouac, the now aged Sagamore had chosen, in the company of his wife and daughter, to spend the evening of his days; here perchance he occupied the position of an advance guard who might in the hour of danger bring warning to the sleeping mission. Be this as it may; Moulton's force evidently took him unawares, for ere the dazed, but yet fleet footed Savage had time to collect his thoughts, the stillness of the evening air was broken by a volley of musketry, and his daughter lay writhing at his feet, and his wife soon found herself a prisoner in the hands of Harmon's men. Bombaseen, however, had escaped. Everything now depended on the celerity of their movements, for unless captured, the Indian warrior would soon warn his countrymen at the mission. Plunging into the thicket the multitude took up the trail of the fleeing chief, keeping all the while close on his tracks. For a few miles the river is here deep and wide, but a rocky ford was soon reached where in mid-summer or when the water is low, one might easily cross the stream in safety. Here according to a well founded tradi-

tion, perished the last hope of Narantsouac, for Bombaseen must now pass to the eastern bank of the Kennebec in order to reach the village yet a few miles higher up the river. Leaving the protecting thicket, leaping from rock to rock, he had hardly gained the middle of the stream ere his pursuers were upon the shore. In the open, without protection, the story is soon told, another volley pealed forth, the leaden messengers winged their way to the fleeing Savage who fell lifeless amid the rapidly descending waters of the Kennebec. Known today as "Bombaseen Rips" the memory of the departed Indian chief yet lingers about this spot, as if to signalize his final devotion to a cause which he had not always wisely defended. With him perished the last hopes of the old time Catholic mission on the plains of Narantsouac, for his wife now in the hands of his foes, soon outlined the way to the scenes long since hallowed by the life and sacrificing labors of Sebastian Râle.

Permit us, kind reader to give you just a brief vision of this mission field ere the rude hand of war writes one of the saddest tales in our history. It is hardly possible for you to look on a fairer scene than the one which it is our privilege to place before you. At the head of an open plain a few steps back from the river bank you see a group of not unsightly huts regularly arranged along a broad avenue which leads you to a structure more imposing than the rest and which bears aloft a sign not common in these parts, the cross, while towards the rear of this building which we may well call stately in comparison with its surroundings, we behold a cottage home, simple and rustic to be sure, yet betraying evidences in its well kept walls and gardens of a hand skilled in the arts of civilization. This is the spot to which every one in the hamlet would refer us in case we asked for Father Râle; the unshapely edifice nearby is the village chapel. As our eye wanders about the horizon, whether east or west, north or south, we behold the deeply wooded hills which like fortresses bespeak protection from the wintry blasts, while away far to the south the promising fields of yellow corn fall beneath our enraptured gaze. Without artifice, nature in all her simplicity stands before us. Nor is there a sound, save perchance the gentle rippling of the river waters, to mar the tranquility of the scene. The siesta of a summer day hovers over the place, in peace and calm the humble denizens seem to await the coming storm. Heroic Râle! sleep thy last sleep; thy course is now run; the fated hour has come when you must come forth to death and to glory! The hour of three o'clock, August 23, 1724, had struck, Harmon had already arranged his men in three groups, one to the north, another to the south of the doomed village, while like a vulture, with the third, he hastily advanced on his defenseless prey. As the New England soldiers burst forth from the forest wild,

their eyes beheld "a rude and unshapely chapel," the vine covered cottage, the wigwams few and closely gathered along the beaten path, the curling smoke which here and there bespoke the presence of their hated foes, defenseless and helpless at last within their grasp.

In their fancied security, the surprise of the Indians was complete. They seem not to have dreamed of an attack until the English were upon them. A member of the tribe chancing to come out of one of the wigwams, discovered the enemy in their very midst. The war-cry was at once raised, the alarm given, but it was now too late for effective resistance. The braves, panic stricken, seized their guns and fired at random, not even wounding a single one of their adversaries. The Colonials who had been instructed by Moulton to reserve their fire until close upon their victims, now opened with telling effect on the dismayed and safety-seeking Savages, who suddenly found themselves beset on every side. The river seemed to offer the only avenue of escape, but here they found their canoes had been scuttled, and that their only hope was in trying to swim across the rapidly descending current to the other shore. Thither the unfortunates fled pursued by their relentless conquerors on whose mercies neither age nor sex found a single claim. The slaughter was indiscriminate, the aged warrior, the helpless mother, the child in its tenderest years found no compassion, nor did the massacre cease until the little settlement had been cleared of its unfortunate inhabitants, save a few that managed to cross the swiftly flowing Kennebec or elude their relentless enemies by escaping to the wildwood's deeply tangled thicket.

The lowering shades of evening were gathering about the hills and settling on the blood stained plains of Narantsouac, when Captain Harmon and his company reached the scene of Moulton's bloody triumph, and general rejoicing on the part of the Colonial troops soon gave place to restful slumbers in the wigwams of the slain and scattered tribe. The first rays of dawn stealing over the eastern hills found the little army astir, ready for the completion of its gory task. The cabins and church were ransacked, the harvest of scalps gathered from the dead Indians and hasty preparations made for the return to Fort Richmond. But they had not been on their way but a short time, ere one of the Mohawks either returned or was sent back to apply the torch to the deserted village which was soon reduced to ashes.

Sad were the scenes that greeted the surviving inhabitants of Narantsouac as one by one they returned to view their ruined homes, and moan their departed, their wives, their children, their brethren, their chiefs, Mogg, Job, Carabessett, Wisse-memet, all lying stark and cold amid the charred and black-

ened embers of their homes, but their grief know no bounds when they came upon the remains of their beloved missionary "mangled by many blows, scalped, his skull broken in several places, his mouth and eyes filled with dirt." Just under what circumstances Father Râle met his death will never be known. That he made no effort to escape seems certain, for the accounts otherwise contradictory, agree that remaining true to that heroism which characterized his long career as a missionary, the aged priest sought to save or share the fortunes of his neophytes. Charlevoix tell us that "the noise and tumult gave Father Râle notice of the danger his converts were in. . . Not intimidated, he showed himself to the enemy in hopes to draw their attention to himself, and secure his flock, at the peril of his own life. He was not disappointed. As soon as he appeared, the English set up a great shout, which was followed by a shower of shot; when he fell down dead near a cross which he had erected in the midst of the village,—seven Indians who sheltered his body with their own falling around him. Thus died this kind shepherd giving his life for the sheep, after a painful mission of thirty-seven years."

In the eyes of the New Englanders, Father Râle had been little less than a monster. Hated for his religion, his fidelity to the interests of his people had intensified the animosity of his enemies, and we need not consequently be surprised at the unusual indignities which they heaped on his mortal remains, any more than at their desire to have his death take place under the most odious circumstances. Moulton's orders were as it would appear that he should be taken alive, but according to the Colonial reports, Râle refused quarter, hence when it was seen that he was active in the defense of his home as was perfectly natural, Lieutenant Jacques burst open the door and shot the priest through the head, killing him instantly. The missionary was also accused of shooting a young English lad whom he held as a prisoner rather than to permit him to fall into the hands of his friends. There seems, however, very small reason for giving serious consideration to the English accounts of the circumstances attending the death of Father Râle, for impartial historians seem to favor the narration of Charlevoix which would indicate that the heroic priest died at the foot of the village mission cross whither he had fled with the hope of diverting the attention of the soldiers from the panic stricken natives to his own person. "He was not mistaken," remarks his confrère, Father Campbell, in his work, 'Pioneer Priests of North America.' "A loud shout greeted his appearance. The man whom they had so often failed to find was before them. Every musket covered him, and he fell riddled with bullets at the foot of the cross which he had planted in the middle of the village. They crushed in his skull

with hatchets again and again, filled his mouth and eyes with filth, tore off his scalp which they sold afterwards at Boston, and stripped his body of his soutane, which they wanted as a trophy, but as it was too ragged to keep they flung it back on the corpse."

"Orders had been given that Rasles should be taken alive; but the excited soldiers could not be restrained; as the priest made his appearance, he was pierced with the bullets of the English. Thus fell the aged pastor amidst the carnage and destruction of his slaughtered flock." Allen, *History of Norridgewock*, p. 40.

"However R  le may have forgotten the sacred injunction, to war only with spiritual weapons," states J. W. Hanson, a Protestant authority, "however his mistaken views may have led him into the carnal fight, too much blame cannot easily be laid on the English. Their ministers were active soldiers in most of the Indian wars, and they very much excelled the Jesuits in warlike deeds. Though there seems to have been no English clergyman in this engagement, yet the English conducted it with the greatest barbarity. They slaughtered women and children indiscriminately, and after Father R  le was slain, he was scalped and shockingly mutilated. Those who coolly shot little children and women, as they were seeking safety by swimming, could not with great propriety charge cruelty upon French priests or savage Indians."

Thus closed this fateful day, August 23, 1724, in the history of the Catholic Church in Maine, a day which gave to one of her devoted children, a place unrivaled in her annals, and as the last rays of the setting sun, rested on the empty wigwams, and desecrated church of desolate Narantsovac, in the closing hour of this summer day, there came to holy mother Church the solemn obligation of inscribing on that imperishable calendar of her Christian heroes and martyrs, the name of Sebastian R  le.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EXPEDITION RETURNS TO FALMOUTH.

Six days after the massacre at Narantsovac, Harmon's expedition returned to Falmouth, where they received the congratulations of Col. Westbrook, who immediately arranged to forward the news of the successful undertaking to the Colonial authorities at Boston. Writing Governor Dummer from Falmouth under date of August 18th, 1724, using as was then customary in the English provinces, the old style, or Julian

Calendar which was eleven days behind that of Pope Gregory XIII, thus making the actual date August 29th, Westbrook addresses the Governor as follows:

"May it please your honor:

Cap'tn Harmon arrived this day with the Fryar's and twenty-six scalps more from Norridgewock and brought Bombasee's Squaw and twenty-three more Indian Captives; retook three English boys. He informs me that a great number of Indians are coming on our frontier,—Sundry from Canada and two hundred from Penobscot; for a fuller account I refer to him. They have taken Lieu't Kenady's coat at Norridgewock, who resides at Saint George which makes us doubt they have taken the garrison. I am sending Cap'tn Saunders in his Sloop strongly guarded to that place and am likewise dispatching orders to all frontiers to be strict on their guard.

Cap't Harmon and the officers Judge, that by modest computation besides Scalps and Captives they brought in, what they killed and drowned could not be less than thirty or forty. God has now been pleased to crown your Honor's unwearied endeavors with success which I desire to rejoice at. I hope ye Honour will smile on Cap'tn Harmon and favor him with a Commission for a field Officer.

I am your Honour's most Dutiful

Humble Servant

THO'S WESTBROOK.

I have imprest Mr Dokes Scooner
to convey Cap't Harmon to Boston"

A very pointed reference to the destruction of the Norridgewock village is made by Goold's history of "Portland in the Past" which states: "The destruction of their village, fort, and church, and a large number of the Norridgewock tribe, was cruelly accomplished in August, 1724, but I am pleased to be able to say that our townsman, Colonel Westbrook was not in command, nor was he one of the party. It was done by four companies, consisting, in the whole, of two hundred and eight men, under Captains Harmon, Moulton, Bourne, and Bean. The Indians were surprised in their houses and fired upon as they came out, killing indiscriminately men, women and children. Their minister was the last one killed, and it was done contrary to the orders of the commanding officer. He with the Indians dead, old and young, male and female, were scalped, and these bloody trophies, as the following from the diary of Councilor Sewall, shows.

'Saturday August 22 1724

The Sheerness (Man of war) comes up, and Captain Harmon with his Norridgewock scalps, at which there is great shouting and triumph.

The Lord help us to rejoice with trembling.' ”

Mr. Sewall, together with many other noble spirited men of his time, had long opposed the course of the Government towards the helpless Indians whom he claimed had been goaded into war by the failure of the Colonists to live up to their treaties, especially that of Arrowsick. In his eloquent “Memorial relating to the Kennebec Indians,” Sewall had set forth at length the real grievances of the Natives and had shown that the New England authorities had not lived up to their agreements; hence the general rejoicing of the Boston public on this grewsome occasion was not a source of joy to the gentle hearted Samuel Sewall.

Anent Harmon’s arrival in Boston, we read in “The New England Courant “under date,” August 24th, 1724 (old style) :

“On Saturday last arrived Captain Johnson Harmon from his expedition against the Indians at Norridgewock, and brought with him 28 scalps, one of which is Father Ralle’s, their priest.”

Ordinarily one might expect some little delay in the presentation of the official report of the expedition to the Common Council which after all might not be in session, but such was not the case, for this illustrious body together with the citizens of the town were apparently anxiously awaiting Harmon’s coming.

Opening the Massachusetts Council Records Vol. 8, pages 71-2 we read:

“At a Council held at the Council Chamber in Boston, on Saturday, August 22, 1724, Present:

“His Honor William Dummer, Esq., Lt. Gov. Penn. Townsend, Add. Davenport, Adam Winthrop, Nathan Byfield, Esqrs., John Clark, Esq., Daniel Oliver, Esq., Edw. Bromfield, Thomas Fitch, Thomas Palmer.

“Captain Johnson Harmon being arrived from the eastward with twenty-seven Indian scalps, together with the scalp of Sebastian Ralle, the Jesuit and Missionary among the Norridgewock Indians, and the Standard of ye sd Tribe of Indians, was directed to attend in Council, and there give a short narrative of his march to Norridgewock (with four companies of soldiers under his command) and of his action at sd place, the twelfth instant, where he destroyed a great number of the enemy, many of whom being slain or drowned in the river, he could not recover their bodies.

“His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, in consideration of the extraordinary services of the sd Captain Harmon, presented him with a commission for Lieutenant Colonel of his Majesty’s forces eastward under the command of Coll. Thomas Westbrook.

"Coll. Johnson Harmon made a solemn oath that the twenty-seven scalps above mentioned (which were produced in Council) were the scalps of rebel or enemy Indians slain by him and the forces under his command, and that they had taken four Indian prisoners.

"Pursuant to the act, entitled an 'Act to encourage the prosecution of the Indian enemy and rebels.'

"Advised and consented that a warrant be made out to the treasurer to pay unto the said Coll. Johnson Harmon, the sum of four hundred and five pounds for twenty-seven Indian scalps, and the further sum of twenty pounds for four Indian prisoners slain and taken as aforesaid; the said sum to be by him distributed to the officers and soldiers concerned therein, as the said act directs.

"Coll. Johnson Harmon likewise made oath that the other scalp was the scalp of Sebastian Ralle, a Jesuit, who appeared at the head of the Indians and obstinately resisted the force, wounding seven of the English and resolutely refusing to give or take quarters.

"Pursuant therefore to a resolve of the General Assembly passed at their session begun and held the 13th of July, 1720, in words following viz: 'This Court being credibly informed that Mons. Ralle, the Jesuit residing among the eastern Indians, has not only on several occasions of late affronted His Majesty's Government of this Province, but has also been the incendiary that has instigated and stirred up those Indians to treat his Majesty's subjects, settling there in the abusive, insolent, hostile manner that they have done, Resolved, that a premium of one hundred pounds be allowed and paid out of the Public Treasury to any persons that shall apprehend the sd Jesuit within any part of this Province and bring him to Boston and render him to justice.'

"Advised and consented that warrant be made out to the treasurer to pay unto the said Coll. Johnson Harmon the above sd sum of one hundred pounds for his service in the destruction of the sd Sebastian Ralle, the sd sum to be divided among the officers and soldiers, as directed in the Act for encouraging the prosecution of the Indian enemy, etc."

Thus was paid the price which four years previously had been placed on the head of the devoted Râle, a premium which had led to the hunting of the zealous missionary, even as a wild beast, throughout the length and breadth of our State. The gory trophies thus purchased remained the property of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and as such had a place in the public treasury until Christmas eve, December 24, 1724, when it was ordered that "The Indian scalps, now in the keeping of the treasurer, to be buried in some private place, so as not to be discovered or produced again." It is therefore prob-

able that the gray hairs of Sebastian Râle rest today somewhere beneath busy Boston's soil, and while their dust may long since have mingled with that of Mother earth, we are pleased to record that the unbiased judgment of another generation has accorded the murdered priest a far more honorable place on the page of history, than it has to those who by placing a premium on human life, proved themselves in no way superior to the poor and untutored Savage whom they hunted unto death through the forest wild.

Turning from scenes so grewsome, we again take our stand amid the ruins of Narantsouac, to behold even among her blood stained embers, scenes which while they may well move us to tears, cannot but be to us a source of consolation untold, marking as they do the last supreme acts in the life of one who had given the best that he had to the service of the Master.

The mutilated, marred, and battered remains of Father Râle were tenderly cared for by the surviving members of the Mission. On the very spot where day by day he had offered the eternal sacrifice, kind and gentle hands prepared his last resting place. Here not so far from the bounding waters of the Kennebec in a grave moistened by the tears of his devoted people, shrived as it were by the many beautiful prayers he had taught them in their mother tongue, the mangled body of Sebastian Râle was laid to rest, while his faithful children in Christ, after a heartfelt parting offering beside the silent mound, sorrowfully turned their footsteps towards other and more peaceful scenes, some to carry the sad news to his associates at distant Quebec, while others passed to mingle with the destinies of the neighboring tribes, thus leaving deserted Narantsouac to the silence of desolation.

The Jesuit Fathers on the Canadian missions had for a long time feared the ultimate destruction of their flourishing parish on the far away Kennebec, and time and again had urged Father Râle to withdraw for a while from his exposed post, but in vain, for the heroic man could not bring himself to think of deserting those of his spiritual children who had chosen to remain for the defense of their homes and kindred; hence when the sorrowed, panic stricken Indians bearing the blood stained cassock of their beloved priest, reached Quebec the worst misgivings of his many friends were but realized,—for while devoting his energies to his people on the Kennebec, Father Râle was nevertheless well known among the priests and people then living along the St. Lawrence. Though the journey was a long and trying one, especially for a man whose health and vitality had been shattered by exposure and accident, Father Râle's annual visit to the chief center of the Indian missions had never been neglected. Year after year had seen him on hand for his retreat and the renewal of his spiritual forces.

Accustomed to the recital of the rigors of mission life among the Savages, his confrères of the clergy, the good people of Quebec, the pious religious always listened with rapt attention to the glowing and deeply interesting tales told by Father Râle of his labors among the Indians of Maine, as he passed a few days of well earned recreation and repose among his fellow countrymen, ere returning to the trials and dangers of his distant mission.

With the report of his cruel assassination on every tongue, both old and young, rich and poor gave due tribute to the heroic man who had died on the firing line in defense of the Faith. The usual suffrages of the faithful were freely offered for the repose of his immortal soul, but to many the well known sanctity of Father Râle, and his devotion to duty seemed to place him beyond the need of prayer. Such appears to have been the opinion of the Superior of St. Sulpice at Montreal, for when the request came from Father de la Chasse asking the prayers of the community for the repose of Râle's soul, Father Bellemont immediately replied in the language of St. Augustine, "Injuriam facit Martyri qui orat pro eo," "who would think of injuring a Martyr by praying for him!"

Particularly interesting is the following letter written to the Jesuit Superior at Paris near the end of October of this same year. With all the reports and data at hand, with the facts thoroughly digested, Father de la Chasse wrote:

"QUEBEC, Oct. 29, 1724.

My Reverend Father

The peace of our Lord:—

In the grief we are experiencing from the loss of our oldest missionary, it is a grateful consolation to us that he should have been the victim of his own love, and zeal to maintain the Faith in the hearts of his neophytes. From other letters you have already learned the origin of the war which broke out between the English and the Savages; with the former a desire to extend their rule; with the latter a horror of all subjection, and an attachment to their religion, these caused in the beginning, the misunderstandings which in the end were followed by open rupture.

Father Râle, the missionary of the Abnakis had become very odious to the English. As they were convinced that his endeavors to confirm the Savages in the Faith constituted the greatest obstacle to their plan of usurping the territory of the Savages, they put a price on his head; and more than once attempted to abduct him, or take his life. At last they have succeeded in gratifying their passion of hatred, and in ridding themselves of the apostolic man, but, at the same time, they have procured for him a glorious death, which was ever the

4933 object of his desires, for we know that long ago, he aspired to the happiness of sacrificing his life for his flock. I will describe to you in a few words the circumstances of that event.

After many acts of hostility had been committed on both sides by the two nations, a little army of Englishmen and their savage allies numbering eleven hundred men, unexpectedly came to attack the village of Narransouack. The dense thickets with which that village is surrounded helped them to conceal their movements; and since it was not enclosed by palisades, the Savages were taken by surprise and became aware of the enemy's approach only by a volley from their muskets, which riddled the cabins. At that time there were only fifty warriors in the village. At the first noise of the muskets, they tumultuously seized their weapons and went out of their cabins to oppose the enemy. Their design was not to rashly meet the onset of so many combatants but to further the flight of the women and children and give them time to gain the other side of the river which was not yet occupied by the English.

Father Râle, warned by the clamor and the tumult, of the danger which was menacing his neophytes, promptly left his house and appeared before the enemy. He expected by his presence to either stop their first efforts, or at least to draw their attention to himself alone, and at the expense of his life procure the safety of his flock.

4935 As soon as they perceived the missionary, a general shout was raised which followed by a storm of musket shot that was poured upon him. He dropped dead at the foot of the large cross that he had erected in the midst of the village, in order to announce the public profession that was made therein of adoring the crucified God. Seven Savages who were around him and were exposing their lives to guard that of their Father, were killed by his side.

The death of the Shepherd dismayed the flock; the Savages took flight and crossed the river, a part of them by fording, and part by swimming. They were exposed to all the fury of their enemies, until the moment when they retreated into the woods which are on the other side of the river. There they were gathered to the number of a hundred and fifty. From more than two thousand gunshots that had been fired on them only thirty persons were killed including women and children; and fourteen were wounded. The English did not attempt to pursue the fugitives; they were content with pillaging and burning the village; they set fire to the Church, after a base profanation of the sacred vessels and of the adorable body of Jesus Christ.

The precipitate retreat of the enemy permitted the return of the Narrantsouakians to the Village. The very next day they visited the wreck of their cabins, while the women, on their

part, sought for roots and plants suitable for treating the wounded. Their first care was to weep over the body of their holy Missionary; they found it pierced by hundreds of bullets, the scalp torn off, the skull broken by blows from a hatchet, the mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of the legs broken, and all the members mutilated. This sort of inhumanity, practiced on a body deprived of feeling and of life, can scarcely be attributed to any one but to the Savage allies of the English.

After these devout Christians had washed and kissed many times the honored remains of their Father, they buried him in the very place where the day before, he had celebrated the holy Sacrifice of the Mass,—that is in the place where the altar had stood before the burning of the Church.

By such a precious death did the apostolic man finish, on the 23rd of August in this year, a course of thirty-seven years spent in the arduous labors of this Mission. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his life. His fastings and continued hard work had, at last, weakened his constitution, he had walked with some difficulty for about nineteen years, owing to the effects of a fall by which he broke, at the same time, the right hip and the left leg. Then it happened, since the callus was growing wrong at the place of fracture, that it became necessary to break it again. At the time when it was most violently struck, he bore that painful operation with extraordinary firmness and an admirable tranquility. Our physician who was present, appeared so astonished at this that he could not refrain from saying: *'Ah! my father, let at least a few groans escape; you have so much cause for them. Hé! mon Père, laissez du moins échapper quelques plaintes vous en avez tant de sujet.'*

Father Râle joined to the talents which make an excellent Missionary, the virtues which the evangelical ministry demands in order that it be exercised to any profit among our Savages. He had robust health; and I do not know that, excepting the accident of which I have just spoken, he had ever had the least indisposition. We were surprised at his facility and his perseverance in learning the different Savage tongues; there was not one upon this continent of which he had not some smattering. Besides the Abnakis language, which he had spoken longest, he knew also the Huron, the Outacuais, and the Illinois; and he used them to advantage in the different Missions where they were spoken. From the time of his arrival in Canada his character had ever been consistent; he was always firm and resolute, severe with himself, but tender and compassionate towards others.

Three years ago, by order of Monsieur, our Governor, I made a tour of Acadia. In conversing with Father Râle, I represented to him that in case war should be declared against

the Savages, he would run the risk of his life; that, as his village was only fifteen leagues from the English forts, he would be exposed to their first forays; that his preservation was necessary to his flock; and that he must take measures for the safety of his life. '*My measures are taken,*' he replied in a firm voice, '*God has confided to me this flock, and I shall follow its fate, only too happy to be sacrificed for it.*' (*Mes mesures sont prises, Dieu m'a confié ce troupeau, je suivrai son sort, trop heureux de m'immoler pour lui.*) He often repeated the same thing to his Neophytes, that he might strengthen their constancy in the Faith. 'We have realized but too well,' they themselves said to me, 'that our dear Father spoke to us out of the abundance of his heart. We saw him face death with a tranquil and serene countenance, and expose himself unassisted to the fury of the enemy,—hindering their first attempts, so that we might have time to escape from the danger and preserve our lives.'

As a price had been set on his head, and various attempts had been made to abduct him, the Savages proposed last spring to take him farther into the interior, towards Quebec, where he would be secure from the dangers with which his life was menaced. [*What idea, then, have you of me?*] he replied with an air of indignation, '*do you take me for a base deserter? Alas! what would have become of your faith if I should abandon you? Your salvation is dearer to me than my life. Quelle idee avez-vous donc de moi; Me prenez-vous pour un lâche déserteur? Hé! Que deviendrait votre foi si Je vous abandonnais? Votre salut m'est plus cher que la vie.*'

He was indefatigable in the exercise of his devotion; unceasingly occupied in exhorting the Savages to virtue, his only thought was to make them fervent Christians. His impassioned and pathetic manner of preaching made a deep impression upon their hearts. Some Loup families, that have just come from Orange, told me with tears in their eyes, that they were indebted to him for their conversion to Christianity; that the instructions which he had given them when they received Baptism from him, about 30 years ago, could not be effaced from their minds,—his words were so efficacious, and left such deep traces in the hearts of those who were privileged to hear him.

Not content with instructing the Savages most every day in their homes, he used often to visit them in their cabins. His familiar conversation charmed them; he knew how to blend with them a holy cheerfulness which is much more pleasing to the Savages than a serious and melancholy manner. He also had the art of winning them to do whatever he wished; he was among them like a master in the midst of his pupils.

Notwithstanding the continual occupations of his ministry, he never omitted the sacred exercises which are observed in our houses. He rose and made his prayer at the prescribed hour.

He never neglected the eight days of annual retreat; he enjoined upon himself to make it in the first days of Lent, which is the time when the Savior entered the desert. *'If a person does not fix a time in the year for these sacred exercises,'* said he to me one day, *'occupations succeed one another, and after many delays, he runs the risk of not finding leisure to perform them.'*

Religious poverty appeared in his whole person, in his furniture, in his living, in his garments. In a spirit of mortification he forbade himself the use of wine, even when he was among Frenchmen; his ordinary food was porridge made of Indian cornmeal. During certain winters in which the Savages chance to lack everything, he was reduced to living on acorns; far from complaining at that time, he never seemed more content. For the last three years of his life, the war having prevented the Savages from hunting and sowing their lands, their want became extreme; and the Missionary was in frightful need. Care was taken to send him from Quebec the necessary provisions for his subsistence. *'I am ashamed,'* he wrote me, *'of the care you take of me; a Missionary born to suffer ought not to be so well treated.'*

He did not permit any one to lend him a helping hand in his most ordinary needs; he always waited upon himself. He cultivated his own garden, he made ready his own fire wood, his cabin, and his sagamite; he mended his torn garments, seeking in a spirit of poverty to make them last as long as possible. The cassack which he had on when he was killed seemed worn out and in such poor condition to those who had seized it, that they did not deign to take it for their own use as they had first designed. They threw it again upon his body, and it was sent to us at Quebec.

In the same degree that he treated himself harshly; was he compassionate and charitable towards others. He had nothing of his own, and all he received he immediately distributed to his poor Neophytes. Consequently, the greater part of them showed at his death signs of deeper grief than if they had lost their nearest relatives.

He took extraordinary pains in decorating and beautifying his Church, believing that this outward pomp which strikes the senses, quickens the devotion of the barbarians, and inspires them with a most profound devotion for our holy Mysteries. As he knew a little of painting, and as he was quite skillful in the use of the lathe, the Church was decorated with many works which he himself had wrought.

You may well believe, my Reverend Father, that his virtues, of which New France has been for so many years witness, has won for him the respect of Frenchmen and Savages.

He is in consequence universally regretted. No one doubts that he was sacrificed through hatred to his ministry and to his zeal in establishing the true Faith in the hearts of the Savages. This is the opinion of Monsieur de Bellemont, Superior of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice at Montreal. When I asked from him the customary suffrage for the deceased because of our interchange of prayers, he replied to me, using the well known words of St. Augustine, "*that it was doing an injustice to a Martyr to pray for him,*"—*Injuriam facit Martyri qui orat pro eo.*

May it please the Lord that his blood, shed for such a righteous cause, may fertilize these unbelieving lands which have been so often watered with the blood of the Gospel workers who have preceeded us; that it may render them faithful and devout Christians, and that the zeal of Apostolic men yet to come, may be stimulated to gather the abundant harvest that is being presented to them by so many peoples still buried in the shadow of death!

In the meantime, as it belongs only to the Church to declare saints, I commend him to your holy Sacrifices and to those of all our Fathers. I hope that you will not forget in them him who is, with much respect, etc.

DE LA CHASSE,

Superior-General of the Mission in New France "

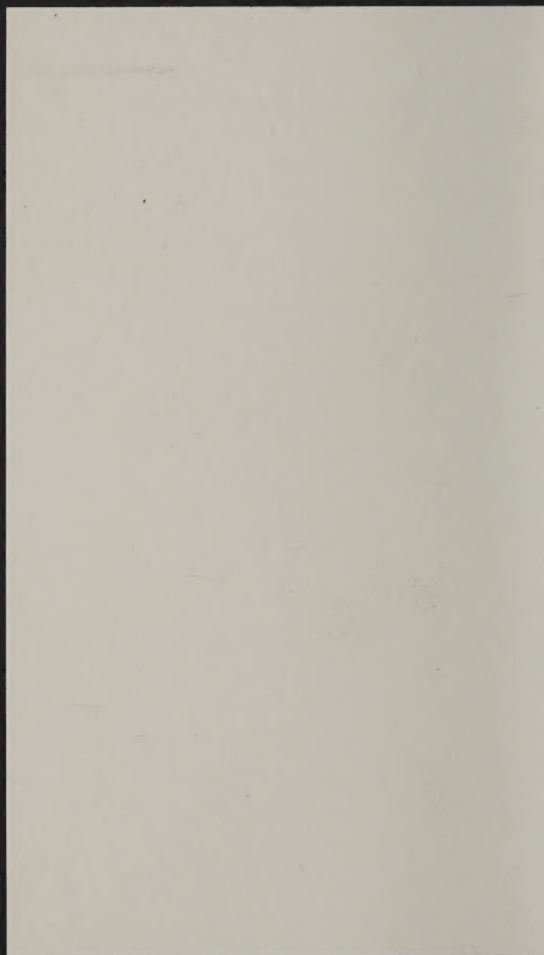
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